

Collier's

October 20, 1951

• Fifteen Cents

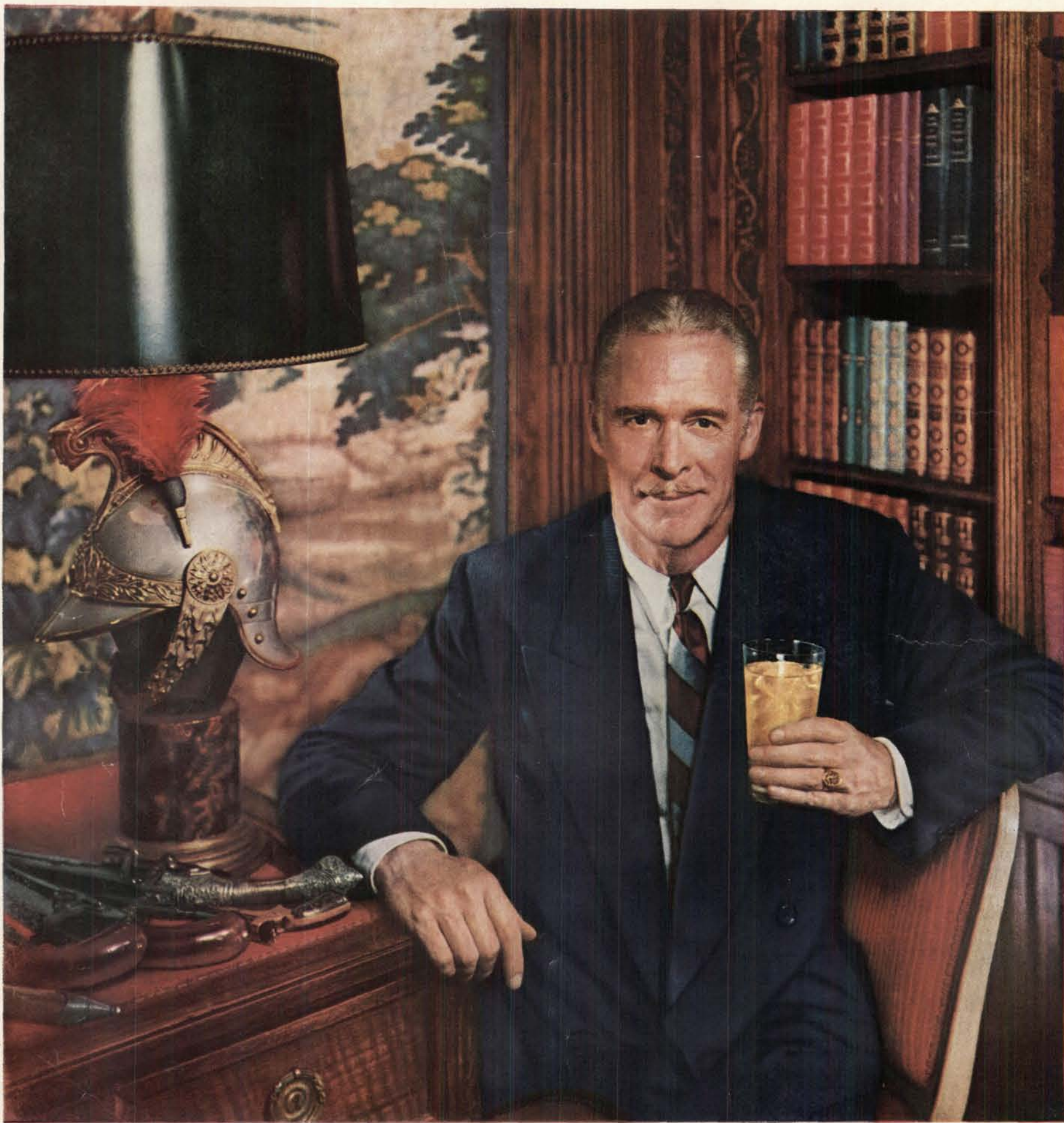
F.D.R. & Truman's Secretary:
He'd Rather Write
Than Be President



STALIN CAN'T WIN By Allan Novins
A Top Historian Proves Tyrannies Must

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PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

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You've probably never shaken this hand ...but you should!



It's the hand of a man who does more to boost your town . . . and the people in it . . . than almost anyone else you can mention.

He's your town's "Ambassador of Good Will," the first local man most visitors meet, and the only one many people passing through your town ever see.

He's the man by whom these people form their first judgments of your town . . . and to his credit, those first impressions are usually good.

By his hard work, his integrity, and, above all, by the cheerful way he constantly renders service, he has won the respect of all who know him, and the confidence of those who meet him for the first time.

His judgment on local stores, hotels, amusements, and services is constantly being sought, and his recommendations send a steady stream of customers to local businesses.

At your service during fair weather or foul, he's the man who changed the vocabulary of America—the man who, by his constant attention to duty and his eagerness to help, taught the motorists of America and his own townspeople that he operates not a filling station, but a service station!

This reminder of your service station's many services is brought to you by Ethyl Corporation, manufacturers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound used by oil companies to improve gasolines which are sold by more than 200,000 service stations.

Picture OF THE MONTH

One of the most stirring legends from the matchless lore of the West, "Westward The Women" is authentically thrilling, having been filmed in its entirety on the storied California overland trail of '49! For entertainment, go "Westward"!

M-G-M's production of "Westward The Women" ranks with the great stories of the West in its tale of 200 women who signed on a wagon train bound for California. Strangers to hardship, these women were willing to gamble their chance of surviving the peril-fraught journey for the promise of love and marriage at the end of it.



To the cynical, woman-hating leader of the expedition, Robert Taylor, this petticoat cargo is the most inflammable he has ever taken on. And one of the most combustible elements is flamboyant Denise Darcel who has her eyes and heart set upon the handsome scout.

Before the long, arduous trek is well under way, temptation seizes several of Taylor's men and they desert with the women of their choice, leaving the rest stranded and defenseless. But not for long. Resisting their leader's orders to turn back, the women resolutely set about learning the men's jobs. And they successfully pit their frail strength against punishing terrain, storms and Indian attacks.

Then, within sight of their goal, these women who had overcome challenges that would daunt strong men, again revert to their female instincts. They refuse to complete the journey and meet the eager homesteaders who await them until they are provided with appropriate finery and frills. It makes for a finish that is bravely comical and pretty wonderful.

★ ★ ★

"WESTWARD THE WOMEN", starring Robert Taylor, Denise Darcel, with Hope Emerson and John McIntire. An M-G-M Picture with screen play by Charles Schnee and story by Frank Capra, it was directed by William A. Wellman and produced by Dore Schary.

P.S. "Quo Vadis", the incomparable, is coming in all its Technicolor glory!

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October 20, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 128, No. 16.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year \$5.00; 2 years \$8.00;

2 1/2 years (180 issues) \$9.00; 3 years \$10.00. Canada, 1 year \$5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year \$6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year \$6.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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The Cover

To point up Allan Nevins' dramatic article on page 16, artist Frederick Siebel painted this stark montage of history's most notorious dictators, from Napoleon to Stalin. Siebel's feeling for this portrayal of the bitter fruits of tyranny stems from personal observation. Born in Vienna in 1913, he became a citizen of Czechoslovakia, where for two years he served in the army. He came to the United States in 1935, and during the last war painted many dramatically effective illustrations for Collier's articles.

Week's Mail

Jersey Grits Its Teeth

EDITOR: Lester Velie's *The Man to See* in New Jersey (Aug. 25-Sept. 1st) will no doubt do much to awaken Americans to the need for constant vigilance against bootleggers who may or may not have gone "legitimate." Unfortunately, it completely overshoots its mark in evaluating the forces which affected the 1949 state election in New Jersey. As every major local newspaper pointed out at the time, that was one of the most spirited campaigns in the state's history. Frank Hague was fighting for his political life. His machine had been kicked out of City Hall in Jersey City in May of that year by a coalition of Democrats and Republicans. Republican strength had sharply reduced Hudson County Democratic pluralities year by year. The Jersey City Freedom forces, which had thrown off the Hague shackles in May, were certainly not going to chance a Hague puppet at the Statehouse.

Hague's foe, Republican Governor Alfred E. Driscoll, was campaigning for re-election on a record of achievement unsurpassed in the state's history, and no amount of demagoguery or "deals" could persuade them to ditch him for the Hague candidate.

Vigorously supported editorially on his record by practically every newspaper in the state, and by leading papers in adjoining New York and Philadelphia, Driscoll was no pushover. Mr. Velie's unwitting intimation to the contrary makes his article lose much of its otherwise solid punch—at least to the voters of New Jersey, who like to be given a little credit for intelligent thinking.

KENNETH C. RUBSAM,
Irvington, N. J.

... Every citizen of New Jersey and especially Bergenites should give thanks to Lester Velie for his exposé in Collier's. At the same time, we should all be ashamed to have allowed such a condition to come into being. It is certainly difficult for the average voter to realize that our county and state are being publicly denounced as one of the most racket-ridden and corrupt sections of the United States.

Borrowing a phrase, "If thy eye be diseased, pluck it out," this is what must be done. It transcends party lines and challenges each of us to exercise his voting power of throwing the rascals out.

HOWARD T. PITTS, Mahwah, N. J.

About "T.R."

EDITOR: After graduating from Stanford last spring with a history major I was more than just a little impressed with your comments on T.R.'s honesty in government (He Cared About Honesty in Government, Sept. 8th). I had studied his diplomacy in the Age of the Big Stick, but I was not aware of the Post Office scandal.

Thank you for the enlightenment, and I think the time of your publishing the article was a most opportune one—I have often wondered how we would be faring in these times with a man like T.R. at the helm.

However, this country grows larger

3-way stretch

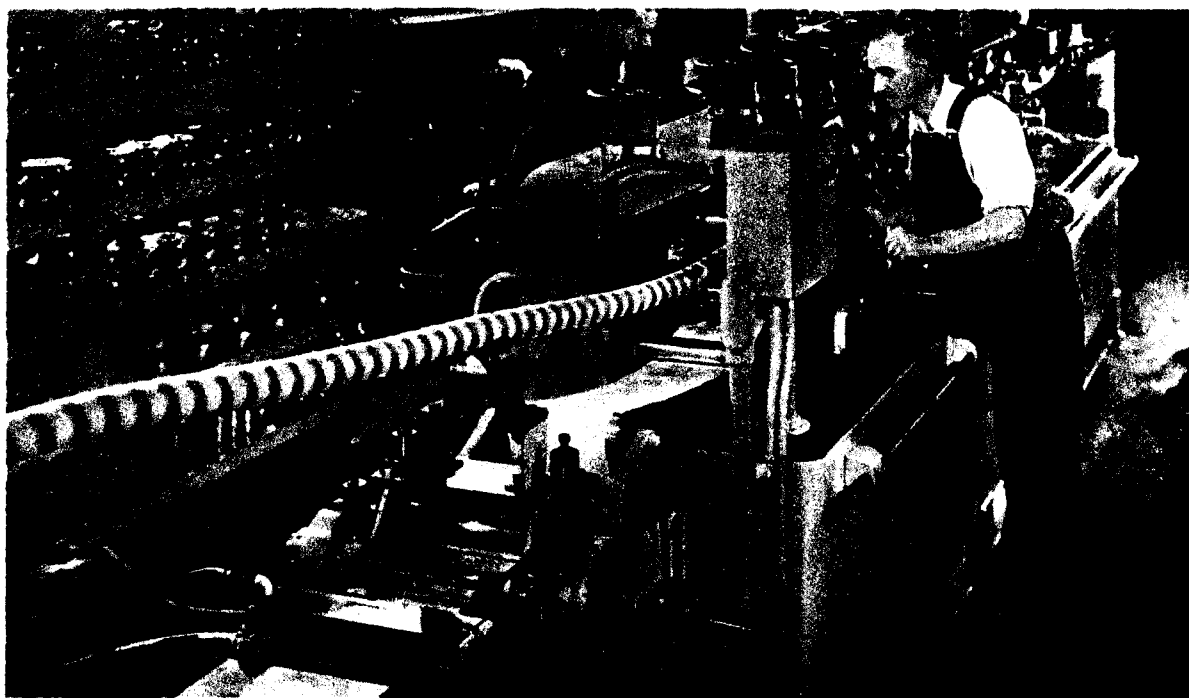


NOBODY kicks when the Armed Forces get first call on defense materials like copper, tin, aluminum, zinc, steel, rubber. You're for it. So are we.

Problem is, we're the manufacturing unit of the Bell System and must also use these scarce materials in making equipment needed to keep this country's Bell telephone network going and growing.

This means s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g available materials far more than usual. And, we're doing it three ways — by *salvage*, by *repair*, by *substitution*.

3 SUBSTITUTION — Stretching war-scarce materials often requires substitution of other materials. Here, for example, Western Electric uses plastic instead of lead to cover telephone cable. Thousands of substitutions, now in use or planned, will save 5,785,000 pounds of copper annually, 485,000 pounds of aluminum, 645,000 pounds of nickel, 2,882,000 pounds of natural and synthetic rubber, plus large quantities of other critical materials.



1 SALVAGE — Melting scrap into brass ingots at Western Electric's smelting plant, Staten Island, N. Y. Last year 180 million pounds of worn-out Bell telephone equipment from all over the country and scrap from our factories were shipped by Western Electric to reclamation centers to be salvaged. *SAVED — scarce raw materials for re-use.*

2 REPAIR — Veteran telephones (over 3½ million of them in the past 12 months), switchboards, booths and other Bell System equipment are fixed up at Western Electric repair shops, go back into service, and work like new. *SAVED — materials which would otherwise be needed to make new equipment.*

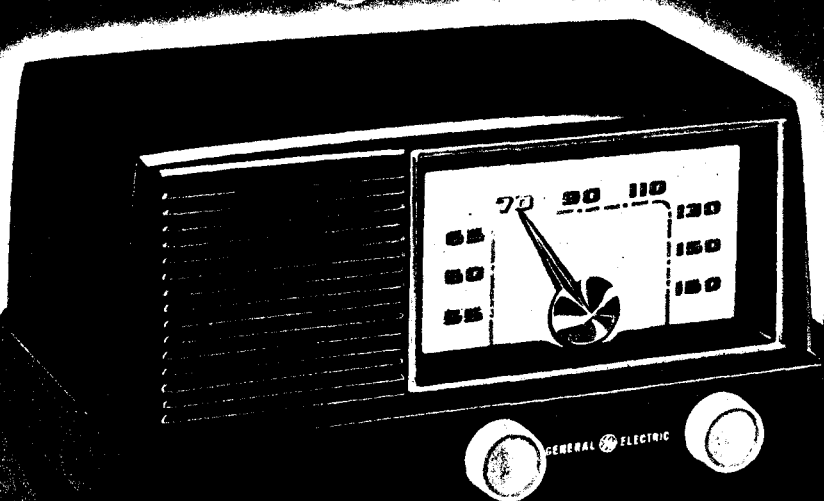


This 3-way stretch helps keep the nation's Bell telephone network going and growing. That's essential in getting America's defense job done.

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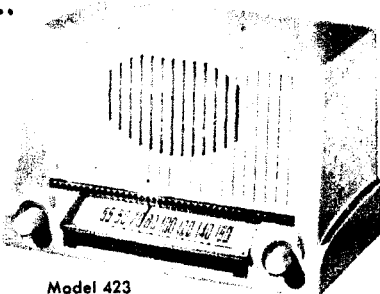
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rather than smaller, and given half a chance we will have men like that in our government again.

NAT BAYLIS, San Bernardino, Cal.

Mr. Hoover's Memoirs

EDITOR: Your editorial in the issue of September 1st (How Then Applies to Now) is the finest you have ever written. Every grownup in these United States knows Herbert Hoover is the brainiest man who ever sat in the White House, but some are too damn' jealous to admit it. I am a South Carolina Democrat and proud of it. Please don't get me mixed up with the "Dixie-crats," or the "National Democratic party" as it is constituted today. And I'm proud of being a good South Carolina Democrat.

C. C. JONES, Joplin, Mo.

... A few days ago I heard Lowell Thomas say that Herbert Hoover's articles in Collier's are the finest he has ever read, and they have given me the same sensation though my testimony is of relatively minor importance. Hoover's troubles with European diplomats make one wonder why the people in what are called the "free countries" allow themselves to be represented by thoroughly selfish officials. One reason we keep on having wars is that the ruling motive of such officials seems to be to claim everything in sight for their particular governments no matter whom it hits or how dangerously the peace of the world may be jeopardized.

JOHN R. SWANTON, Newton, Mass.

Concerning Mules

EDITOR: Reference is here made to the epitaph of Maggie the Mule as reported in 48 States of Mind (Aug. 25th), said mule having kicked 1 colonel, 1 major, 3 lieutenants, 11 sergeants, 27 privates and 1 bomb.

Old Mr. Question is much concerned. He's from Massachusetts where most of the few mules are imported from beyond state lines. He wants to know if the deceased was a "Missouri Mule" that didn't know enough not to kick a bomb around. He holds it unthinkable that a mule originating in Massachusetts could be so dumb, and wants to uphold the honor of his state in the matter of native mules.

WINGATE KELLEY, Boston, Mass.

More About McCarthy

EDITOR: I think your editorial about Senator McCarthy (Why Not Spank Him?, Aug. 18th) was entirely out of place and uncalled for. In my opinion, Senator McCarthy is doing a grand job for the people of this country and I hate to see a magazine such as yours, which I have been reading for years, take time out to write such slanderous remarks about one of our good citizens. C. D. LOVELAND, Montclair, N. J.

... Senator McCarthy, probably next to General MacArthur, is the greatest American that we have in America today. His almost singlehanded exposure of those individuals who either for their own selfish

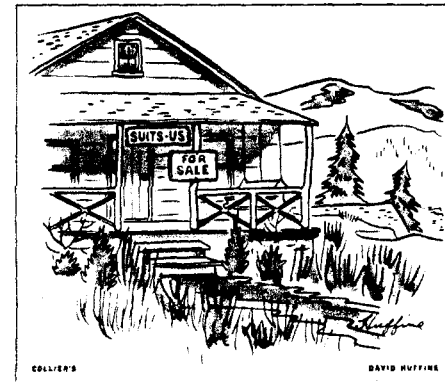
interests or benefits are actually in the employment of Russia or England is very enlightening and beneficial to the American public.

C. M. BURGESS, Aurora, Ill.

... Careful readers know, and the Republican party stalwarts, including Senator Taft, know, and the Democratic party (Conservative wing) stalwarts know, and this nation knows that Senator McCarthy is not going to be spanked. This nation is aroused to the infiltration danger and Senator McCarthy is not due for a spanking.

CHARLES W. HART,
Howey In The Hills, Fla.

"Suits-Us"—Not for Sale!



EDITOR: I am more than a little interested to know where David Huffine got the idea for his little sketch, depicting a summer place named "SUITS-US" with a sign "FOR SALE" on it, which appeared in Collier's of August 25th. We have received two of the clippings from interested friends, one of whom wrote across the face, "Too bad you have to sell it!"

It happens that our week-end retreat on Moose Lake near Nashotah, Wisconsin, is actually named "SUITS-US," which may not be unusual. But I'll bet we're the only ones of the name whose place is named that. And for the information of anyone who might be interested, "Suits-Us" is not for sale.

FREDERICK W. SUITS,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Huffine says he got the idea out of his head.

The Spark of Life

EDITOR: Have just finished reading John Lear's article, Has Science Found the Spark of Life? (Sept. 1st). It may well be, in my judgment, the most important article published by any magazine in decades.

Apart from the great importance of its subject matter, I was interested—as a fellow journalist—in the fine craftsmanship displayed by Lear in handling the matter. It was a tough assignment—presenting such highly technical facts in readable language—but he did it in masterful fashion. It received my highest tribute when I thought: Man, I wish I could have written that.

Thought you might be interested to know my father's choice of reading matter: 1: The Bible; 2: Collier's articles.

GEORGE BUTLER, Orlando, Fla.

Mystery of the Missing Player



EDITOR: If the Western Division National Football League champions from Los Angeles use formations as pictured in Collier's of September 8th (10 men), certainly the other entries will make "goats" of the

"Rams." KEN CRAMER, Moline, Ill.

Two players, not one, do not show in that photograph. They are far off to the right.

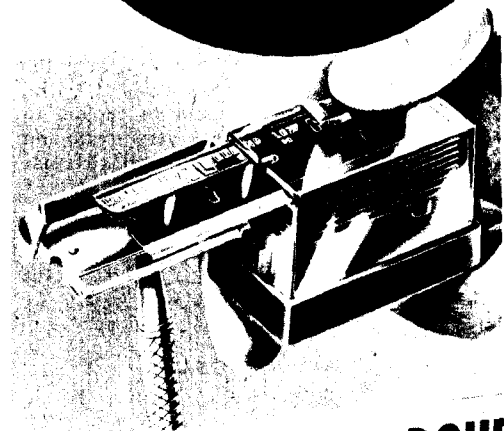
Collier's for October 20, 1951

*your face
wasn't made
for a
razor blade*

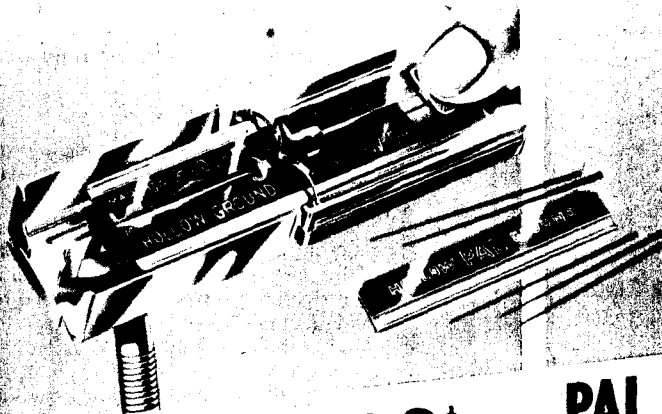
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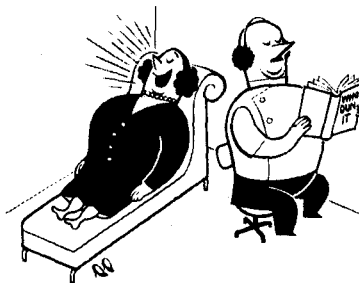
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Among the more constructive suggestions we've received lately is one from Mr. Junius Applegate, of Bakersfield, California. Mr. Applegate urges that the United Nations, in its earnest desire to find a formula by which nations can live together on this earth in unity, peace and concord, study the amicable relations that have existed between Texas and the United States since 1845. Particularly, he says, the forbearance of Texas toward this country's daily absurdities.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours was commiserating with an overworked man—a psychiatrist whose office was filled daily with bewildered humanity. Must be tough, our friend said to



the doctor, to have to listen every day all day to men and women with mental blocks and physical confusions. But the psyche plumber merely shrugged. "Listen?" he replied. "Who listens?"

★ ★ ★

The football season is reaching the halfway mark and we've just received our twelfth letter urging that the game should "be turned back to the students without further ado." We're quoting Mr. Al Biensweiger, of Syracuse, New York. Oh, yeah, Mr. Biensweiger? And have a lot of amateurs out there on the gridiron breaking the Old Grads' hearts?

★ ★ ★

The earnest and hard-working Democratic senator from Minnesota, the Honorable Hubert Humphrey, has plunged with a minimum of misgivings into the task of reuniting Southern and Northern members of his party, particularly on the matter of civil rights. When he has succeeded in that laudable undertaking, it is suggested that he take on the relatively simple jobs of reconciling India and Pakistan and inducing Joe Stalin to renounce his Asiatic program.

★ ★ ★

For several months we kept a file of opinions about What Is Wrong with America. We cross-indexed that file under the subtitle, Bewildered Thinking to Be Read While in Bed with a Broken Leg. Presidents, premiers, senators, scholars, scientists, clergymen, editorial writers and the like are among those who have contributed to the collection. Finally, the file got so big that to house it meant we'd have to move. So we threw it out. We're glad of it now, because the final answer has just been discovered and announced by Mr. Maynard B. Barrows, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Barrows says that modern man just doesn't know how to handle a shovel. He goes on to say that it's something less than a quarter of an inch from the truth that the average American doesn't know how to swing an ax. Mr. Barrows is a forester in the National Park Service. He fights forest

fires. A few years ago, says he, a forester had only to yell and in no time he'd have a large number of lusty lads expertly shoveling and hewing forest fires down. But today it might pay, says Mr. Barrows, "to take a couple of hours to teach the art of shoveling. Even by that time, you'd probably have one less forest." Until a wiser man speaks, Mr. Barrows' analysis will be our complete file on What Is Wrong with America.

★ ★ ★

It's not easy to keep up with the labor situation, but we're doing our best. In Madison, Wisconsin, we think it was, there was a brief but colorful strike which, we rejoice to report, didn't last long. A twelve-year-old returning home from school asked Mom for something to eat. She was busy; told him to fix himself something. He repeated his demand, this time coldly. Mom told him not to bother her; she was busy. A few moments later he was picketing the house toting a crayoned sign reading, "We Want Bread—Mom Unfair to Hungry Kid." Dispute was resolved without arbitration and, we are not too unhappy to report in this instance, by a resort to violence. Mom emerged, grabbed the sign, broke it up, walloped the picketer, went back to work. The twelve-year-old followed her to the kitchen, made himself an enormous sandwich, sat down on the porch steps and ate it.

★ ★ ★

We're happy to announce that much of the criticism of many of our "chairborne" Army personnel in the Pentagon and its numerous outposts is not justified. Their duty isn't very soft. A furniture dealer with a contract for 118,000 chairs for the Army is about 100,000 chairs behind in delivery. From generals down, the feet of the uniformed but unseated warriors hurt.

★ ★ ★

Captain Will Judy is the editor of Dog World, a magazine devoted, as you have every right to suspect, to dogs. He is the author of Humans as Dogs Look at Them, a piece which sent us out to explain to our pooch that we were very sorry and would try hard to improve ourself. He has



LOWELL HESS

also written Is There Room in Heaven for Dogs? We discussed that one with a veterinarian friend of ours and he said: "Well, if there isn't, a lot of us owners aren't going to get by Saint Peter. I know a lot of people whose only redeeming feature is their dog."

★ ★ ★

Couple of teen-age gangs arrived in Stoepel Park, Detroit: They lined up facing each other, armed with such tokens of mutual admiration as iron bars, rocks, slingshots, baseball bats, knives and blackjacks. They had brought their girl friends with them. One of these latter darlings had a

(Continued on page 84)

Collier's for October 20, 1951



"Here's why I've changed my mind!"

"Sure, I used to think it wouldn't do any harm to have the government run the electric business. But I've changed my mind. Because when government meddles too much in any business, you get socialism. And who'd want to leave a socialistic U.S.A. to his kids?"

Mister, millions of others have changed their minds as you did on this question of government in the electric light and power business. According to a 1951 nationwide poll, a majority of American men and women today oppose government ownership and operation of electric power.

One big reason is that, when government steps into and takes over the electric business—or any business—that's socialism. And most Americans don't want it.

What's more, America's power needs have been well filled by the nation's business-managed electric light and power companies. They've more than doubled the supply of electric power since Pearl Harbor. And more is on the way.

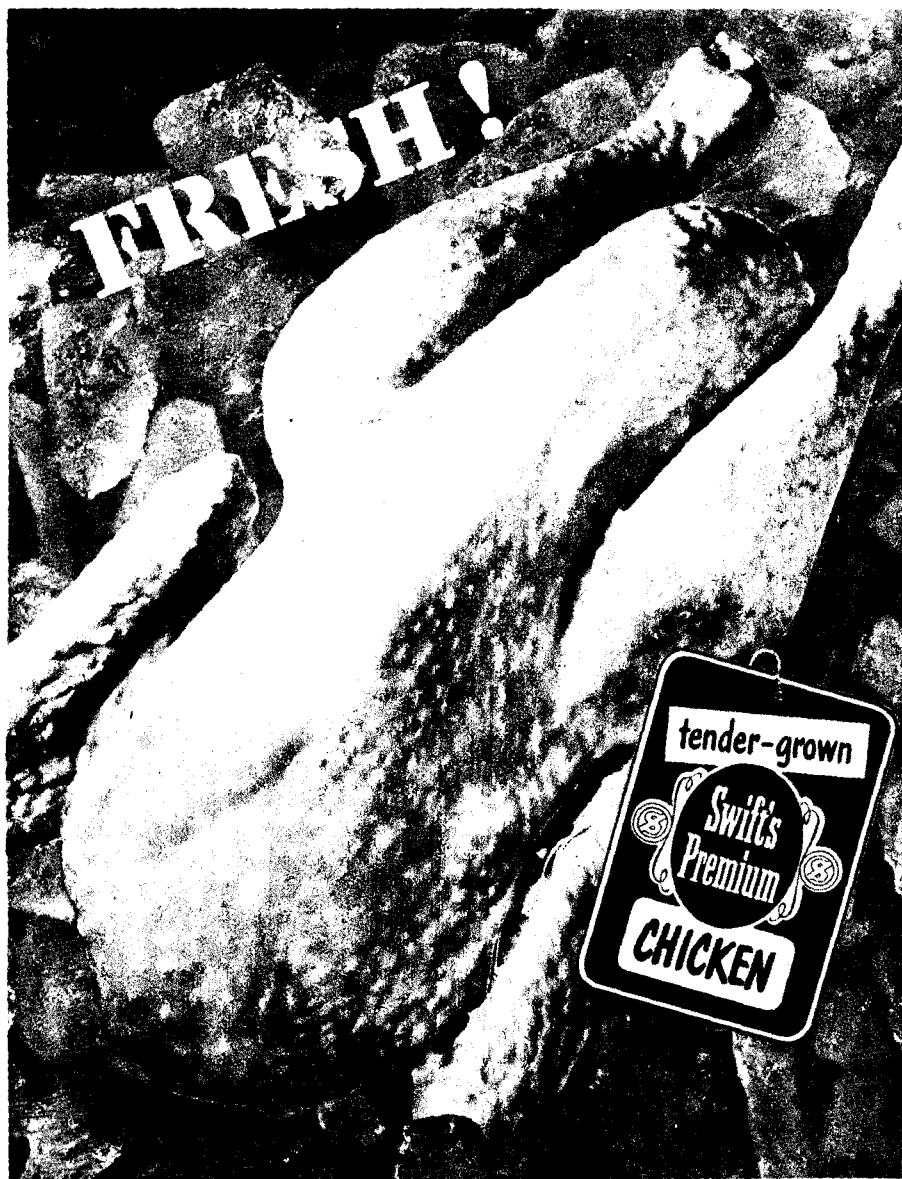
When government competes against these companies, millions of tax dollars and huge amounts of vitally needed materials are wasted. Most people would much rather see these tax dollars spent on the arms and other things America needs to make it strong. This is no time, they agree, to waste either money or material on socialistic experiments.

.

The *business-managed*, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies* publish this message to remind everyone that tax money shouldn't be spent on socialistic federal power projects that this country neither wants nor needs.

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* Names on request from this magazine



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Hoss Marines

Korea
IN 1804, the United States Marines carried a small war to the shores of North Africa to chastise Yusuf, the pasha of Tripoli, for allowing his pirates to molest American shipping. In that nearly forgotten engagement, Lieutenant Presley N. O'Bannon and seven Marine colleagues swiped eight fine Arabic horses from their enemy, rode up to the gates of the city of Derna and extracted a surrender from Yusuf's troops. O'Bannon, the horseman, established in that deft action the glorious (if somewhat comic-opera) tradition of the United States "Hoss" Marines.

Now, 147 years later, after demonstrating that sea soldiers could also ride horseback in places like Cuba, Haiti and Nicaragua, Marines on the east central front of Korea have proved again the Corps's extraordinary talents in the horse department. The most recent Korean equestrian tactics, following O'Bannon precedent, amount—let's face it—to practically barefaced rustling from Chinese Communist cavalymen.

Private first class William Diefendorfer, of Peoria, Illinois, a machine gunner in the First Battalion, First Regiment of the First Marine Division, bivouacked north of the Soyang River, performed with typical expertness. Coming upon a tiny shaggy Mongolian pony wearing a Communist brand on its flank, he looked the critter in the eye and barked: "Get going, George III, you just joined the Marines."

Diefendorfer and his hoss-rustling buddies in the weapons platoon strapped a mortar base-plate and some shells to the saddle of the surprised little hill pony and moved on looking for more quadruped *aides-de-combat*.

To peripatetic Marines covering sectors of the Korean front where daily mountain climbing was routine, enemy horses and mules were God-sent props for both muscle and morale. And whenever Communist cavalry was overrun by advancing UN troops, USMC outfits managed to be the first ones saddle-borne.

In the Hwachon reservoir area, the Seventh Marine Regiment—now fully accredited members of the Hoss Marines, Korean Chapter—used all of its captured cavalry for cargo carrying along the valley roads. And the rugged little Mongol ponies and mules packed

unbelievable loads straight up the sides of almost perpendicular razor-back ridges.

Colonel Herman Nickerson, of Boston, reporting on the care his men give their four-footed buddies, told correspondents: "The other day a Marine walked into the command post leading a horse nicked by a mortar fragment. And, by God, this guy was looking for a medico to fix up his animal. Didn't rest till he found the doctor, either."

Sergeant George Ellis, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, an artillery forward observer for the 11th Marines, was awfully proud of his mule, Pete. Ellis had him stacked with gear, but Pete didn't mind.

"All this fire doesn't bother him either, if you'll notice," Ellis remarked proudly. "Watch him when that mortar battery (ours, 4.2s) lets go again down the hill there."

We watched. The battery let go. And Pete went right on chomping grass.

Back in the regimental reserve area, a bunch of the boys whipped up a small rodeo. Things were getting hot, when Corporal Norman Green, of Sierra Madre, California, casually passed the scuttlebutt that a stable had been captured up the road a way. The Hoss Marines lit out of the rodeo like hounds on a scent.

Lieutenant J. M. Linseth, of Duluth, Minnesota, sat astride his new mount, a handsome tan pony, and watched them depart. He was sitting sidesaddle and smoking a cigar.

"How do you like my horse?" he asked. "Got him this morning and he's so new he still talks Chinese. The little Red that was riding him took off like greased lightning when our patrol surprised him."

He paused to chuckle over some real low-down cussing emanating from a corner where Chinese mules and American Marines were arguing over the amount of pay load per mule.

"Tell you what," Linseth went on, patting his pony, "you come back in about a week and we'll have the whole platoon mounted. The Commies still have horses."

Yusuf of Tripoli wouldn't have argued with the implied logic of the statement. Neither, praise be, would O'Bannon.

BILL STAPLETON



Marine Pfc Raymond Beckham, of Moundville, Ala., feeds Red pony

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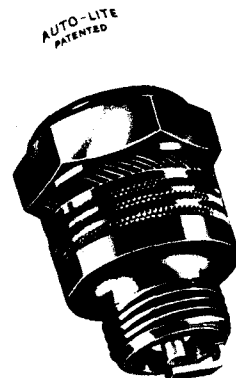
Which is really Gregory Peck?

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If you know your movie stars, you'll know Gregory Peck is the man shown at right, star of Darryl F. Zanuck's production, "David and Bathsheba." At left is Anthony Dearden of N.Y. City.

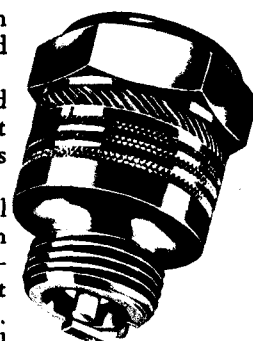
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CHARLES HAWES

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

Graft at Circleville

Dear editor:

I was runnin my trotline on the San Gabriel River late the other afternoon when I noticed something on a hook up ahead and as I eased my boat along I couldn't tell whether it was a gaspergou or the Chicago Tribune. Turned out it was the Tribune and since there hasn't been a newspaper printed that's as good as a Texas grasshopper for bait, I took it off and put on a hopper. But since the paper was already in the boat I let it stay there and while the boat was driftin to shore I smoothed out the wet pages and read where there has been a wave of moral indignation sweepin the country for several months, on account of the "widespread deterioration in public and private morals."

As I understand it, the country is just about ruined. Most of the children are dope fiends, the gamblers run the big cities, college athletes are unscholarly, clerks and typists in Washington are flauntin mink coats, basketball players are missin the basket on purpose, horse races are fixed, even college professors are misappropriatin funds, boys are playin marbles for keeps, city officials are resignin for their health, police forces are riddled with graft, sheriffs are gettin rich, grammar school pupils are cheatin on exams, mothers are lyin to get their underage children in the first grade, congressmen won't pay their crap-shooting debts, ain't over two or three dozen couples left in the country who ain't divorced or figurin on it, movie actors are scandalizin the world, Washington is a hotbed of malfeasance, wild gangs of youths are runnin grownups off the streets of New York, Army officers are ridin in free sailboats, government officials are gettin free hotel rooms, income tax collectors are violatin the income tax laws, investigatin committees are investigatin investigatin committees, why, the situation is so bad there's a move under way in Washington by some statesmen to set up a new code of ethics for congressmen and government officials, and I don't blame em.

It ought to be done, not only for Congress but for everybody. The one we got now is too blamed hard to live up to.

Moreover, the general let-down has been reflected even in the moral fiber of Circleville. Only day before yesterday I saw a man drop a nickel in a soda water machine at the Circleville store and the machine delivered the drink but also returned the nickel, and the man, apparently affected by the general moral let-down sweepin the country, put the nickel in his pocket and drank the drink. I would have said something about it to the clerk but by the time I got through waitin in line to try my nickel in that machine it slipped my mind, as I got into an argument with the man next to me about how to improve the character of the country and the machine ran out of drinks before we got there and we sat down thirsty at the domino table and continued the argument. He claimed the country is just about done for and you can't trust nobody.

But the way I see it, either the country is all shot to pieces morally speakin or what vice we got is the best reported crime wave in the history of the nation, and I sort of lean to the latter view. Of course we got too much graft, etc., but we also got a lot of honesty left in this country, in Congress and out, and I don't mean folks who ain't never violated a traffic rule or tilted a marble machine, but folks who are honest by nature, like a dog is loyal by nature. The big graft just needs a powerful lot more law enforcement and as for the little things, I ain't no college man, some folks say I ain't even no grammar school man, but I have an idea if everybody who ever cheated a little on a school exam was to get kicked out of his present position, there would be more people out of a job than in all the depressions put together. Very few people go through life in a tunnel, most of em wander around considerably on windin trails, but it's surprisin how many of em finally come out of the woods.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

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re: WILL^M. WILSON. *Commonly called*
— Mortar Willie. Aged. 107. —

In the year 1877, there was published in Edinburgh, Scotland, a volume containing Original Portraits and Caricature Etchings (with Biographical Sketches) of the people of that city.

Among the more than 300 sketches was that of Mortar Willie's, pictured above. Reading about this interesting old fellow you find that . . .

"He was a long time in the establishment of Dr. Burt of this city, who generously continued to pay him his usual allowance for his labour, after he had attained the long age of a hundred years, and although unable to work more than a small portion of the day."

Do you suppose—should you reach or even approach Mortar Willie's fine old age—that your

employer would be as generous?

He *might* be—but if he isn't, it will be too late to do anything about it. For Social Security by itself is not enough to support a man—and no man wants to accept charity.

One way to be sure that you won't have to depend on others for financial help as you become older, is to build a bulwark against those later years, now—with a Travelers Retirement Plan.

By setting aside small amounts regularly, you protect your family and yourself. This is a double action program—Life insurance for the protection of your family when most needed and a guaranteed income for your retirement years.

Won't you ring up your nearby Travelers agent—today, perhaps—and let him explain the policies to you in detail? It's a call you'll be glad you made.

MORAL: INSURE IN

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The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Conn. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1889.

HE'D RATHER WRITE Than Be President



Meet White House Secretary Bill Hassett, gentle, learned Vermonter who has been strong "write" hand to two chief executives. Now 71, he's been trying to quit for six years, but his boss won't let him. For Presidents can get in Dutch when they compose their own letters—but never when Bill does it

By ERNEST BARCELLA

THE morning after President Truman got himself in deeper Dutch with a third sassy letter, to a music critic—following the ones about the Marines and John L. Lewis—a droll Vermonter named William D. Hassett checked in at the chief executive's office with a small complaint.

Hassett, who ghosts many of Mr. Truman's non-backfiring letters, stood before the President of the United States and—as the story goes—tapped his fingertips together in the manner of an old schoolmaster about to scold an errant pupil. Then, with a twinkle in his gray eyes and a rare combination of dry Yankee humor and pungent Irish wit, he said: "Mr. President, I'm afraid you're not giving me enough work to do."

The gentle gibe sent Mr. Truman's head rocking

back in laughter. Hassett had something there. And the President knew it. For, had he left the correspondence to his good doctor of letters, Mr. Truman doubtless would have been spared many critical barbs.

Vermont has sent three favorite sons to the White House: Presidents Chester A. Arthur and Calvin Coolidge; and William David Hassett, who would rather write than be President. Hassett has had his "druthers" in full measure. In 16 years as the White House's number one epistolarian, he has written more than 300,000 letters for Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman (not counting the thousands that have gone out above his own signature). And not one of them has bounced back or put the President in hot water.

As Vermonters go, Bill is a strange species of *Homo sapiens*. He is a Democrat. But stranger still in this era of Washington bureaucracy, he isn't a politician, has no thought of peddling his memoirs, knows how to keep a confidence and abhors what he calls "the coattail riders." And, miracle of miracles on the Potomac, Hassett has no axes to grind and doesn't have an enemy in town—at least no one has ever owned up to that role.

Take away the comic aspects associated with Ichabod Crane, put Washington Irving's lovable literary creation in a neat suit and rimless spectacles, add a few pounds, gray hair, and enough years to give seventy-one and you have some idea of what Hassett looks like. Victorian in manner, this scholarly gentleman (Continued on page 48)



F.D.R. valued Hassett's ability to make "no" sound like "yes"

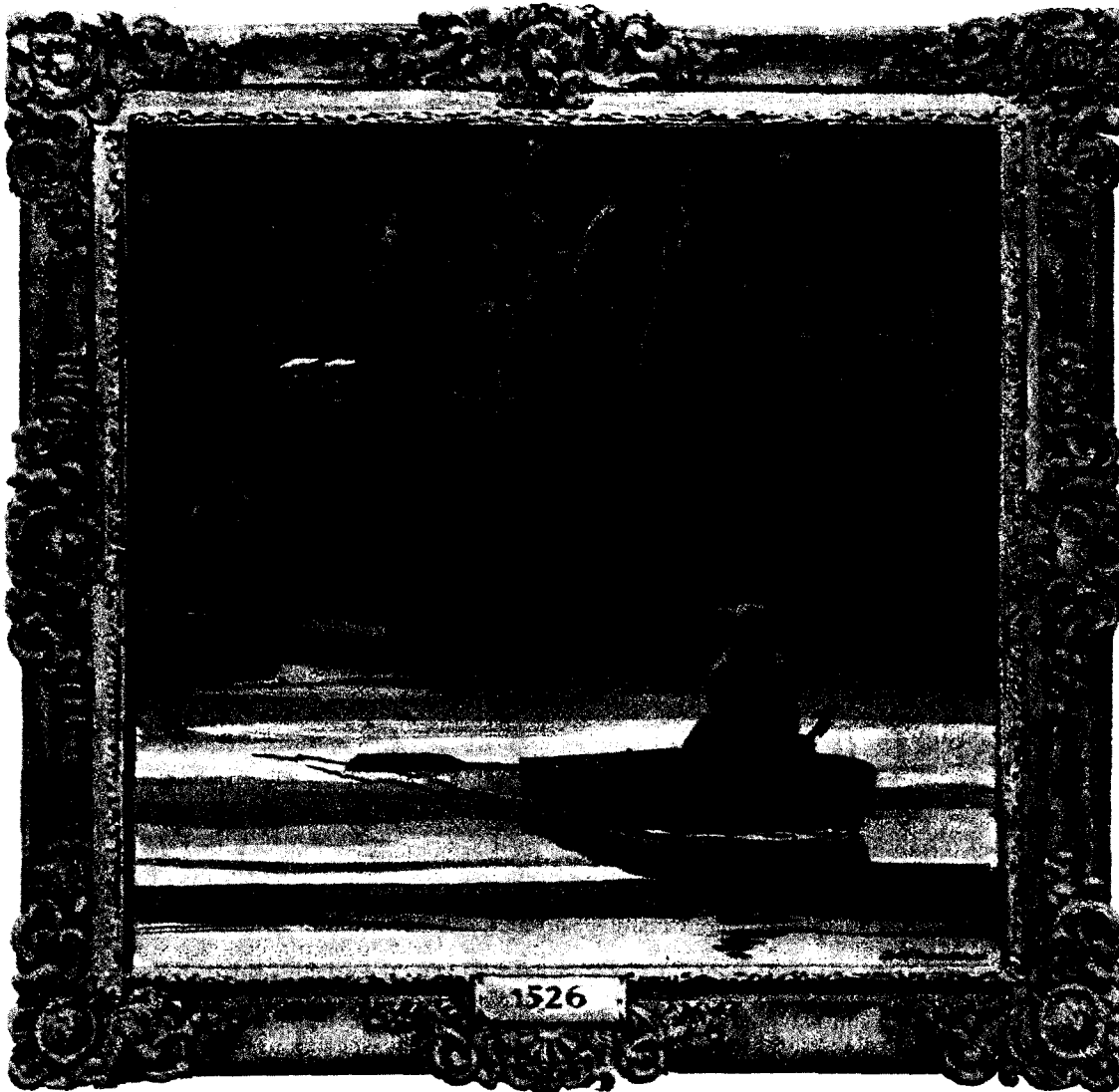


H.S.T. "depends upon Bill always," and not only for letters

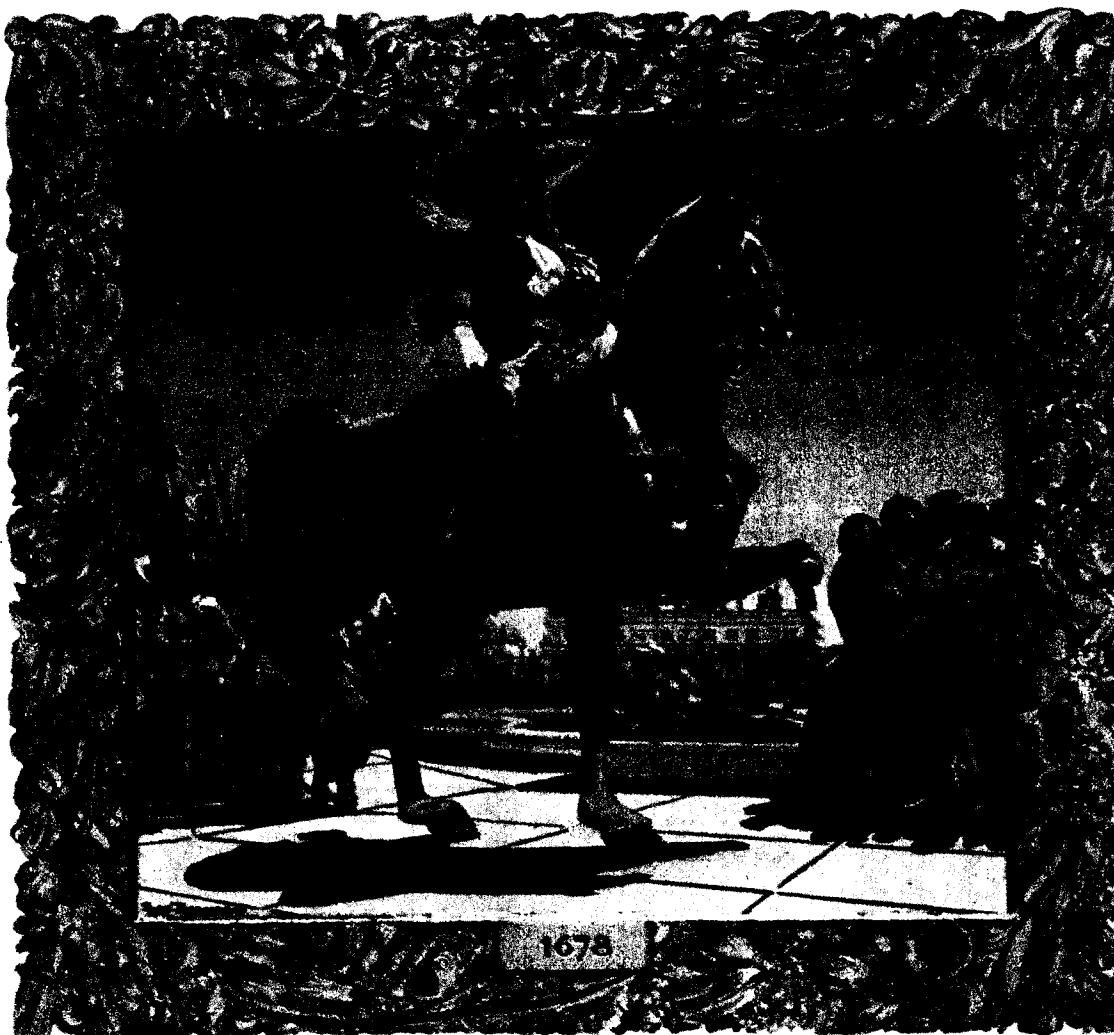
ILLUSTRATED BY AL HIRSCHFELD

TYRANNIES MUST FALL

By ALLAN NEVINS



After jailing Francis I of France, arrogant, tyrannical Charles V made him row back to his homeland. Below, despotic Louis XIV returns to Versailles after signing Nijmegen Treaty



LET us look briefly at two contrasting scenes in the history of the old Russia of the czars. On a chill gray day at the end of January, 1861, Alexander II—a tall, slender, powerfully built man with dark brown hair and mustaches and sparkling dark eyes, a figure both imposing and engaging—opened a session of the State Council in Saint Petersburg. He greeted arriving members with his usual gracious smile and kind individual word. Then, as he arose to speak, his face grew stern. He read a long and vigorous address.

The abolition of serfdom, he declared, must be completed by mid-February so that it could be made effective before spring work began on the land. "Different views on the subject may exist," he admitted—and he would listen to them all. "But I have a right to demand one thing: that you act not as estate owners but as imperial dignitaries endowed with my confidence." Nor whatever the details could he permit any delay in ending human servitude. "This," declaimed Alexander, "I desire, I demand, I command!"

The other scene, equally famous in Russian history, shows us the streets of Saint Petersburg on the morning of January 9, 1905; a bitterly cold day with a piercing wind and spurts of fine, driving snow. Crowds estimated at 200,000 were moving in orderly processions from different parts of the city toward the Winter Palace. About ten o'clock heavy forces of troops began taking their places in the Palace Square, at the Narva Gate, and about the bridges over the Neva.

As the processions, some of them headed by lines of workmen with arms tightly linked, approached the soldiery, they were ordered to disperse. Still they came on—men, women and children—singing God Save the Czar. Did not everybody know that they wished merely to present a petition? The troops fired with blank cartridges. Then, as the marchers wavered, they sent volleys of bullets into the crowds. "Bloody Sunday," which ended Father Gapon's labor movement, but which also blew into tatters the popular veneration for the czar, passed into history.

The first scene shows us Russia in evolution, taking an orderly step toward a brighter day. The second shows us Russia in revolution, her efforts to stumble forward impeded by violence and bloodshed. Actually, under Russian conditions evolution and revolution have usually been mixed together. Today, the Russian people are still in chains, their bodies controlled by the weapons of a dictatorship and their minds deluded by its propaganda. They will not forever remain in that condition. The two paths still lie ahead of them—evolution or revolution. Which will they take?—or both?

We Live in a Revolutionary Era

Revolution seems a strong word, but we must learn to face it. "I have ever been of the opinion," wrote Disraeli, "that revolutions are not to be evaded." The breath of revolution fills the world today. It is a violent wind, blowing round the globe, sometimes at hurricane force. Ours is as revolutionary an era as that which lasted from 1776 to 1821, overturning governments, institutions and ideas throughout Europe and the two Americas. At the heart of the present turmoil lies an irreconcilable conflict between Totalitarianism and Freedom. The vital question is not "Will revolution come?" but rather "Which side will yield to the unescapable revolution?"

It would be an error to say that the two systems, Soviet Dictatorship and Western Freedom, cannot coexist, for they have in fact coexisted for 33 years. But they cannot coexist indefinitely without radical change in one. We are in much the same position as that which Lincoln recognized when he said in 1858 that a house divided against itself could not stand—that the United States could not exist half-slave and half-free. Douglas pointed out

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN

Every lesson of history, writes a distinguished scholar, shows that an iron dictatorship like Russia's cannot long survive. Either revolution or evolution inevitably will send the Red rulers the way of all power-mad flesh

that the nation had endured half-slave, half-free for almost 80 years. So it had, admitted Lincoln; but it had so endured only because the great majority of Americans had expected it to become wholly free.

We can say today that the world has existed half-Communist, half-democratic for more than a quarter of a century because each half expected its ideals and methods to conquer the other half. One side or the other must change. And we can echo Lincoln's further statement of 1858: A crisis must be reached and passed, giving the world confidence that it will regain a decent unity and harmony.

Either Freedom will win, or Dictatorship will win.

The Soviet Union is confident of the breakdown of the non-Communist world. It is certain that our economy will collapse, our bourgeois capitalism will follow feudalism into ruin, and our government will surrender to "world revolution." We of the free nations are equally confident that the tyrannical Communist dictatorship must yield to a better order. Already Russian Communism has exhibited two distinct phases. It began with the early semi-idealistic stage under Lenin and Trotsky; it moved on to the harsh aggressive imperialism of Stalin. We are certain that the Russian people must and will win their way to a new system of government.

Differences in Rival Beliefs

Between the two rival expectations, however, lies a vital difference. The Kremlin bases its belief in our early downfall upon the theories of Marx and Lenin as footnoted by Stalin. We base our confidence in a coming Russian revolution on plain historical facts and established historical principles.

History does not assert that, in such a tense cold-war situation as now exists, a hot war is inevitable. On the contrary, an armed truce, a balance of forces, has sometimes kept the peace until the aggressive power has given up its hope of military

conquest. Nor does history insist that in a land like Soviet Russia the iron grip of dictatorship can be relaxed only by a sudden violent overturn. A process of bloodless evolution, perhaps with revolutionary incidents, may do the work.

But every lesson of history does go to show that—not for one reason, but several—such a system as is enthroned in Moscow, with its concentration of military, political and economic power in a despotic oligarchy, with its police terror, with its suppression of free discussion, and with its fettering of seven or eight satellite states, must in no long time undergo a sharp transformation. It is as unstable as an inverted pyramid.

These lessons of history are worth pondering. When we take short-range views of the human situation, we are likely to fall into a pessimism which long-range views do not support. Only 17 years ago, in 1934, Jan Smuts, the Boer general who became Prime Minister of South Africa, gave an address on freedom at St. Andrews University. Looking at Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, all then in full strut, he remarked that people might well be gloomy if they thought only of the moment. Freedom was weaker in Europe than for centuries past; tyranny, which Edmund Burke, the English statesman, had called a weed that would grow anywhere, had overspread most of the Continent. But he asked his hearers to take the long view and pluck up courage. He was right, for within little more than a decade the dictatorships of Hitler and Mussolini were as dead as Xerxes.

As Smuts said, "The denial of free human rights must in the long run lead to a cataclysm." Why? Because the passionate desire of men to exercise their faculties freely is a basic trait that cannot permanently be repressed. Smuts quoted Pericles: "Happiness is Freedom, and Freedom is Courage." He quoted the Arbroath Manifesto of the commons and nobles of Scotland in the year 1320: "We fight not for glory, nor for wealth, nor for honor, but for that freedom which no good man will surrender but with his life." The South African leader stated his own conviction: "Dictator-

ship can only be tolerated as a temporary expedient, and can never be a permanent substitute for free self-government. Freedom is the most ineradicable craving of human nature."

Let us look at the various reasons why, unless the Soviet dictatorship permits a steady, bloodless evolution, Russia will suffer what Smuts predicted—"a cataclysm." It may be that this aggressive despotism, bent on domination, is the strongest and most efficiently led in human annals; nevertheless, its ultimate fate is predictable.

History Gives Proof

To begin with, we have a long and melancholy history to prove that no government and no system can subjugate all Europe, much less the whole globe. Every power that has tried it has not only failed, but has half or totally ruined itself in trying. Charles V, whose motto was "Still further," attempted to establish an Austro-Spanish supremacy over half of mankind. It was a preposterous effort. In 1544, he seemed to have Europe and Spanish America at his feet; in 1556, worn out by failures, he abdicated. His "ramshackle empire" of Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Flemings and Dutch simply could not be held together.

Nor was Louis XIV a whit more fortunate. He, too, wished to dominate Europe. He enlarged the French domains along the Rhine, seizing Strasbourg. He took a slice of Flanders. He brought a great part of Italy under his influence. Placing his grandson on the throne of Spain, he boasted that he had erased the Pyrenees. Yet the tough little Dutch nation under William III held him at bay; and when Marlborough took the field, Louis XIV met a series of defeats—Blenheim, Ramillies, Audenarde, Malplaquet—which left France exhausted, and which, as he accepted a dictated peace, closed his reign in humiliation and gloom.

As these two ambitious despots failed, so did Napoleon and Hitler. They brought to their undertakings a measure of genius, however misshapen and wicked, that their predecessors had

Napoleon on the battlefield of Austerlitz: He conquered millions, but could not hold them in bondage



lacked. They worked in a revolutionary period, and for years each made rich profits out of the blunders of his antagonists. When Napoleon saw his star in the zenith at Austerlitz, and when Hitler strode under the Arc de Triomphe, each believed he had European dominion within his grasp.

But Napoleon found that however brilliantly he might succeed in short, dramatic campaigns in Austria, Italy and the Germanies, when he invaded Spain and Russia the outcome was different. He learned that Wellington was more than a match for any of his marshals and in the end a match for himself. Hitler discovered that even conquered lands were always ready to rise against him in a desperate war of liberation.

One important fact to be kept in mind is this: that Charles V, Louis XIV, Napoleon and Hitler were all *betrayed by their initial successes*. Take Napoleon. He had established his Continental System to impoverish and defeat England. Russia dared to secede from that system. Napoleon, against the advice of nearly all his ministers, determined to punish her and overthrow the Romanovs. In vain did his counselors urge the danger of throwing a half million men into the steppes while another half million were needed to pin down Spain. Napoleon, because he had conquered part of Europe, believed he could conquer all. Making Austria and Prussia give him troops, he set out.

It was because Napoleon had the resources of Europe from Danzig to Rome, from the Carpathians to the Pyrenees, at his beck, that he dared to throw his motley force of 500,000 men into the czar's domains—and into ruin. Everyone knows how Hitler's early successes so intoxicated him that he moved too far, risked too much, and lost everything.

An equally important fact to be kept in mind is that it was *an aroused people* who threw back first Napoleon and later Hitler. If in confronting Napoleon the czar had trusted to his armies alone, and Spain had been dependent upon her bad ruler and worse generals, both would have been conquered with ease. If only governments and armies

had opposed Hitler, he too would have won continued victories. Both were in the end worn out and defeated by the aroused peoples of Britain, Spain and Russia.

Tolstoi has pointed out that Napoleon had to evacuate Moscow because the peasants of the surrounding area burned their grain and hay rather than let the French army have it. As Napoleon retreated, civilians often attacked his forces single-handed. The whole population was aroused, and the whole Russian people have always clung to the proud memory of their victory.

Spanish Resistance to Napoleon

Meanwhile, in Spain the population turned guerilla and swarmed like nests of wasps around the French garrisons. The enemy had occupied Spain's chief cities, but "the proudest people in Europe" fought stubbornly on. They were proving the truth of the old aphorism: "In Spain large armies will starve, and small armies will be beaten." Marshal Jourdan put it succinctly: "The more the French occupied the country, the more dangerous their position became." Here too it was the whole people who finally, with Wellington's aid, flung out the invader.

Had Hitler descended upon Britain, the people would—as Winston Churchill said—have died in every ditch and street from Dover Beach to The Grampians in resisting him; and in Russia the people did die by millions in first slowing down and then repulsing the Nazi armies. We all know how the French people rose in arms after D day.

It is impossible for any dictator to conquer Europe once she regains vigor and courage—and the United States is seeing that Western Europe regains her full energy and morale; it is preposterous for a dictatorship to think of conquering the world. It cannot be done by armies. It can be done by ideas—but not by an idea which has been made hateful by cruelty, intolerance and repression. Yet the Soviet tyranny still dreams of making a Communist conquest of the globe.

Stalin told Anthony Eden, as Sumner Welles has

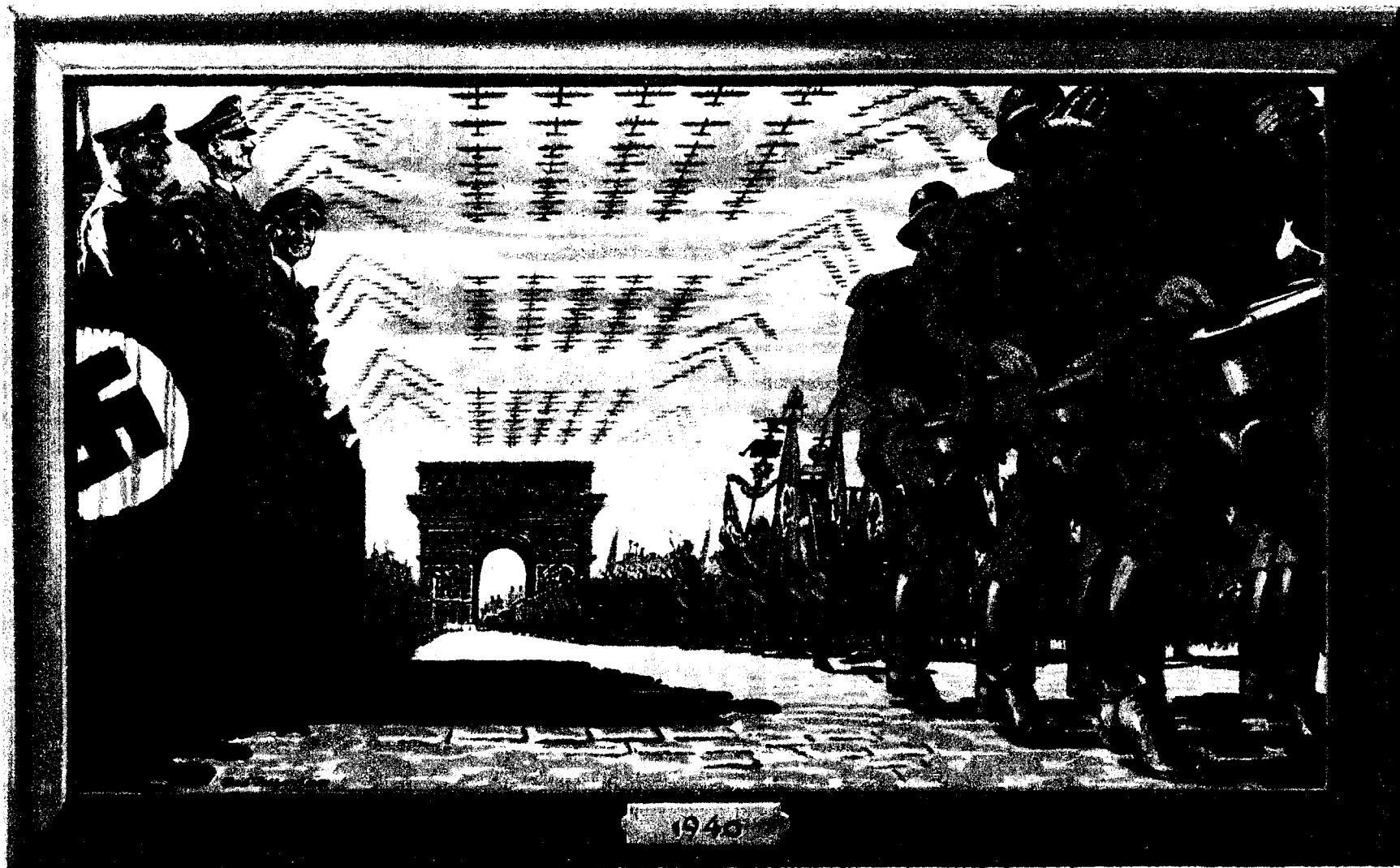
lately written, that he would not make Hitler's mistake: "I will not go too far." The question is whether he can avoid going too far. It is difficult for the competing chiefs of the Politburo, each ambitious, each fearful of his rivals, to stop.

Moreover, the Soviet dictatorship is caught in a nasty dilemma. If it maintains its aggressive policies, it runs the risk of war—and disaster. If it comes to terms with the West, it will lose all excuse for the vast armies, the million or more secret police, the concentration camps, and the rest of the apparatus of crisis and terror by which its power is supported.

The second reason for our confidence in a coming Russian revolution—or a rapid evolution with revolutionary incidents—is this: that no power has ever succeeded in holding in permanent subjection a chain of satellite countries as Russia is holding her neighbors. The situation in the East European chain of Soviet satrapies, however disguised, is essentially a revolutionary forcing-bed, which will someday blossom into widespread plots, demonstrations and uprisings.

The Soviet dictatorship is trying to erase an established sense of nationality in all surrounding countries. It wants "friendly" neighbors, and by "friendly" it means enslaved. It holds not only Poland, Bulgaria, Slovakia and the Baltic States, which are mainly Slavic, as vassals, but also Hungary, which is Magyar; the ancient Bohemia of the Czechs, who are of mixed stocks and Western outlook; Romania, whose people likewise have mixed origins and boast their Latinized tongue; and the East Germans. They are pinned down by a combination of terror and propaganda. They are not only chained to the war chariot of the Soviet Union, but are doing a great deal to pull it.

Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary in particular are, by a series of Five-Year Plans, being compelled to sacrifice culture, decent living standards and social freedom to the forced development of heavy industry, so that the Politburo can make them bear a great part of the burden of Communist armaments.



Adolf Hitler, painted reviewing troops in Paris, was one of a long line of tyrants and conquerors who believed themselves invincible

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Yet all history goes to show that such an attempt to handcuff long separate nations, no matter how seemingly helpless, must eventually break down.

On the evening of August 25, 1830, the Brussels opera house gave a performance of Auber's Dumb Girl of Portici. In this opera the hero sings a famous air appealing for revolt and liberty. When the audience heard the familiar melody, it rose en masse, rushed into the streets, plundered the gunsmiths' shops, and launched a revolution. The Flemings and Walloons, fettered for 375 years, thus established the national freedom which Belgium has since defended so valiantly.

The Belgians had been dominated by the Spaniards, the French and the Dutch. The Fleming half was at least as much akin ethnically to the Dutch, and the Walloon half to the French, as the Poles are to the Russians. But they knew that they had been the Belgae in Caesar's time; they had possessed a strong national feeling since the end of the fifteenth century; they felt a common destiny and wanted a common independence. In a passionate uprising, they made good their title to freedom.

The stories of Hungary, Poland and Bohemia contain chapters even more stirring than the history of Belgium. In the eighteenth century the living body of Poland was torn into pieces, to be distributed among Russia, Austria and Prussia; but its soul, as the Grand Duke Nicholas acknowledged in 1914, did not perish. So virile was the national spirit of this long dismembered people that when the first World War began, both Russia and the Central Powers had to promise to restore Polish unity and freedom.

In that war the hatred of the Poles for their immemorial oppressors was so intense that one Polish force took up arms against Russia, and other Polish troops fought desperately against Germany and Austria. When the conflict ended, the reborn Polish republic under Paderewski and Pilsudski was determined to maintain its liberty.

Everywhere the story has been the same. Austria could not keep her grip on Venetia; England could not hold south Ireland under the crown; Turkey could not prevent the Balkan peoples from unriveting their gyves; Germany and Austria could not suppress Czech nationalism. In Europe the story has been repeated again and again. A wave of reaction sweeps the Continent; some great power pours troops into several lesser nations; she forces her vassals into the dungeon, double-locks the door, and throws the key into the moat. Then poets, patriots, scholars, publicists, political agitators and soldiers begin a long struggle, and lo! the prisoner finally emerges to full freedom.

Among the most glorious moments in European history are those which found the Dutch "Beggars" in revolt against mighty Spain, Kosciuszko reanimating the spirit of the Poles, Kossuth appealing to the civilized world in behalf of Hungary, Garibaldi leading his Italian legion, and the Czechs bringing their national charter from Pittsburgh. Eastern Europe is certain of seeing a repetition of these historic scenes.

Rumblings of Discontent

Indeed, evidence of underground rumblings constantly reaches the outside world. The *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* tells us that Hungary has been compelled to submit a Five-Year Plan for increasing the output of heavy industry 280 per cent and light industry 150 per cent over 1949—part of the Kremlin effort to put the arms burden on its vassals. Communists themselves are grumbling, states H. E. Tuetsch in the *Zeitung*: grumbling at economic dislocations, depletion of natural resources, and the swarms of Russian superintendents, engineers and political "specialists" seen everywhere.

Practically all Hungarian industry has been nationalized, and by the end of 1951 it is planned to nationalize 97 per cent of all retail shops. This will "release" tens of thousands of workers for heavy industry. Such workers are allowed no unions, are paid by speed-up piece rates, and are never allowed to change jobs voluntarily. A resistance movement has sprung up among workers, who are accused of conspiracy to fix wages and hours, of food hoarding and of sabotage against Stakhanovite speed-ups. The true cause of their resistance, writes Tuetsch, is "the (Continued on page 78)

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In Next Week's Collier's

PREVIEW OF THE WAR WE DO NOT WANT



Russia's Defeat and Occupation, 1952-1960

Tyrannies must fall, as Professor Nevins proves on these pages. The entire issue of Collier's next week is devoted to an authoritative, challenging projection of history: the events and the aftermath of World War III—the war we do not want—culminating in the collapse of Red dictatorship. Nearly 10 months in the making, this historic report was written by many of the West's top historians, political, economic and military experts, commentators and artists, including:

Robert E. Sherwood

Hanson W. Baldwin

Lowell Thomas

Arthur Koestler

Walter Winchell

Allan Nevins

Edward R. Murrow

Hal Boyle

Stuart Chase

Bill Mauldin

J. B. Priestley

Sen. Margaret Chase Smith

Erwin Canham

Marguerite Higgins

Philip Wylie

Red Smith

Howard Brodie

Walter Reuther

Chesley Bonestell

Oksana Kasenkina

The Most Spectacular Issue of Collier's Ever Published

Run for the Money

Stahl owed an awful lot to a lot of people—to Castleman, to Gaynor, to Nancy. He had a quarter hour to pay up, or be just a bum forever

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

LYING on his back, Stahl listened to the roar of the crowd and realized that Benny must have caught the pass. Heaving himself up, the quarterback went trotting toward the new line of scrimmage. While the Canyon team assembled around him, he looked the enemy defense over and called the play.

As Neilson, the center, charged, Stahl plowed over his back. He hit something, went sliding to the right, and got two yards as he fell. On the next play, he slammed Majeski at right tackle, but the committee was waiting. They piled him up. Stahl had been bounced roughly by the same guard, and he got up testing his back. He was not angry, just worried because Robling kept letting the guard through.

He ran a trap play at the guard, but the big lineman was rooted like an oak tree. They didn't get a nickel's worth. Up and down, Stahl thought wearily, as he climbed to his feet again. Either somebody's tipping the play, or this guy is a better diagnostician than Dr. Kildare.

He wanted another touchdown and thought he could get it by carrying around right end. The Murray wing man on that side had been drifting out on the last few plays. But that would put his bad leg toward the line and might get his knee wrecked again. The hell with that noise, he decided, and called the CX12 hook pass.

It was one of the sleepers; they had not used it all season. Stahl palmed the ball off on a reverse and the taking man pitched out to Majeski, who lateraled back to Stahl. Running hard, the quarterback got almost to the line and started fading. In the far corner of the end zone, Benny whirled, and Stahl leaped and snapped the ball away. Then he was down again. The roar continued, so he knew the pass had connected.

After converting, Stahl trotted off the field. Lights rippled across the electric scoreboard and settled to a reading of Canyon 27, Murray 6. Cheers were still filtering from the stands as the quarterback sat down on the bench.

Coach Gaynor, a chunky man in a battered hat, nodded without enthusiasm. "You shouldn't have wasted it," he said.

Tom Stahl wiped his forehead with a towel. "We needed another one. That damned guard was killing us in the line."

"All right." When the Murray runback had been stopped, Gaynor glanced at his quarterback again. "Might need it worse next

week," he said. "We'll need something new."

Tom went on mopping his face. He started to say that they would need more than that play next week, but didn't. Murray lost on a line buck, completed two passes, and was lining up again when the final gun sounded. As he walked off the field, Stahl answered the victory shouts absently. He was considering the justice of the coach's protest.

Gaynor was right, of course. His Canyon University team was undefeated, and had been tied only by Texas. But next week, in their final game, they were host to Notre Dame. It was Notre Dame's first visit to the Canyon Bowl, and the home team was figured to lose by three touchdowns. Still, the coach wanted to look good against Notre Dame. Everybody did; it was natural.

AFTER he had taken a shower and dressed, Stahl walked down the concrete stairs to the private parking lot. Kim Clayton was waiting in her blue convertible, and, as usual, several of the boys were lounging around it. Kim was a tall girl with a ripe figure, and her dark hair was cropped short. Her features were so regular that she looked like a Greco-Roman debutante who had fallen in with the wrong barber.

She was sprawled in the front seat, and her yellow linen skirt was hiked over her knees. When she saw Stahl coming, she cupped her hands into a megaphone.

"Behold!" she cried, "the conqueror cometh."

"Nothing, really," Tom murmured, and he began nudging her admirers aside. He said, "You can reel in the tongues now, men, and stop panting," and they laughed and began giving him the old attaboy. He started the car, and whipped it around, and stopped it before the gatehouse. When there was an opening he eased out into the heavy traffic.

On the way downtown, Kim leaned over and kissed him on the ear. She said it was a reward, that the last pass play had been real cool. Tom told her the coach had given him trouble for using it, and she murmured, "Oh, that old ulcerated fuss-pot," and kissed him again.

"Easy, Delilah," he said, laughing and fending her off. Although traffic was thinning out, the kissing was being done in an open convertible. Tom said he was in favor of more kissing, but in private.

When he pulled up before the hotel marquee, the doorman took the car over. Tom led Kim through the crowded lobby. People

were calling his name, and several of them asked him to have a drink. Stahl kept smiling and walking, and got her to the elevator.

The suite upstairs was nearly as noisy. When Tom came in, the entire party roared the Canyon Anthem, and he made a mock obeisance with both hands. Kim drifted off to join a shrieking session with the girls, and Tom walked to the bar. His roommate, Lloyd Jenkins, was sitting on the end stool. Jenkins was a wiry little man with reddish hair.

"The big busted flush," he said, a little thickly. "The showboat."

"I've been admiring you, too," Stahl felt good. A trifle battered, but good. He ordered a Scotch, and the bartender rustled away in his starched jacket.

"Every Saturday, more miracles," muttered Jenkins. "How can they keep coming?"

Stahl grinned. "Next week's special, bub. Come out and watch us get tromped."

"It's a date." Jenkins took off his glasses and stared at them angrily, as if they had betrayed him. He did not seem to realize that it was his eyes which were not focusing properly. "Castleman's in the suite around the corner. Called you twice this morning."

The drink came and Stahl sipped at it. The tightness in his stomach began to turn loose. "What did he want?"

"Just said to drop by."

"Nuts!" Stahl was angry. "I get paid for it and I do it, but I'm not going to be a dressmaker's dummy for a lot of society jerks—"

"Don't get in an uproar." Jenkins was amused. "It was a gesture: Massa Castleman summons old retainer. Puts me in mind of slave days."

Stahl grunted and finished his drink. When Kim came to the bar, he danced with her. They whirled out onto the terrace. Twilight was deepening over the town, and the music throbbed behind them. It's all right, Tom thought. We won the ball game, and I have a firm grip on this crew-cut Venus. I don't have to go see Castleman. While the other voices laughed and shouted back of them, they danced in silence on the darkening terrace.

It was an exclusive party. All the men were his fraternity brothers, or good friends, and their dates had been cautioned. Stahl was a senior, with only the Notre Dame game left, and he had not broken training through the season. On the theory that when you play Notre Dame it is wise to do your celebrating early, he had (Continued on page 55)



He told her what it was like to be a unit on a big-time football team —how not only the opposition but the guys playing in back of you hoped you'd break your neck



INTERNATIONAL

Princess Elizabeth took a long stride toward the throne when she represented her ill father at this ceremony in honor of his birthday

ENGLAND'S NEXT QUEEN

By J. L. NEWMAN

Weary Britain looks forward to a new Elizabethan era under this radiant, popular young woman

London
THE colonel of the Grenadier Guards, wearing a scarlet tunic and a jet-black bearskin hat with a white plume, mounted a light-chestnut horse at Buckingham Palace recently and rode smartly along the broad parade ground nearby. There was a thunder of cheers and applause from the thousands of men, women and children who lined the way, their eyes glued on the rider.

This was no ordinary officer, nor was it an ordinary occasion. The colonel was a young woman, and as she moved before the crowds like a colored picture out of a storybook, the people knew they were staring at their future sovereign, and were standing with her on the threshold of a new Elizabethan age.

For as Princess Elizabeth cantered through the

parade ground, looking somewhat more solemn than usual, she was taking a long step toward the throne occupied by her ailing father, King George VI. His illness had made it impossible for him to maintain his normal schedule, and the princess, for the first time, was taking over one of his annual functions—accepting the salute at the ceremony called Trooping the Color, in honor of the British sovereign's "official" birthday.

It was, in effect, a rehearsal for her accession to the monarchy, and, at twenty-five, she displayed the quiet but unmistakable majesty of a queen, fully prepared to play the role.

She has been training for it, in fact, for 15 years, ever since the day of her father's call to the throne. As the family made its historic appearance on the balcony of Buckingham Palace that day in 1936

to receive an ovation from the throngs gathered below, the new king was obviously self-conscious and ill at ease; but his ten-year-old daughter took to the applause of the crowd as an accomplished ballerina takes to the roaring acclaim on a sensational opening night. Her blue eyes beamed as she waved and she smiled with supreme satisfaction, seeming to feel that *she* had been the cause of all this pleasant commotion.

From that day to the present, Elizabeth has become increasingly aware that she, in fact, is the cause of pleasant commotion. Whenever and wherever she appears in public, there is an electrifying current of excitement. Crowds gather around her, and the faces of the onlookers are filled with loving admiration and awe—admiration for the glowing beauty which she radiates, and which no photo-

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graph or painting has captured; awe for what she represents.

For Elizabeth, as the future Queen of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, is not merely a woman but is a symbol of the past, present and future of a world-wide commonwealth of 562,000,000 souls.

The empire, under the impact of two world wars, is now strained at the seams. India, Pakistan and Burma have virtually been lost, taking with them the riches of that vast area. Nationalist South Africa, intent on maintaining an iron grip on millions of restless Negroes, is threatening to secede over differences with the mother country on how to handle this ugly situation, and is speaking darkly about setting up an independent republic of its own. Canada, Australia and New Zealand are drawing ever closer to the United States. Iran and Egypt are trying to remove Britain's economic and military foothold in their countries.

England is confronted with the nightmarish prospect of being reduced to a tiny island which could not sustain its present population of about 50,000,000 people. Should that ever happen, the austerity of today, with its skimpy rations of meat, butter and eggs, would seem in retrospect like extravagant luxury. There is no real hunger in Britain today, however slim the rations; but if the British lose the rest of their empire, many may starve.

Into this bleak picture steps Elizabeth, radiating color, cheerfulness, self-assurance and the freshness of new life. Never before have the British been in greater need of these qualities. What they lack in themselves they find in Elizabeth. And she supplies something else, too—something they need as much as their daily bread: a sense of the grandeur of their past, and a point around which they can rally their ebbing strength to carry them through the present.

The monarchy is stronger than ever in Britain today because the British people need it more than ever as a unifying symbol. It continues to thrive, whether the government be Socialist or Conservative, because it pretends to be no more than a symbol. He who sits on the throne of England knows full well that his role is to reign but not to rule.

Stripped of temporal power, the royal family has become more secure as a spiritual power. In the minds of the British (though this is difficult for people of a republic to understand), the monarchy assumes the character of a religion which virtually everyone, from the poorest laborer upward, defends with extraordinary fervor.

The people who comprise the British royal court would be shocked at the thought, but a woman seems better suited than a man for the present-day purposes of the throne. She is more decorative and more resplendent in the ceremonial regalia which is intended to attract and hold the eyes of the empire. And she is far more likely to create the kind of aura which turns the throne into a strong emotional abstraction.

Men, as a rule, find this function distasteful, especially when they are denied the rights and powers of other men, even to the extent of being unable to vote. King Haakon of Norway, whose position is much the same as King George's, indicated how he felt about it when he came to London on a visit this summer. During a dinner given in his honor, he dropped his handkerchief. A lady sitting next to him picked it up and returned it.

"Thank you very much," said King Haakon. "I must hold on to this, because it is the only thing I can stick my nose into."

The abdication of Edward VIII (the present Duke of Windsor) which put the popular King George on the throne, may well turn out to provide an unexpected blessing for the British. It will produce as their next sovereign, a woman to whom the idea of sitting on a throne comes naturally. That is a situation which, since the 1500s, has happened, on an average, roughly once in a century. In that period Britain has had but five reigning queens (not to be confused with those who simply held the title by virtue of having married a king).

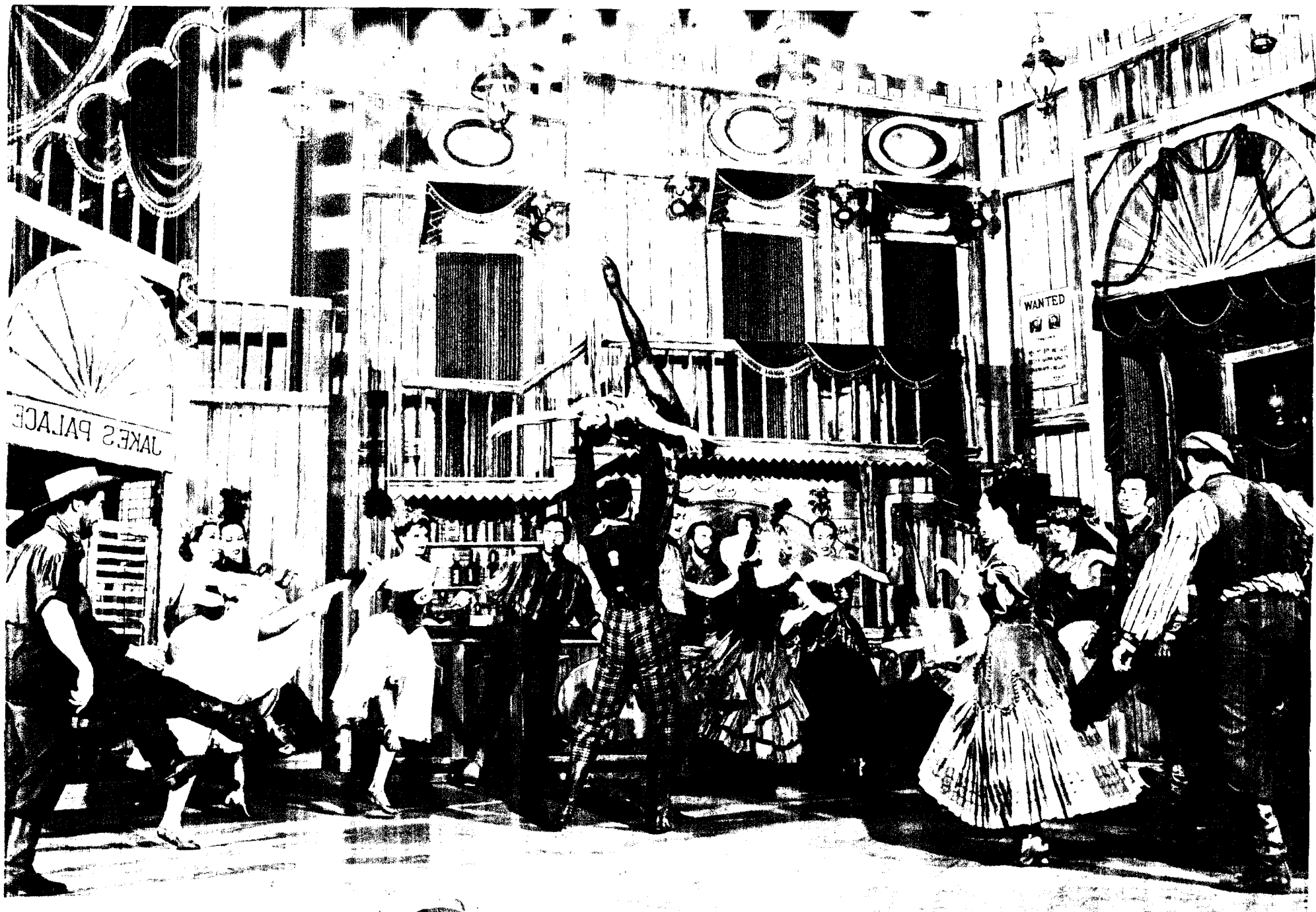
Three of these monarchs—Queens Mary I, Mary II and Anne—were not particularly distinguished historically, but some of the brightest pages of British history were written while the other two reigned. Elizabeth I brought the golden literary age of Shakespeare and the extension of British power overseas. Queen Victoria brought an age during which the

(Continued on page 62)
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FAMILY SCENE. One reason Elizabeth is so well liked is her very real attachment for her wise young husband, Prince Philip, and their children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. Drawn appearance of king in recent picture (below) turns more attention on Elizabeth, who will succeed him





The finished product is slick and professional. This joyous scene represents arrival of fandango dancers in all-male gold-mining town

Mixing a Manhattan Musical

Take one script, add fresh songs, bright dances, and stir. But keep headache powder handy, for when you're staging a big show like the new *Paint Your Wagon*, it's all work or—no play

By JAMES POLING

ONE morning in New York City early last August, a young dishwasher named Newton Sullivan composed a telegram of quiet desperation—"If you can possibly use a six-foot-four baritone weighing two ten, please call Cube Steak House, WA 3-3598"—and sent it to theatrical producer Cheryl Crawford. Miss Crawford, seeking outsized singers for her new show, *Paint Your Wagon*, called Sullivan, looked him over, listened to him, and hired him.

It was a break for Sullivan, who had been trying for four summers to get into show business, and was about to turn back in defeat to his regular wintertime job as an English instructor at Florida State University. It was also a break for Miss Crawford, struggling under such a mountain of problems in the complicated process of putting on a Broadway production that she welcomed every lightning of the load, however slight.

For getting a musical show rolling is no easy job. It's something like deciding in June to make airplanes, opening your plane factory one tense day four months later, and, in a few hours, watching

the aircraft pour off the assembly line. It sounds impossible, but only to people who have never watched a Broadway show grow from scratch. From the author's inspiration to the opening curtain (which for *Paint Your Wagon* is scheduled for this month at New York's Winter Garden Theater), there are a thousand and one decisions to be made, strings to be pulled, people to be contacted, routine jobs to be done. And most of these fall to the lot of the producer.

While young Sullivan was getting off his telegram, Cheryl Crawford—a sturdy woman looking more like a middle-aged schoolteacher than a noted producer—was winding up for action on a couple of dozen fronts. Like all people in her vocation, she is, of necessity, something of an expert in such varied fields as real estate, writing, music, labor relations, stage lighting and salesmanship. She knows how to deal with people as temperamental as ballerinas and as phlegmatic as doormen. And she is particularly adept at finance.

This latter attribute is extremely important, since it costs a lot of money to put on a Broadway musi-

cal. For *Paint Your Wagon*, Cheryl's budget was \$225,000—sets, \$45,000; costumes, \$30,000; electrical equipment, \$7,000; orchestrations, \$12,000; rehearsal salaries—for stage crews, \$10,000, for the cast, the same; for her staff of experts, \$19,000; rehearsal halls, \$2,500; copying scripts and scores, \$2,000, and dozens of other items.

It took Miss Crawford just five weeks to scrape together the total. They were five weeks of hard work, although a sizable chunk of cash came in unsolicited from people who'd heard about the show and were seeking an interesting investment. As in all such productions, a good bit of the financing was stimulated by an "angels' audition," a select gathering invited to the producer's apartment to hear the music and the bare outlines of the play.

The 68 investors included such luminaries as singer Mary Martin, producer Joshua Logan and a half-dozen other theatrical personages. Cheryl also tapped the tills of several Wall Street financiers, a shipping executive, a doctor, an orchestra leader, a greeting-card manufacturer, a baker, a publisher, a stagehand, an (Continued on page 70)



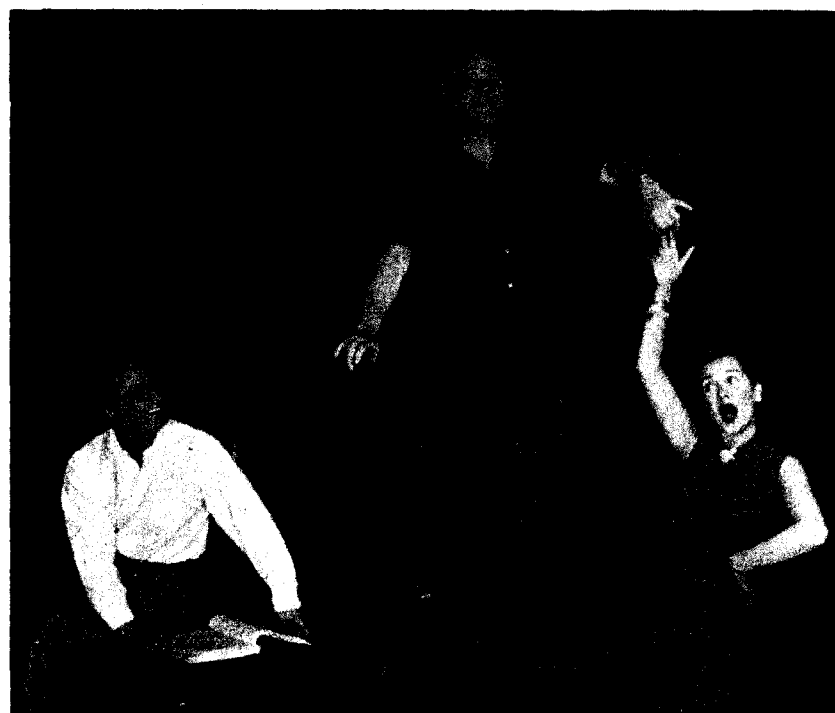
Composer Fritz Loewe previews a few of the show's tunes for producer Cheryl Crawford and (r.) Alan Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics



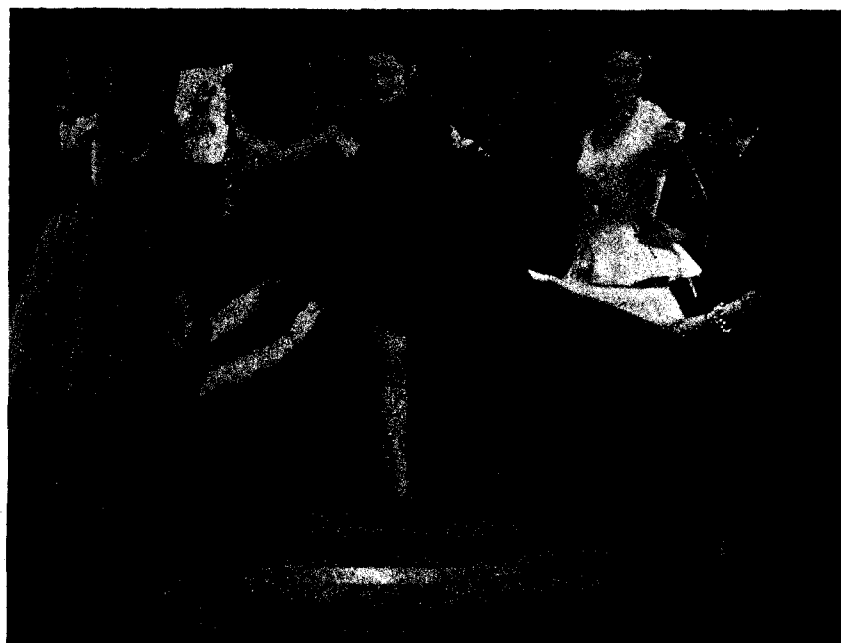
Chorus call: hopeful dancing girls awaiting a chance to perform at the Century Theater, where some of the show's auditions were held



An aspiring dancer tries out for choreographer Agnes de Mille, while others watch and wait. This girl tried hard, but didn't get the job



Director Danny Mann, left, puts the production's stars, James Barton and Olga San Juan, through their paces during one of the rehearsals



Costume designer Motley (r.) checks dancer Gemze deLappe's gown, as fitter Eva Weill of costume firm (front) fixes Mary Burr's petticoat Collier's for October 20, 1951



Lighting expert Peggy Clark confers with master electrician Lloyd Kelly. Lighting is controlled by 80 switches, involves 292 lights



ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

A Brooklyn Bedtime Story

Television's tenement philosopher recounts the warm memories of his childhood in New York's slightly-used-as-good-as-new district. The rooms were dark, but life was bright and cheerful

By SAM LEVENSON

WORKING on the magnificent assumption that all men are created equal, and that all human beings have, therefore, lived through a multiplicity of common experiences, I have tried to bring to TV a species of bio-comedy—humor as an outgrowth of daily life.

My source material is not the gag file, but the storehouse of memories of my childhood in a big family on the East Side of New York and in Brooklyn, my experiences later on, as a schoolteacher in the latter borough, and most recently as a husband, and as father of a nice boy. The fan mail has proved that my premise was sound. People write: "That's exactly what happened to me" . . . "You must have lived in my home" . . . "How do you know what my father used to say?"

There are psychologists who claim that individual memory goes back as far as the embryo. However, since I was born in an era when children were more popular, and certainly more abundant, than psychologists, my memory goes back only some 30 years to the age of six, when I was the youngest and shortest of a gradually ascending line of brothers and sisters who looked as if they had been born three weeks apart.

Standing off in the corner were Mama and Papa, looking at this horizontal totem pole with an expression somewhere between horror and disbelief that this could have happened to them.

Although God had had a share in our creation, Papa and Mama clothed us, fed us, and loved us as though they alone were responsible.

My earliest memories are of a time when we were living in New York, on East 2nd Street. Our block had about 20 apartment houses; each house had about 30 families; each family had about 5.6 kids, by statistical count. The .6 slept on the fire escape. *In toto*, we had about 3,500 people living on one city street. There are towns in the United States with smaller populations which have post offices of their own.

We could have been cut off from the world and still have survived indefinitely. We had our own grocer, baker, tailor, shoemaker, laundry, library, church, synagogue and undertaker. We could even have got by without money, since most of the people used to "trust" until pay day, anyhow.

Besides, in each home there were stockpiles of canned salmon, sacks full of onions and potatoes, half a dozen pumpernickels, jars of sauerkraut, bottles of ketchup, and baking soda (which also served as a digestive aid).

The biological balance of life was guaranteed, too. There were enough boys for the girls (and vice versa). We had sufficient man power for a baseball team and two hockey teams, and enough violins for a small string orchestra. In our very own family, there were brothers Joe, David, Michael and Bill on the mandolins, Jack and myself on the violins, sister Dora sang, and brother Albert struggled with the saxophone. Mama and

Papa sat at the open window (poor man's television) and sighed with pride as an audience gathered in front of the building to listen. When we played ball, there were more people watching us from windows and rooftops than there are on a summer Sunday in the bleachers at the Yankee Stadium.

If things got dull, as they sometimes do, even in one big, happy family, we could proclaim the existence of a state of war—the up-the-blockers against the down-the-blockers. Those down-the-blockers had a chip on their shoulder, anyhow. Just because they had three houses with steam heat! Of course, that did give them an advantage in that, during the steam-fitting operation, they had amassed a considerable munitions dump of brick, old pipe, nuts and bolts, and broken glass,

a chair and examine the delicate gauze mantle, which served as a sort of globe to magnify the gas flame. A slight jerk of the hand and it would crumble. "He broke it," someone would shout.

"I did not! It was broken."

Of course, it could be that we were really out of gas—dreadful thought. The gas meter was in the bathroom, high up over the tub. It had lots of clocks and indicators and numbers which we couldn't understand. We banged the meter, blew into the money slot, and poked toothpicks into all openings. We tried everything but depositing a quarter. No results. There was still a third alternative. The pipes might be frozen.

"Don't put any money in until we check."

"Right! They're frozen. Mrs. Burns next door doesn't have any gas either."

The gas man came and told us to use candles in the meantime. The "meantime" lasted until spring—and then Papa said it was a shame to put money into the meter just when we had got accustomed to the candles.

Our entire apartment was "heated" by a small coal stove in the kitchen. We used to set up gas burners in the other rooms. They glowed eerily all night. We used to "make movies" by holding colored pictures over them and letting the gaslight illuminate them.

When the burners weren't in use, my brother Albert and I used the long rubber tubing for telephone communication. I would put one end of the foul-smelling pipe to my mouth and say, "Hello, Al," and my voice would come out of the other end, which my brother held to his ear. We were only a few feet apart, but it was thrilling to talk on the telephone like rich people.

All the mothers in our tenement tried to bring some of the loveliness of nature into their dreary homes. Every window sill had a cheesebox flowerpot, and every fire escape a monster snake plant or rubber plant. Each spring, we would send for seeds and drop them gently into

the little holes in the soil which we had made with our pinkies. We poured gallons of water into each cheesebox, enough for an aquarium. The water ran down onto the pillows put out for airing on the fire escape below. When one of Mama's plants got sick she nursed it as though it were human. I saw her crying as she poured castor oil into the soil. She wiped each leaf with a damp cloth, in an attempt to bring life back to the fading leaves.

I wonder if there was a home then that didn't have goldfish? Mama loved the restless little creatures. She insisted that they recognized her: When she came near the bowl the fish would come up to the surface to be fed. In order to teach us love of nature, Mama would let us feed the fish. "Remember, just two little pieces of fish food." For good measure we would throw in a handful. By evening, at least one little fish was floating belly-up on the surface of the water. "See what you did? You killed him!" We (Continued on page 74)



"I doubt if Mama would have approved of a son of hers being a comedian"

and this afforded them greater bargaining power. When we up-the-blockers felt we were losing, we always pulled out our ace card: "Hey, fellers, let's go and fight the Third Avenue gang." Unity was immediate.

After one of these battles, we were usually pretty glad to get home. Our flat was illuminated by gaslight, but it was actually Mama's genius for housekeeping that brought light into the dark rooms. She had techniques for inducing artificial light—a bright oilcloth, stamped with a British hunting scene, on the kitchen table; or a picture of a Dutch boy and girl holding hands and smiling from under the barley soup; or a miniature of the Statue of Liberty in bright colors.

It never failed that when we had company the gaslight would begin to sputter, gasp and fade out. We would hold a council and decide that there were two possibilities: either the mantle was shot or we were out of gas. One of us would get up on

PRIDE OF SEVEN

By ROBERT W. KREPPS

He was as magnificent a lion as I had ever seen. I wanted him to live. And yet my good friend En-gerr must kill him in battle or go through life with the name of coward

THE SHEEP was my friend, and I was worried about him. For related reasons I felt uneasy about the lions. Sooner or later one of these problems would be solved, and I honestly couldn't make up my mind which one I wanted it to be. You see, if The Sheep killed a lion, the first worry would be over; whereas if he didn't kill a lion, that would finish the second.

I was living upcountry with the Masai; or perhaps I should say I was spending half my time with them and half with the lions. The Masai are a nomadic people of great pride, much beauty, and a congenital dislike for work of any sort. As a general thing, they despise anyone who hasn't had the luck to be born Masai, but for one reason and another they tolerated me. I spoke their language—learned it before I ever came to their country, from a fellow down at the Cape—and that pleased them no end, especially when they found I wasn't a missionary, but a loafing lazy devil like themselves. I was actually working on a book about South Africa, but you can't explain that to a Masai.

Well, I settled down in one of their long, low, mud-plastered wood houses, which are unlike other native huts in that they are divided into private apartments. I had the women fix me a neat brushwood bed with soft hides for blankets; I acquired a cooking pot and some gourds for milk, and bought a cow. I used to sit in the sun with the warriors and the old men, swapping awful lies and making notes for the book, and sometimes it would strike me that I'd never been more contented in my life.

There was one man whom I particularly liked, a wiry, well-made youth with finely cut features, whose looks were marred only by the usual lack of two lower front teeth; the Masai have been knocking these teeth out ever since the days when lock-jaw was prevalent among them and a way had to be found to feed the victims. It's a mark of elegance with them now, like the frightful stretched lips of the old-time Ubangi. This young fellow, though quite intelligent and presentable, seemed to be held in scorn by the warriors and, worse, by the girls. I began our friendship in pity, and soon discovered a calmly philosophical spirit in him that was most pleasing. His name, or perhaps nickname, was En-gerr: The Sheep.

He had recently gone through the ceremonies that take a Masai from the ranks of the boys and make him a warrior, *il-muran*. He carried a long-bladed spear and a leaf-shaped sword, wore a goat-stomach cap and a vulture-feather cape, ankle fringes of white monkey's fur, and the horn arm clamp which none but a fighter may wear. The only thing missing in his costume was the great head-dress of ostrich feathers and lion's mane. He had never killed a lion. That was the reason he was disdained.

I couldn't believe that he was a coward. When I had known him a while I asked him bluntly why he had not sought out his lion (in the bad old days it used to be a man you had to kill) and proved himself worthy to be called a warrior. Looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "I have not felt like it." It was unorthodox in a Masai, but I knew it was the truth. En-gerr simply had a mind of his own.

If he'd been a member of another tribe, this delay wouldn't have mattered a scrap. The Masai *muran*, however, since he cannot now legally slay men, concentrates all his arrogant manhood in his prowess with lions. A warrior who puts off his first fight is little better than a woman.

I've mentioned the lions, the ones I was worried

about. I had been living in the village for three weeks, or it might have been four, when I discovered them. After that I spent a good deal of my time stretched out on the warm grass of a hilltop, in the shade of a couple of thorny broad-crowned acacia trees, watching them. When the Masai found how I was occupying my days, they were more convinced than ever that I was a natural-born drone.

I'd go out around ten in the morning, wearing red-lined khaki drill and a double-brimmed felt hat to keep out the sun, with heelless Dutch veld-schoen of cowhide that made no noise when I walked; I'd take some dried fruit to munch on, and maybe a gourd of sweet milk. Making a wide circle, I would come to my hill from the opposite side to the lions' lolling place. It took a while to climb it, for it was steep and tricky. At last I would reach the top and sprawl out under the acacias and look down at the bowl of cool, damp bush below me, and there would be the lions. Rarely was I disappointed. They were nearly always there, the whole pride of seven.

Pride is an old word for a troop of lions, and may even be obsolete, for all I know, but I like it. What other word befits the king so well?

There are many places in Africa where the lion still reigns. One of these—to my mind the finest of the lot—is the great rolling savanna of East Africa inhabited by the Masai. Hot on the hills, cool in the valleys, all greens from olive to emerald, it pulses with its strange alien life beneath a sky that is higher and more blue than you ever see it elsewhere. Hundreds of millions of animals darken the land, eating and breeding and traveling and dying from year's end to year's end. Over these inexhaustible hordes rules the lion.

THE leader of my pride was a tawny beast, not of the really golden shade, but more the color of a well-used bar of yellow laundry soap. He was big—nearly five hundred pounds, I judged him—with a thick, tangled mane that flung back grandly from his forehead, and a hogshead of a chest all seamed with long-healed scars. He was a superb creature, just going into the last years of his prime. Ordinarily I deplore the gratuitous giving of names to wild animals, names that are often coy and silly; but in his case I couldn't say merely "the old one" or "the big fellow," so I called him El Asfar, which is Algerian Arabic for a tawny lion. It sounded rather grand. Arabic does, especially if, like me, you understand no more than a dozen words.

He had a pair of wives, fine large beauties both. Then there was a younger male, brown with a black mane, smaller and lighter on his feet and more restless than El Asfar. He had a wife too, a scrubby, dun-colored lioness with a walleye, who nagged and fought with him. There was a very old sway-backed female who was probably a relative, for lions have a strong family instinct and take care of their own. To round out the pride, there was a cub that was just learning to kill for himself, a beast who would be a walloping giant when he got his growth, which was slow coming, for although he was well over a year old his paws were still too big for him.

They never did much of anything during the day, just lazed around and talked to themselves and stared at butterflies, and such little activities; but I loved to watch them. As a flawlessly organized apparatus of energy, combining tremendous brawn with graceful beauty and nimble intelligence, the

lion has no peer in Africa. How could one tire of viewing perfection?

I used to lie there until the sun had touched the rim of the plain, and then have to hurry home to the village before the lions set out to stalk their night's meal. So long as I stayed on the hilltop I was perfectly safe, for a lion almost never looks up, and, besides, they would have had to scale a long stretch of bare rock to get at me, and sun-cooked rock burns a lion's pads till he nearly goes mad. In case of a showdown, of course, I always had my rifle handy, but it never came to that.

I DID, indeed, run slap into El Asfar one morning, as he was ambling home from an all-night gorge of zebra. Had it been the younger, nervous Black Mane, I think I would have shot at once, for I never trusted his looks; but as it was the patriarch, I just stopped in my tracks to stare at a fluff of cloud and whistle a small tuneless tune, as though the last thing in my mind was the possibility of a lion being within fifty miles. By and by El Asfar gave a grunt and walked round me, and I watched him go, full belly flopping from side to side, until he had disappeared. This trick of ignoring a surprised lion I learned from an old hunter, who said it would work nine times out of ten. The tenth lion is the one to dread.

When I told the warriors about this incident—bragging is an honorable pastime among the Masai—my stock rose with them, because they said I obviously had the true feeling for lions. My friend En-gerr seemed fascinated by the story, and made me tell him all over again about the seven big cats who lay up below the hill. We were having a noon snack: rice and tea for me and a noisome concoction of warm blood and milk, which forms the basic Masai diet, for En-gerr. Nothing would satisfy him but that we take our weapons and go out immediately to have a look at the pride. So off we went, The Sheep and I, to a chorus of jeering yells: "Observe, En-gerr goes to stare from a distance upon *ol-ngatuny*, whom he dares not face in battle!" and much more of the same savage small-boy humor. My friend ignored them with equanimity.

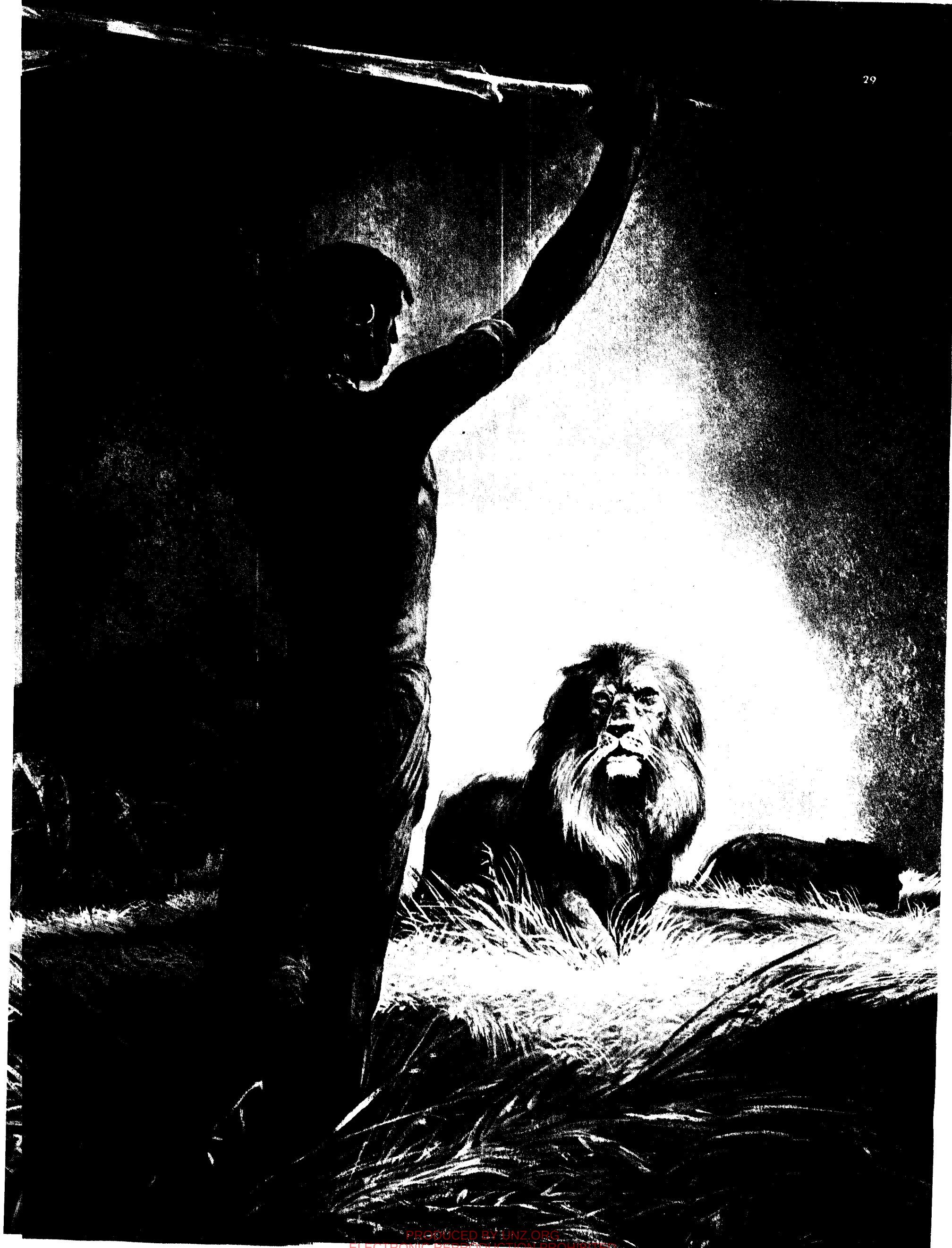
We came to the hill and climbed it, and, lying flat on our bellies, we peered over the edge together. All seven of my lions were at the retreat. I looked over at En-gerr and saw his lean, clever face alight with pleasure. He, too, had the feeling for lions, not only the sportsmanlike respect for a worthy rival that is common among his people, but also, I thought, a kind of reverence for the lithe, perfect kings of the cat tribe, a heathen fealty paid to these masterworks of the gods. His brown eyes were wide and worshipping. I was glad that I had brought him.

We stayed on the hill for a couple of hours, and were rewarded by a sight I should not like to have missed.

For some time I had had the uncomfortable feeling that the black-maned male was the real boss of the troop, for all the size and majesty of El Asfar, because Black Mane was as cocky and insolent a brute as ever drew breath. He would stalk round and round the lying-up place, growling and making eyes at the old man's wives, and El Asfar, with his paws, curled in like a (Continued on page 66)

Then En-gerr did a magnificent thing, the bravest, daftest act imaginable. Lifting his weapons, he cast them down at his feet

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD



“We’re Here to Sell COWS”

By JOHN W. RANDOLPH

Every Thursday, the Chickering farm in New Hampshire becomes a rowdy rural rialto as hundreds of cattle go on the block. It’s the biggest dairy cow auction in the U.S., and the funniest

GEORGE WASHINGTON, a country boy who knew more than a little about cattle, made a minor wartime decision one day in 1776 which helped make him father not only of his country but also of the biggest dairy cow auction in the United States.

Washington chose Timothy Chickering, an enlisted soldier of Dedham, Massachusetts, to go into the upper Connecticut Valley and buy the oxen which later pulled his victorious Revolutionary artillery. The general thereby set in motion a chain of events leading directly to the establishment of Chickering’s Commission Sales at Westminster, Vermont, a trading center between farmers who have too many cows and those with too few.

Chickering’s is famous among dairymen all over the eastern half of the country, not only because it circulates cows the way a bank circulates money, but for the earthy, humorous, un-bankerish way in which it accomplishes this. Owned and regally presided over by two of old Timothy’s direct descendants, the weekly auction is a highly informal, but deadly serious, affair, in which some 300 to 400 head of dairy stock worth \$75,000 to \$100,000 are sold every Thursday. Cattle are sent to Chickering’s for sale from as far away as Ontario and are shipped from there to places as distant as Missouri and Florida.

The auction itself is a chaotic, humorous, noisy affair. Cows, bulls, heifers, steers and calves move with startling rapidity through the 24-by-36-foot auction room in one of the three big barns on the place. They are sold, just as swiftly, to the tune of rural witticisms, outbursts of temper and temperament and vivid debate provided by 100 or so cow dealers and farmers (plus a scattering of onlookers known and addressed without rancor as You Damn’ Spectators), who sit in rough bleachers or ramble about the sawdust ring itself. While generating this racket, the farmers and dealers are also quietly carving one another in the bidding. It is considered a triumph to bid in a cow and put over a gag at the same moment.

The auction is a fascinating procedure, and an important one. It enables cow dealers to supply farmers with milk cows at a time when high beef prices have been cutting the U.S. dairy herd (milk cows sometimes bring as much for beef as they do as milkers). In the great New England dairy region, farmers must replenish their stock frequently; small farms and lack of help make it impractical for most of them to raise milkers from scratch. The solution is to sell the young cows, or heifers, and the dry ones which may “freshen” later, and buy producers.

Chickering’s today is a vital key in this economic process because Timothy Chickering, who bought 128 span of oxen for General Washington in the neighborhood, liked the place so well that he moved there after the Revolution. He paid \$1,500

for a good farm at Westmoreland, New Hampshire, just across the Connecticut River from Westminster, and proceeded to found a dynasty of fiery individualists.

For nearly three centuries since, Chickering’s have been farming and trading cows there and thereabouts. Nearly all have been cow traders by birth, training, habit, intellectual conviction and ungovernable desire. Samuel Chickering, one of six brothers, operates Timothy’s farm today. Two other brothers run the auction: “Arb,” born Albert, who is also a leading amateur harness-race driver; and “Pat,” christened Arthur, who has additional extensive farm and trading interests in New Hampshire. The other three brothers, Alfred, George and Clifford, also deal in cows in the Westminster-Westmoreland area.

George in particular is a fine example of the immutability of the Chickering fate. In his youth, he disliked cows in a most un-Chickering way, and grew up to be chief adjuster in New England for a great insurance company. Then, without any warning or explanation, he dropped everything and turned to trading cows.

The Chickering auction is a major regional social event as well as a milk-cow rialto. Many farmers appear week after week without buying or selling (dealers do most of the buying anyway). But they are welcomed as cowmen and are never classed among You Damn’ Spectators. They do, however, obey the furious fiat which almost always follows when Arb, the auction ringmaster, uses that term:

“Cut out that damn’ visitin’ and jabberin’ or git home and do it. We’re here to sell cows, and we’re going to do it if we have to run *everybody* out of here.”

Very rarely, of course, is anybody run out of there. But this decree always puts a momentary stop to the horseplay and allows auctioneer Bob Cohen to proceed with his almost unintelligible gabble:

“I got *three* hundred and thirty-five gimme forty, thirty-five gimme forty, forty gimme five, forty, five, forty, five, forty gimme five, make-a-bid, make-a-buy, buy-a-buy, try-a-buy, bid-a-buy, forty gimme tewnahalf tewnahalf tewnahalf tewnahalf —*Watch out, now, I’m on the main line and I’m gonna sell this cow while you’re asleep!*”

Throughout this rapid flutter-tongue, he will note and call almost imperceptible bids (cow dealers, like all auction buyers, suffer under the proud hallucination that no other bidders can catch them bidding). Arb and Pat relay bids that Cohen misses.

Among those craftily concealing their bids from practically nobody is Levi Lyman Chickering, Pat’s lanky fourteen-year-old son, a high-school sophomore and a Chickering to the manner born. Levi owns and personally manages 19 milkers, 13

calves and two bulls, writes his own checks for cows in the \$400 class and is a trader of two years’ standing who asks and gives no quarter in competition with adults.

Levi never sits in the bleachers. He is always one of the volunteers who keep the ring in constant motion by helping prod cows from the adjoining stables and pens into the ring and out again. Everybody who carries a cow-cane—the plain unvarnished pine cane that is the cowman’s tool and badge—is eligible for this chore, and both farmers and traders perform it with pride. Large and truculent bulls come into the auction room with their nose rings in the confident hands of such volunteers, who turn the beasts in flourishing figure eights with the air of men to whom the deed is nothing.

Such showmanship is a traditional part of the auction, which itself is the climax for Pat Chickering of a week’s hard and complicated work—managing the 400-acre auction farm, receiving cattle for sale, harvesting about 7,000 pounds of milk from them, and conducting his own farming interests across the river.

Arb, on the other hand, spends the week at Saratoga Springs, New York, where he has a home, or at some other racing center, training and racing his five horses. As ringmaster of the auction, where he publicly examines each cow and announces its virtues and faults so far as he knows or can detect them (and he is a superb judge of cows), Arb is by necessity an autocrat who must halt the recurrent nonsense before it gets out of hand.

Yet he may be the one who starts it, too. For instance, when a scrawny cow, not worth \$100, is brought into the ring, he is likely to roar:

“No use anybody biddin’ but John Rankl,” referring to a big buyer of fine cows who wouldn’t have this one as a gift. “He’ll bid you down anyway, so you might’s well give up now. *Four hundred dollars! John’s bid!*”

Some farmer is almost sure to help him here, with:

“Now wait, Arb! I’m interested in that animal and I might buy it—if you guarantee it’s a caow. You represent that *milk* comes out of that critter, do you?”

“This cow,” Arb will bellow, “has got to be backed over a well to milk her. Won’t nothing else hold it. Now you butt out and let John Rankl have his way with this great cow.”

This is a cow-auction boff. If George Washington, the old stockman, were still around, he would join the laugh. But only for a few seconds; after that Arb would cut him off, and everybody else, with the imperious command:

“You damn’ spectators *cut out* that laughin’ and jabberin’, or do it to home. This is a *cow auction* and we’re here to *sell cows!*” THE END

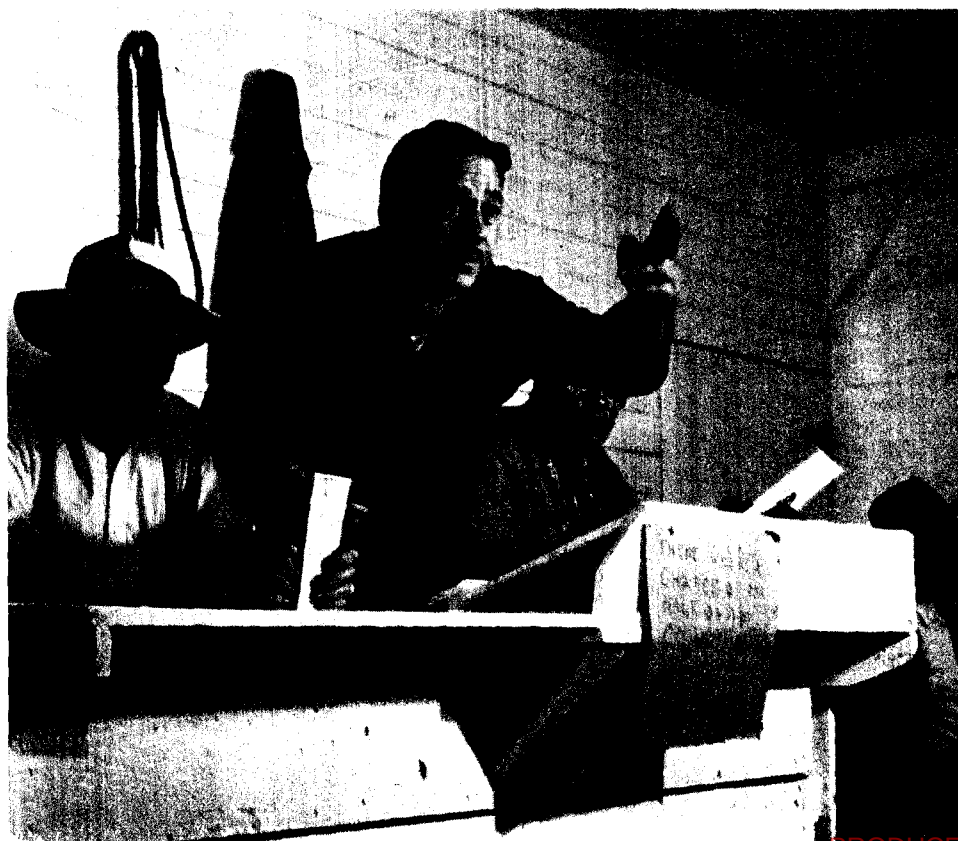
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER’S BY ZINN ARTHUR



That's Pat Chickering, right, holding the cowman's badge—a cow-cane. Many bleacherites attend just to see the show; some don't miss a week

Auctioneer Bob Cohen rattles off bids and witticisms, with an assist from Arb Chickering, left. Arb is prime judge of both cattle and rural humor

Farmer Walter Clark examines a prospective purchase while Arb Chickering looks on. Cows are shipped to buyers as distant as Florida and Missouri



The Unwilling Host

By NORMAN KATKOV

To Bradford Sears, a brother-in-law was a necessary evil, to be suffered as gracefully as possible. Still, there was no law that said you couldn't marry him off to get him out of your house

ON THAT autumn Saturday, Bradford Sears painted storm windows all morning and afterward washed the car. He took a break then, leaning against the garage to smoke a cigarette before he started to wipe the car down.

At thirty-three, Brad Sears considered himself a normal, mildly neurotic man, heir to as many emotional disturbances as anyone, and subject to no more frequent attacks of logic than his fellow man. As he stood on his two acres under the warm Connecticut sun, he suddenly saw his life here in Lakeland, eighty-five miles from New York, with the detachment of a certified public accountant examining a balance sheet.

His land stretched northwest to Old Man MacReady's barn. In the first flush of prosperity after the war, he had reduced the mortgage on the house to the level where his monthly payments were the price of a dinner or two in a Manhattan restaurant. In the last year, however, Brad had watched his law practice in the village dwindle to hardly more than a daily bout with the crossword puzzle. He went to Booster Club meetings, and he listened to Chamber of Commerce speakers offering a remedy a week, but Brad was not deceived: the town was at a standstill; Lakeland had stopped growing. It was too far from New York to get the high-salaried commuters, and too small to sustain the additional business and professional men who had appeared since the war. Eight months ago Brad had given up the gardener, and two months ago he had asked his wife to discharge the maid.

"Oh, if only you knew how much I want children. A house full of children"

Thinking of Jean, Brad smiled. His wife was beautiful, and his sons—Bud, who was six, and Tommy, who was three—were healthy, uncomplicated kids. Brad looked up at the clear sky, and logic deserted him. He and his family would make out all right, he decided, and he threw the cigarette away and went into the garage for his chamois.

He had the hood wiped down when he heard the back door slam. He heard Jean yell, "Brad!" and turned to see his wife running toward him. As Jean approached, he saw that she was smiling, and when she stopped running, she said, "Darling, Yeats just called from New York and he wants to come up."

"Why?"

"To spend a few days with us."

A few days, Brad thought. He knew Jean's brother. Yeats was an actor, and after his last show had closed, he had been Brad's guest for two months. "How long did this play run?" Brad asked. "Two nights?"

"Brad, please," Jean said.

"Look, Jean, I don't mean to be unfair," Brad said, "but would you think I was less than gentlemanly if I asked why Yeats doesn't go to work between those flop shows of his? I've been a lawyer for ten years and I've never found any law which says an actor can't sell shoes, or run an elevator, or drive a truck, or dive for pearls to support himself. Do we have to subsidize the American theater?"

"Please, Brad. Yeats is all the family I've got in the world."

Brad stared at her. "Yeats," he said. "All the family—What am I—the handy man? What are Bud and Tommy—a pair of Singer's midgets boarding with us?"

She stepped back, (Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

Triumph over DARKNESS

Even his political opponents have nothing but praise for Rhode Island's brilliant attorney general. And Bill Powers is setting his record the hard way. He's blind

By ANDRÉ FONTAINE

THE last time he ran for office, William E. Powers, a gregarious Irishman with a high, gravelly voice and an impudent grin, was re-elected attorney general of Rhode Island by the largest majority any candidate for the office has ever received. Probably not half the people who voted for him knew he was blind.

Rated by friend and foe alike as one of the most able attorney generals the state has had, Powers is unimpressed by sob talk about his personal tragedy. Rhode Island is unimpressed too, and what started in official circles as a benevolent conspiracy to refrain from mentioning his handicap publicly has dissolved into a general tendency to forget it entirely. Colleagues and old friends are more likely to let him fall down steps or walk into mailboxes, out of sheer forgetfulness, than to offer oversolicitous help.

A couple of years ago, Bill Powers went to Washington, D.C., to be admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. Anxious to ingratiate himself with Powers, a man had reserved a suite for him in a fancy hotel. He described the accommodations enthusiastically as they taxied from the airport. When they were shown into the suite, the man gasped and grabbed the telephone. He got the manager and laced into him unmercifully for giving them the wrong rooms.

"Hey, hey, take it easy," Bill interrupted. "This room's okay."

The man turned from the phone. "But look at the scenery—it's terrible!"

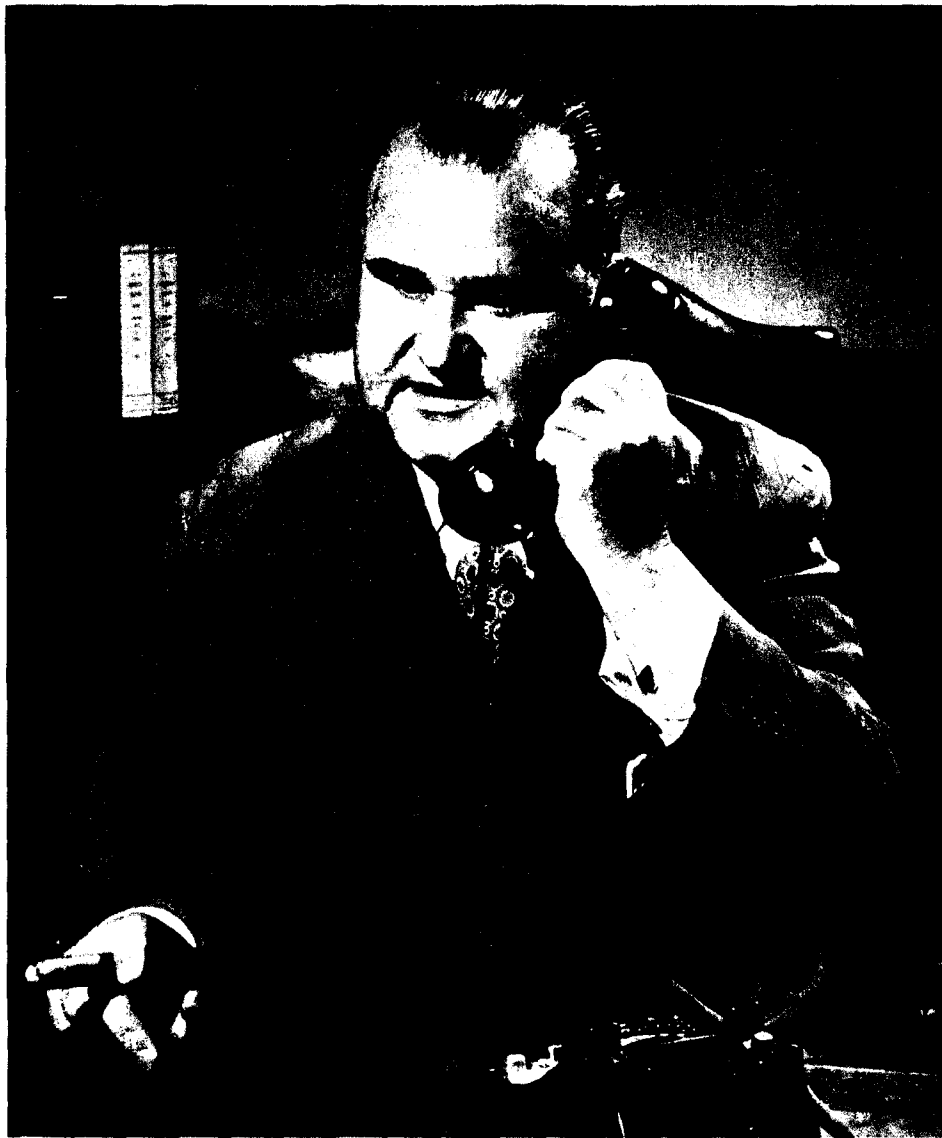
Bill grinned. "Friend," he said, "I make my own scenery."

Attorney General Powers, a stubby man of forty-three, has been making his own scenery for a long time—since he was accidentally blinded 24 years ago. During most of those years, he has also been making big plans for himself; currently, his political destiny seems pointed toward either the Rhode Island governor's chair or a seat in the United States Congress. He would prefer the latter.

If friends will get him there (and the importance of friends can never be underestimated in politics), Powers is a cinch to make the grade. It is almost impossible to find anyone around the imposing Statehouse in Providence, or anywhere else, for that matter, who dislikes him—probably because he doesn't seriously dislike anyone himself. He battles his political enemies tooth and nail, but without bitterness. Bill Thompson, the state Republican leader, says of Democrat Powers: "He's a fine fellow and a good friend."

Politically, Powers considers himself a realist. Strictly a party man, he fights hard and astutely for what he wants before party policy is adopted, but once it's set he goes along, convinced that improvement must come from within the established organization.

Collier's for October 20, 1951



Attorney General William E. Powers of Rhode Island

Naturally, Bill's blindness limits his freedom of action somewhat, but not as much as you might think. His brother Andy, an investigator in his office, usually drives him the seven miles between his neat, modest home in Valley Falls and his office in the huge, sprawling county courthouse that faces Providence's Market Square. If Andy can't make it, there are always more offers of help than Bill can accept. But he has never taken any chances with his independence. During the years before he became attorney general, one of his chief clients was a taxicab company; for a long time afterward, as part of his fee, the cab was ready for his call at any hour of the day or night.

In the office, Attorney General Powers is master of his surroundings. He sits behind a double-sized walnut desk which has two telephones on it, but not a single scrap of paper. Powers has no use for the printed word; he carries his job in his head. Usually when he wants to make a phone call he shouts to his secretary, Olive Higgins, in the outer office, to get him the number, but if it's something special he may use the private phone. It's amazing to watch him dial; his plump fingers fly as fast as a spider's legs as he counts the holes and

spins the dial. He can get a number as fast as anyone.

His dictation, Miss Higgins says, is superb. He can dictate a long, involved letter at top speed, seldom floundering for a word or going back to revise a sentence. Local newspapermen have frequently commented about this talent. A reporter can often make a person seem ridiculous by quoting him verbatim—since almost everyone talks in incomplete, foggy sentences. But Powers, they say, can be quoted verbatim any time; the result is as logical and polished as a carefully written speech.

Powers' major achievement during his two and a half years in office has been in clearing Rhode Island's criminal court calendar. When he took over, there was a backlog of appeals and cases awaiting trial, some 30 years old. In the preceding year, the attorney general's office had tried 10 cases in Providence and Bristol Counties; in Powers' first year, 1949, he tried 58; in his second, 51.

In addition, he threw out nearly a thousand other cases that were old and couldn't be tried—witnesses had died or moved away, arresting officers had retired, evidence had disappeared. It took courage to do it; some of the cases were politically touchy, and it would have been safer to let the backlog ride as his predecessors had done. But Powers saw the people behind the cases: "It's not fair to keep a man under a cloud for five years or more without either proving or disproving the charge against him."

Powers, as expected, was attacked in the newspapers for throwing out the cases; his critics said the dismissals involved a surprising number of lawyers, political colleagues and friends of Powers. But the row wasn't nearly as great as he had thought it would be, and A. Norman LaSalle, who opposed Powers in a hard-fought campaign for attorney general, commented: "I was an assistant attorney general for six years and I know what Powers is up against. I think he's doing a good job."

When he has a politically hot case to throw out, Powers goes into court and does it himself rather than let an assistant take the grief. He personally disposed of a locally famous case against a former Democratic assistant city treasurer charged with embezzling public funds. Amidst howls of outrage, he explained firmly that the available evidence wouldn't have convicted a man of jaywalking.

When he is asked about his record of convictions, Powers grimaces in distaste, then says: "All right. I can give you my record—it's about 75 per cent. But that's no way to judge a prosecutor. Around here we're not interested in percentages—we're not trying to win a game. Our job is to present facts and evidence. The minute you get an ambitious prosecutor interested in (Continued on page 86)



Easy as pie, Roxanne tints her blonde hair with new spray dye that comes in six colors



Pretty as bouquet, blue swirls in Roxanne's hair complement blue tones in cocktail gown



Quick as flash, Roxanne doffed blue outfit, donned red; dyed hair of dog, too, to match

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

Rainbow Hair

HALF a century ago there were only two kinds of girls: those who were nice and those who were fast. The nice girls got married. The fast ones painted themselves up like red Indians with eye shadow and cheek rouge and got talked about. Some even bleached their hair.

Ladies have come a long way since then. There may still be two kinds of girls, but the nice ones are a whole lot more colorful than they were in the days of the buggy and bustle. Having adjusted to what anthropologists call "a changing cultural pattern," they show no signs of letting up on new ways to put paints, powders and tints to work. Already up to their ears in make-up, this year the girls are going after their hair in a big, bright way.

Until recently it was a long, complicated, three-step process, involving bleaching, tinting and shampooing. Then, in February, 1950, a leading manufacturer of hair preparations brought out a quick-and-easy formula which bleached, shampooed and dyed permanently in one operation. It had hardly got started when another one-step, matter-of-minutes process came along. Both made American women more hair-color conscious than ever before.

With simple, controllable hair-dyeing chemicals, women could now fancy-up their hairdos in much the same way that they had become accustomed to prettying-up their faces and hands. They began streaking their hair with blonde, red, silver and bluish tints. When someone discovered that artists' water colors would stick to hair for a while, the streaks were soon matching shoes, dresses

and accessories. By midsummer the fad was picking up speed, heading toward acceptance as a fashion.

There were only two obstacles to an immediate boom: easy as the dyes were to use, they were also permanent, stayed on till the hair grew out; and though temporary water paints looked good, they were difficult to use. What the girls wanted was an inexpensive, safe and easily available product which would highlight the hair any color

in the rainbow and which could be removed at will. In September they got it.

A virtual unknown in the cosmetics field, Bert Langley of Occasion Cosmetic Company of Hollywood, California, came to New York with hair stylist Evelyn Layman to attend the annual National Beauty Trades Show, carrying some half-dozen bottles fitted up with atomizer tops. The bottles contained gold, silver, blue, green, purple and red tints which, when sprayed on the hair—any hair—lasted for at least 24 hours and could be washed out at any time without leaving a trace. Popeyed beauticians at the show watched as Miss Layman streaked, polka-dotted, initialed and decorated models' coiffures.

In a matter of hours the firm of Seligman & Latz, which operates Antoine de Paris beauty salons in such department stores as Saks Fifth Avenue in New York, Neiman-Marcus in Dallas and Gimbel Brothers in Milwaukee, snapped up Langley's bottles and prepared to offer the spray-on spectrum to fashion-minded females. This month Langley is on his way to putting his new cosmetic—Color-Sprā—into beauty parlors from coast to coast. By next year he hopes to be selling it for home use.

That it is versatile, easy and not as addleheaded as Dad might imagine is proved in these photographs, posed especially for Collier's by television actress Roxanne of CBS-TV's *Beat the Clock*. Tickled pink, she asked: "What'll they think of next?"

So far there's no answer to that one; but has anyone here seen Jeannie—Jeannie with the light-green hair?

SEY CHASSLER



Best asset of new dye is water solubility. It just washes out

Collier's for October 20, 1951



Blue on her fingers and rainbows in her hair, Roxanne touches off latest coiffure fad. Dye is easy come, easy go, easy on the eyes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM



After a while I went and found her; I knew where she would be. "What's the deal?" I said

Olivia Was Afraid

By MARY JANE WALDO

I REMEMBER it was morning when we first saw her. It was breakfasttime, and everything was a mess; the baby was throwing his cereal around, which is very disagreeable if you get it on you, but I could not blame my mother because she cannot do everything herself and the last high-school girl had just quit.

It was morning when she came. She knocked so quietly that we didn't hear her at first; then, finally, my mother went to the door, and there stood Rowena. We didn't know it was Rowena. We all stared because she was so tall and so thin. Mostly, though, we stared because we had never seen a black person before and this lady was all black, as black as her coat and her hat.

"How do you do?" my mother said.

"Well, thank you," the lady said. "I am Rowena Stern. I have come to answer your ad."

Some people when you meet them you are sure you will not like them, and some you aren't sure whether you will or not. But others you know right away that they are the same kind of people you have in your family and you will like them forever. My mother shook Rowena's hand and brought her into the kitchen. She poured a cup of coffee and set it in front of Rowena, clearing away some crusts of toast first.

"Please forgive the children's staring," my mother said. "It's such a small town, they've never seen—"

"I know," Rowena said. "I have only moved here this week. I want to make a home for my daughter while her husband is overseas, so it will be necessary for me to be at home nights."

"That will be fine," my mother said, "but I don't wish to misrepresent anything. You can see for yourself from the condition of the kitchen that this is a rather hideous job."

Rowena only smiled.

"These are all of the children," my mother said. She pointed at me. "That's Paul, aged eight, and there's Joe in the high chair; Teddy with the jam on his face; Walter, aged four; and Olivia, aged—Where is Olivia?"

"She crawled out under the table," I said.

"I guess she's feeling shy," my mother said.

But I knew Olivia wasn't feeling shy. Olivia was afraid.

After a while I went and found her; I knew where she would be. Olivia has a collection that she keeps in the closet; she likes things to be secret. Her collection is little tiny things. Little elephants, tiny dolls only an inch high, little cars and telephones, and anything she can find that is small. When she feels bad she goes in the closet and plays with her things, and nobody had better touch them except her.

"What's the deal?" I said.

"Nothing," Olivia said.

"You're scared," I said.

She started to cry.

"Oh, nuts," I said. I would like to be mad at people who are afraid, except I can still remember when I had to have the hall door wide open all night or I thought something was there in the dark. I think I was seven then, and Olivia is only five and a half.

"Why are you scared?" I asked her.

Olivia's eyes were big. "She looks like a witch," she whispered. "She looks like the cannon balls in the show."

She meant cannibals.

"Oh, nuts," I said. I could not think of anything else to say.

ROWENA was so good to us. In only a day or two I could go and play ball without taking Walter along, and my mother could start going out again with my father, because Rowena did not mind staying with us some evenings. The house got all straightened up, and our clothes all got washed at once so that the drawers were full of shirts and stuff and you could wear whatever you wanted. But I had to be careful so that my mother would not find out about Olivia.

Rowena did not find out either, because I told her I had always done things for my sister. I had to help Olivia take her bath, and I had to comb her hair and stuff because she was afraid to have Rowena touch her. She did not even cry when I pulled her hair, because she knew that my mother would ask questions. It lasted quite a while, maybe two weeks, with me combing Olivia's hair and tying up her sashes on her dresses.

But my mother found out anyway. It happened when we came in one day out of the back yard and

Rowena was making apple butter. She turned around to offer a spoonful to Olivia, and Olivia screamed. It wasn't as loud a scream as Olivia is able to scream, but it was loud enough to bring my mother running in. I was kind of burned up. All my hair combing had gone for nothing. But then I shut my eyes a little and squinched them, kind of, and pretended I was Olivia, and I could see what she had seen. I could see Rowena, tall and thin, bending over this big kettle with a ladle in her hand, stirring and stirring, and then suddenly turning around and offering a bite of—who knows? Something awful, maybe. Anyway, it was all found out. All the baths I had given, and the hidings in the closet, and the nightmares Olivia had been having. There was nothing I could do.

Finally, my father came home from work, and he and my mother went upstairs. "Where does the child get these fantastic ideas?" he was shouting, and my mother was saying quietly, "She looks at books. People tell her things."

Olivia was probably in her closet with her little things.

By and by, my parents came downstairs again. "We'll work it out," my father said to Rowena. "Everyone is the sum of his experiences."

"I know," Rowena said. She was still stirring the apple butter.

Nothing helped, though, not the long talks my mother had with Olivia, not even the matchbox Rowena gave her to put in her collection. When you opened this matchbox, it was a little room, with furniture all in place and a rug and everything; it even had a lamp on the table no bigger than a pin.

Olivia loved the matchbox, but she was afraid of it. She would look at it and touch the tiny chairs and then close it quick and put it away, far in back of her other little things.

Finally, I knew that we were going to have to do without Rowena and go back to the high-school girls.

"My husband will be glad to give you work at the plant," my mother said. "It will probably be a much better job than this."

Rowena looked up from the patch she was putting on her pants. "What is a better job than helping to make a home?" she said quietly.

We all felt terrible.

ON THE Wednesday before Rowena was to leave, she was a little bit late, and we were all up and partly dressed. Rowena had somebody with her. It was a little tiny girl.

It was the prettiest little girl I had ever seen, a little girl the color of ripe chestnuts. She had her hair tied on top of her head with a ribbon that hung down long in back, and her brown eyes smiled at us, and she had ruffles on the seat of her pink sunsuit.

"This is Amy," Rowena said. "This is my grandchild. My daughter's husband got leave—she went to the city to be with him and I thought— It'll be his last leave and I hoped you wouldn't mind if I brought her."

"Mind?" we cried. "Mind?" We all gathered around to see Rowena's grandchild. "I'll show her the cats," Walter said. "She can ride on my steam shovel," Teddy said.

Personally, I never play with small children unless I am forced to.

"Who do you want to play with, Amy?" my mother said.

Amy walked over and stood in front of Olivia, who was sitting by herself on a chair, and staring. She put out her hand and patted Olivia's knee. She smiled at Olivia.

"So little," Olivia whispered, like she was saying her prayers. "Can I hug her a little bit? Will she care?"

"No, she won't care," Rowena answered, looking at my mother.

"Can we have her here sometimes?" Olivia begged. "Can I show her my collection?"

"Yes, Olivia," my mother said, as if she were going to cry. "Show her your collection, by all means. But come here first; your dress is unbuttoned down the back."

Olivia got off the chair and backed up to Rowena. "You button me," she said. "Button me up fast, Rowena. Please, I mean."

And my mother knew, and Rowena knew, and I knew that Olivia was not afraid any more. THE END

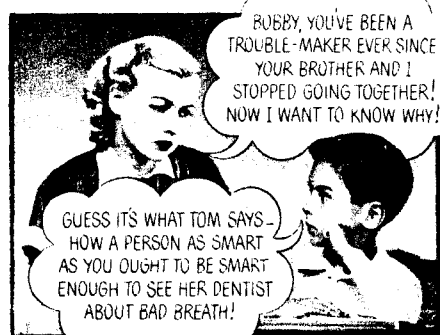


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READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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"YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

The Unwilling Host

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

her hands together, playing with her fingers, her head down and her hair falling over her left eye. She was wearing scuffed moccasins and faded pedal-pushers and an old white shirt of Brad's with the sleeves rolled up above the elbows. They'd been married eight years and had two sons. Yet watching her, Brad was willing to bet that if she'd appeared at the gates of Vas-sar or Smith, dressed as she was and looking as she did now, they'd have asked her if she was out of high school.

She pushed her hair back and looked up at him, her lips pressed together, like a child who had been refused movie money. "I've already told him to come up," Jean said.

Brad shook his head. "Then why did you ask me?"

"I wanted you to approve," she said, sniffing.

He laughed shortly. "All right, I approve. Yeats can dig for roots and herbs with the rest of us."

Jean put her arms around his neck and her head on his shoulder. "I've got a million things to do, Brad," she said. "Hurry with the car, darling. You'll have to go to the station and get Yeats."

"If he waits for me to pick him up," Brad said, "he's going to wear out—"

"Yes, dear," she said quickly. "I'll get him, darling, you just have fun." She went into the house.

Brad wrung out the chamois and hung it in the garage. He wasn't washing any car for Yeats Dawson to ride in. He lighted another cigarette and, for a time, stood in the garage, smoking. At last he reached for the rake hanging on the wall and walked across his land. He had a pile of leaves as high as his hips out on Roaring Brook Road when he saw Jean come out of the house with Bud and Tommy. He turned his back to them and lighted the leaves and watched the fire catch, falter, and then subside into steady smoke.

Brad leaned against the fence, staring at the fire, thinking of the food bills he'd be paying, of the quiet he'd be losing, of the well-ordered life he'd be sacrificing, until someone said, "Hey, you, Sears! You sleeping, mister?"

Brad looked up at Old Man MacReady, standing in the road with a pair of two-by-fours on one shoulder. "Hello, Mr. MacReady. I guess I was daydreaming."

"Nobody ever made a dollar that way." He shifted the two-by-fours on his shoulder. "I yelled at you three times," he said.

"Sorry, Mr. MacReady. What are you going to do with those?" Brad asked, pointing at the lumber.

"Doors on the barn are sagging."

"Tear them off," Brad said. "It's nothing but an eyesore, he added to himself."

"Clever," MacReady said. "Yes, sir, Sears, that's clever. That's a real serviceable barn, Sears. That barn will be standing on the ground a long time after you and me are under it. Stay awake now, mister, or you'll miss your wife," he said, nodding at the road.

BRAD saw the car coming toward him and watched it slow down as Jean swung over to give Old Man MacReady plenty of room. As it stopped, the rear door of the car opened and Yeats Dawson leaned out. He was wearing a tweed jacket over a navy-blue polo shirt. "Say, Brad, were there any calls for me?"

"Just one, Yeats. Harry Truman. Something about hemispheric defense. I told him you'd give him a ring if you had time."

Yeats laughed and Bud yelled for his father to get in. Brad saw Jean turn to motion Bud quiet and then, as he held the door, saw Zoya Zaslova, the ballet dancer, Yeats's girl friend for the last six years, sitting beside Jean in the front seat. She was holding Tommy, who was sleeping, his blond head across her chest and his bare legs sprawled across her dress, and Brad felt as though someone had just played the shell game on him.

Jean turned away quickly. When Brad got into the car, Zoya moved her head and put her finger to her lips. "He missed his nap," she whispered. "Hello, Brad. Yeats insisted I come up for the week end."

"Fine. Glad to have you aboard," Brad said, and wondered if he could persuade Yeats to land him the Republican convention.

As Jean drove around to the garage, Brad stared at her back. She stopped in front of the garage and opened her door. As she started to get out, Brad said, "Wait up, Jean. I want to show you something."

Bud pushed past his father on his way to the television set, and Jean said, "I've got to put Tommy to bed."

"Oh, please," Zoya said. "Let me do it,

SISTER



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Collier's for October 20, 1951



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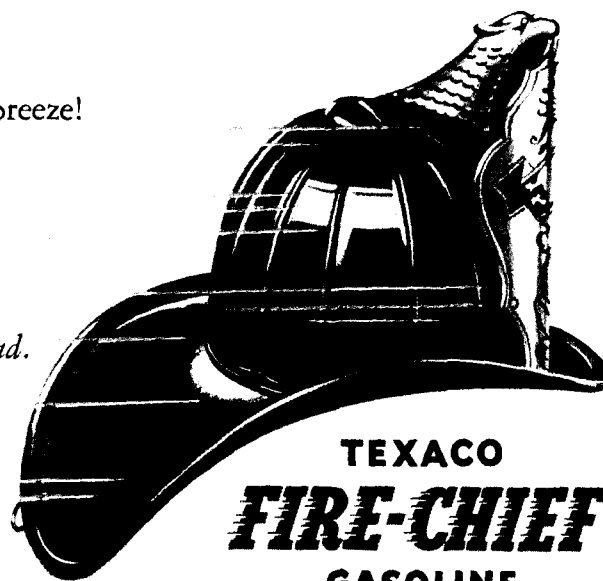
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the case of the Shivering Sportsmen



About to bag pneumonia instead of ducks is this shivering nimrod! Warning: hunting can be a chilly sport unless you're protected from wind and weather. There's nothing like Jockey Longs to give you full-leg protection, way down to your ankles. Super-comfortable, too, like all Jockey brand Underwear.



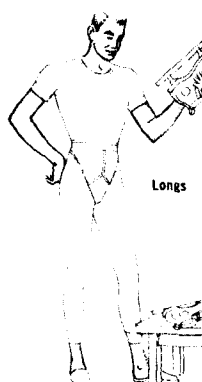
This stadium sitter is seeing a lot of top-notch football but he's also getting the chill of a lifetime. Suggestion: be prepared by wearing warm, smooth-fitting Jockey Longs. Beware, though: there are imitations, but there's only one Jockey brand Underwear.



The snowbound skier just didn't have the balance and control necessary for skiing success. Jockey Longs, you know, give you the kind of gentle balanced support you need during muscle-stretching exercise—plus wonderful warmth and that unequalled Jockey knit-fit. Buy Jockey brand Longs.



Nope—even Jockey Longs won't keep this dunked guy warm. But anyone who skates on the ice can stay sharp and comfortable in Jockey Longs. They're one of five famous Jockey styles—largest selling, most imitated knit underwear in the world. Look for the brand name—Jockey—when you buy.



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Jean. Let me carry him upstairs and let me undress him. See, he is comfortable with me," she said, looking to Brad for approval. "I will be careful."

"Go ahead," Brad said; and to Yeats: "Can you handle your luggage? Something I want to show Jean."

He waited, leaning against the fender until Yeats and Zoya had gone into the house. When he turned to Jean, she had her hands shoved deep into the pockets of her pedal-pushers, her head down, and her right shoe moving back and forth across the gravel.

Brad said, "How did she . . . ?"

"Rude, rude, rude," Jean said, looking up at him, her face pale with anger and her eyes flashing. "A blind man could have seen how rude you were to Zoya. You are the rudest—"

"I'm the rudest? How about that brother of yours, running around New York passing out invitations to my house? Why didn't he bring the cast of South Pacific up for the week end? Isn't my house good enough for them?"

"It would serve you right if she left."

"Don't worry," Brad said. "I'm too lucky for that. Zoya Zaslova! It sounds like the name of a river."

Jean just walked away from him. Brad said, "Now, wait," but she didn't stop. After a minute, he rolled up the car windows and started for the front door. "Love me, love my dog," he said aloud.

BRAD came into the front hall and started upstairs. There, as he walked toward the bathroom, he heard someone humming very softly. He stopped, standing absolutely still, and heard it again. It came from Tommy's room. When Brad reached the doorway, he saw Zoya standing beside the crib, looking down at his son. Tommy was asleep. As Zoya watched the boy, Brad saw her face, filled with such love and longing that he felt like an intruder, and suddenly, like a hopelessly lost traveler coming upon a path leading out of the jungle, he saw the end of his troubles.

Brad stepped into the bedroom, his heart going faster now. He felt as he always did on the first day of a new trial in court, when, having weighed the risks and planned the strategy, he knew, really *knew* that his case was solid. He smiled at Zoya as she looked up.

"He's so beautiful," she whispered. "Oh, Brad, he is like an angel."

"He's the best part of my life," Brad said

softly. "He and Bud, they're what Jean and I live for."

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes."

Brad waited for a minute while she watched him. Then, he said, "I'd have guessed that kids would bore you, the kind of theatrical life you have in New York."

She looked at him. "Oh, no, Brad. Oh, if only you knew how much I want children. A house full of children. Children all around me in a big house with many, many rooms."

"Well?"

"Yeats says it is not yet time. He must first be a success in the theater, before we may be married. His career must be established."

Brad nodded. "I've heard that before," he said, and took her wrist. He led her out of Tommy's room and down the hall to the master bedroom. He shut the door behind her and said, "Zoya, listen. I like you very much. Maybe I'm sticking my nose in other people's business, but I'm going to take that chance."

"We are friends, Brad," she said.

"Good. All this stuff about waiting until you're a success—that's baloney, and you and I know it. When two people are in love, they get married. When they want children, they get married. When they want to make a life together, they get married. Zoya, I'm going to tell you something I've never told a living soul before." Brad led her over to Jean's chaise longue.

"In 1943," he said, "I was in San Francisco, a brand-new Navy ensign, with orders to report to a battleship in the Pacific. Jean and I had been going together for about two years. I had four days, and Jean flew out to see me. We got engaged then. One night we were walking along the Embarcadero and Jean said she wanted us to get married. I thought she was crazy. Here I was going out into I didn't know what. I didn't know when—or if—I'd be back. I didn't have enough money to buy her an engagement ring, and she wanted to get married. I told her all that. I told her I loved her more than anything in the world and that when I got back, we'd be married right away. Do you know what she said?"

"Please tell me," Zoya said.

"She said, 'Bradford Sears, either we get married tomorrow or never.' She said, 'You're not going out in that Pacific and leave me back here just hanging. I love you, Bradford Sears,' she said, 'and I want to be your wife, but it's got to be now.'"

Brad turned and walked to the window



COLLIER'S "Just ignore him, Ed—but not completely"

MARTIN GIUFFRÉ



Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a

Pontiac



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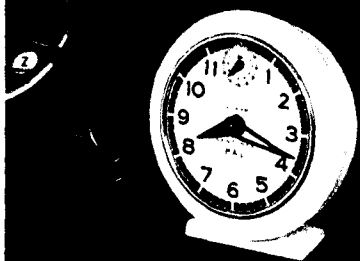
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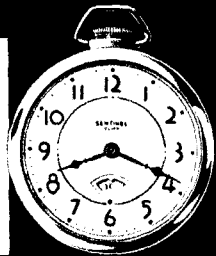


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and stood there, his back to Zoya. When he turned around, his face was solemn. He came back to Zoya. "We got married the next day, Zoya," he said, and he leaned forward and kissed Zoya's hair, and left her sitting alone in the bedroom.

Brad sang all through his shower. After he'd shaved and wrapped his bathrobe around him, he came out into the bedroom. Zoya was gone. He took his time getting dressed, and he was whistling when he came downstairs.

When he walked into the kitchen, Jean was busy at the stove, and Yeats was cutting vegetables into a salad bowl. Brad slapped him on the back. "You may as well learn sometime, pal," Brad said. "One of these days you're going to be in your own kitchen, helping your own wife."

Brad walked across the kitchen and put his arms around Jean, feeling her body tense. "Baby, did I ever thank you for marrying me?" he asked, winking at Yeats over her shoulder.

Jean raised her head to smell his breath, and Brad kissed her. She tried to get free, but he held her close. "You know what I decided while I was in the shower?" he asked. "From now on you and I are going to New York once a week. Dinner, the theater, maybe a drink at '21.'" He stepped back, holding Jean's arms. "I want to show these city slickers what a beautiful woman looks like," Brad said. "Hey, where's Zoya?"

"She said she was going for a walk," Jean said.

"Better go after her, Yeats," Brad said. "We've got some pretty fast *caballeros* around here." To Jean he said, "Anything I can do to help, baby? How about if I give the boys their dinner?"

"Are you all right?" Jean asked.

"Never felt better," Brad said. He blew Jean a kiss and went to get Bud.

LATER, after he'd fed the kids and read to them and kissed them good night, he sat in the living room with Yeats while Zoya helped Jean in the kitchen. He made a couple of drinks, splashing a few drops of water over a double Scotch for Yeats. When Brad handed Yeats the glass, he said, "Zoya all right?"

"I guess so," Yeats said. "She gets carried away with the rustic life, you know."

"She's a fine woman, Yeats."

Yeats took a swallow of the drink and shuddered. "What did you put in here, boy?"

"Grow hair on your chest," Brad said.

Then Jean came in and said, "Dinner, men."

Walking into the dining room, Brad had an instant alone with Zoya. "I'll help Jean with the dishes if you and Yeats want to be alone," he whispered.

She didn't answer but looked at Yeats, who was already sitting at the table. Brad went back to the living room, poured a little more Scotch into his glass, and brought it to the table. "Gives you an appetite, Yeats," he said.

There wasn't much talk at dinner. Yeats was too busy eating, and Jean was commuting between the kitchen and dining room, and Zoya just kept looking at her boy friend. "You're not eating, Zoya," Brad said.

"Ought to eat," Yeats said, between swallows. "First-rate fare."

Zoya didn't answer. Jean came in and sat down. "Now you stay put, Mother," Brad said. "I'll serve coffee and dessert."

Yeats looked up from his second helping. "Are you playing the butler, Bradford?" he asked.

"Not the butler," Zoya said, looking right at him. "The husband. And he does not play it, Yeats. Marriage is not one of your comedies."

Yeats went back to his food. Zoya kept watching him. Jean looked at her husband, and Brad got up and went into the kitchen. He lighted a small flame under the coffee-pot and cut up the coconut cream pie. When he went back to the dining room to clear the table, Zoya said, "I want to go now, Yeats."

Yeats said, "I haven't had my coffee."

And Jean said, "Can't it wait a few minutes, Zoya?"

"Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today," Brad said, reaching for Yeats's plate.

Jean looked up at Brad. "I don't know what's going on," she said.

Zoya got up from the table. "I do not mean to be rude, Jean. Believe me, I mean no offense to you."

Yeats got out of the chair reluctantly. Jean said, "Where is everybody going?" and Brad made up his mind that if she said another word he was going to clout her. Zoya walked toward the front door, with Yeats following, and Brad went out into the kitchen for the coffee and pie. When he had served Jean, he pulled Yeats's chair over and sat down beside her.

"What are you grinning at?" she demanded.

"Just grinning, Mother."

She cut a piece of her pie. "People leaving my table," she complained. "That's not nice."

"It's young love, Mother."

"That's no excuse," Jean said. "And you stop calling me Mother. I'm younger than she is."

"All right, baby, all right," Brad said soothingly, and reached out to pat her hand. There was nothing he could do now. He'd made his plea to the jury; the case was out, and he'd just have to wait for the verdict.

He helped Jean clear the table and wash the dishes. Afterward, he went up to see if Bud and Tommy were all right. Then he put the car in the garage. He checked the storm windows to see if the paint was dry. At last he came back into the living room. He was smoking when Jean looked up from her sewing basket and said, "Did you hear something, Brad?"

"No."

"I thought I heard someone," she said.

"It's your imagination."

Jean set the basket down on the floor and started for the front door. Brad heard it then—a twig snapping, and another, and, finally, the sound of the screen door being pulled. He stood up, looking out into the half-dark front hall. Brad heard Yeats first. "Jean," Yeats said. "Sister mine"; and then Zoya said, "Oh, Jean, I am the happiest woman in the world."

Brad wiped his forehead and started for the hall. "What's up?" he asked loudly. "What's going on around here?"

"Jean," Yeats said. "Brad. Zoya has—She has . . ."

"Say it, Yeats. Just say it," Jean ordered, as Zoya came forward to meet Brad, standing on tiptoe to kiss his cheek.

"I shall never be able to thank you enough, Brad," she whispered.

"Forget it," Brad said, and wondered why he felt so uncomfortably guilty.

"We're going to be married," Yeats said. "As soon as we can. We don't want to waste another day."

Jean looked at all of them. "You'll be married here," she decided. "In front of the fireplace. Won't that be wonderful, Brad?"

She looked at Brad challengingly, but he smiled at her and came to her side, drawing her to him. "Of course it will," Brad said, and kissed her forehead. Suddenly his great plot seemed unimportant. The happiness around him was infectious. His meager law practice was forgotten as he welcomed the joyous event. Besides, Brad thought, after the wedding Zoya and Yeats would be busy in New York fixing their own apartment. If she was anything like Jean, Zoya would find things for her husband to do. "Right in front of the fireplace," Brad said. "When will it be?"

"Next Saturday," Jean decided.

Brad turned to Zoya. "Is that all right with you?"

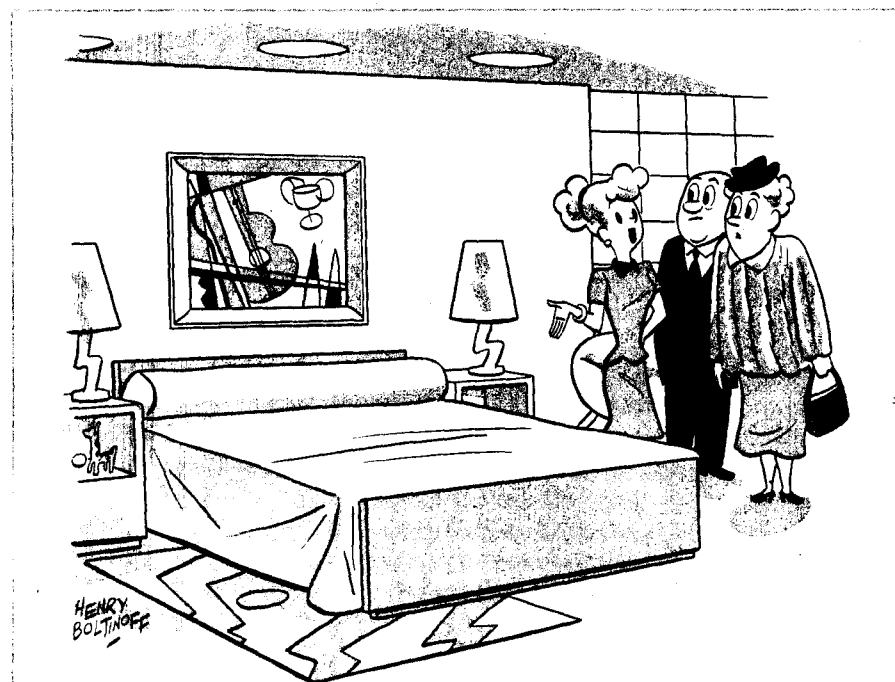
Looking at her, Brad knew he needn't have asked. She would have agreed to a suggestion that she get married swinging by her teeth from the observation tower of the Empire State Building. Jean put her head on Brad's shoulder and began sniffing with happiness, and he said, "Come on into the living room. We've got to drink to this."

BRAD poured four ponies of brandy and carried three to Jean, Zoya and Yeats. He lifted the fourth and walked to the center of the room. He held his glass high and looked around him: at his wife, whom he adored, and at these young people who now were beginning such happiness as even they could not imagine. "A toast," he said. "To Zoya and to Yeats."

"Thank you, Brad," Zoya said. "We thank you."

"Hear! Hear!" Yeats said. They downed their brandy, and then, with the cheer warming him inside, Brad raised his hands. "Listen, all of you," Brad said. "We're family here, the four of us, and there shouldn't be any secrets between us. Jean and I have always had a disaster fund, a thousand dollars in a special account at the bank. I don't mind admitting that things have been a little rough this last year. We've had to economize and cut corners, but we haven't had to touch our fund. About wedding presents—well, that's Jean's department and she'll handle it, but you kids are starting from scratch and I know what that means. Jean and I both know it."

Brad looked at Jean and saw her nod

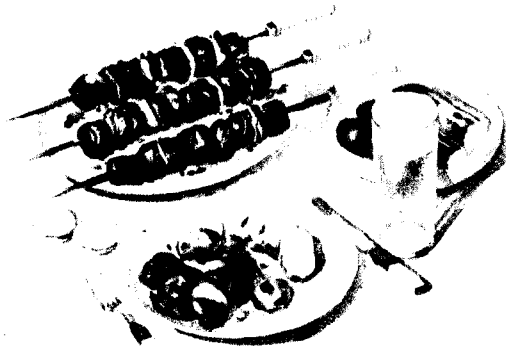


COLLIER'S " . . . And this is the room George Washington slept in—remodeled, of course!" HENRY BOLTINOFF



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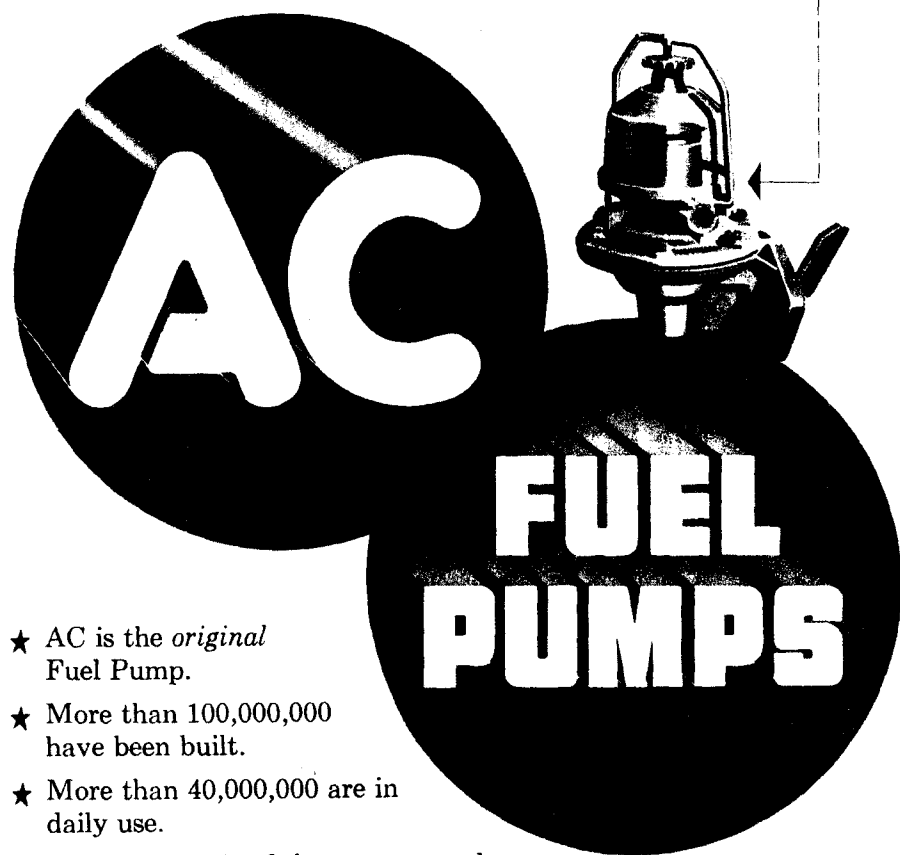


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quickly. "I want to offer Yeats that thousand dollars," Brad said. "I wish I could make it a gift, but I can't. Use it to fix up the apartment you'll get, and pay it back when you can."

Brad made the check out to Yeats, and that called for another brandy. Yeats said he wanted Brad to be his best man and they had to drink to that. Zoya said she would be honored if Jean would be her matron of honor, and after the ladies finished weeping over that, everyone had another round. Brad lost count then, and some time around midnight he made it upstairs all by himself, got his clothes off, stumbled into his pajamas, and went to sleep.

WHAT woke him sounded like water flowing in a creek, but when Brad forced his eyes open, Jean was in bed, mumbling. When she saw that Brad was awake, she raised up, propping her head against one hand. "And to have the gall to tell someone I forced you to marry me," she said.

"What're you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about, Casanova," she said. "Spinning that story to Zoya about me in San Francisco and how we had to get married the next day or not at all. You ape! I've never even been as far west as Chicago. Forced you! You had spies here all through the war, watching every move I made."

"Let me go to sleep, Jean."

But she wouldn't stop. Brad got no sleep that night, and he got very little the rest of the week. Zoya and Yeats stayed until Monday morning, applied for a marriage license, and went into New York. Brad spent about as much time in his office that week as a process server. Jean had him borrowing chairs and storing them in the garage. He beat carpets and washed ceilings and cleaned windows and waxed floors and trimmed the hedges and polished silver, and by noon Saturday, when he went upstairs to get into his blue serge, he was tired than he'd been through all his Navy indoctrination training.

But as Brad shaved, he smiled at himself in the mirror, and once he nodded at himself. Another two hours and Yeats and Zoya would be married. Two hours after that, they'd be on their honeymoon. When they got back from their honeymoon, they'd set up housekeeping. Newly married couples like to spend their time in their newly furnished home. It looked like a quiet winter.

When Brad came down into the living room, the minister was there to rehearse them. He put Yeats and Brad in the study. While they were waiting for him to give the signal, Brad said, "Have you bought your furniture yet, Yeats?"

"Well, yes."

Brad laughed. "Sure, I'm out of line. I remember people asking me the same thing, and I wanted to tell them where to head in. It was our business, Jean's and mine, and I didn't want anybody butting in. I'm sorry, Yeats."

"Forget it."

"Nervous?"

"I'm hungry," Yeats said.

"All ready," the minister said, and Brad started out of the study.

The rehearsal went off without a hitch, and two hours later, when the house had filled, the wedding went off without a hitch.

Milling around afterward, when his house was filled with half the population of Lakeland, as well as a dozen or more unemployed actors from Broadway whom Yeats and Zoya had invited, Brad consoled himself with the thought that in a few hours

his house would be empty of strangers forever. He helped set up the punch bowl, and he helped the butler Jean had hired put the leaves in the dining-room table, and he was opening the windows when he heard Yeats.

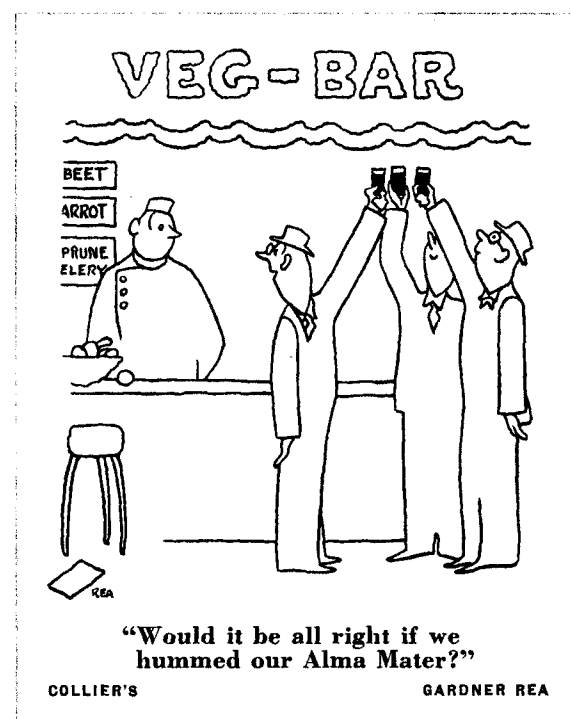
"Ladies and gentlemen, please!" he said. Brad turned and saw Yeats standing on a chair in the center of the living room, holding his arms up for quiet. "Please, may I have your attention!"

Brad stood at the dining-room windows, listening. When the room was quiet, Yeats said, "My wife and I have an announcement to make. In order that you may understand, let me preface what I have to say by telling you that both of us love Lakeland."

Why was he talking so much? Brad wondered; I didn't talk after I got married.

"... and right here, in this house, is where I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life."

There was applause for that, and Yeats went on: "In the shadows of MacReady's barn, Zoya agreed to marry me. We are strong believers in luck, and I regard that barn as my good luck. Therefore, with the gracious and unselfish help of my brother-



in-law, my wife and I this morning purchased Mr. MacReady's barn ..."

Brad fell back against the window frames.

"... and wish to announce the establishment of the Old Red Barn Theater and Dancing School—Yeats Dawson, director; Zoya Zaslova Dawson, children's dancing teacher. My wife and I will live in the loft. We want to be a part of Lakeland."

Brad knew he had to get out of the house. He might have killed Yeats if he'd stayed. His thousand dollars! His hard-earned, sweat-of-the-brow, carefully-put-together disaster fund! A dancing school! A theater!

Brad went out through the kitchen door and around the house, only to see the barn in front of him. He turned and came back to the driveway and leaned against the car and tried to think. He couldn't sell the house. He loved his house. Maybe he could burn the barn. Brad was imagining himself moving in the dead of night, tiptoeing around the barn with a can of gasoline in his hand, and being about to light the match, when someone touched him.

"Splendid idea, Brad," said Mr. Hickem, president of the bank. "Good for Lakeland, that theater." He dropped his voice. "As your banker, Brad, I must confess I was a little worried when Old Man MacReady brought in your check, but I was mistaken. And I'm the first to admit it when I've made a mistake. We've needed something new around here."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," Brad said. He must be nuts, Brad thought.

Brad lit a match for the banker's

Collier's for October 20, 1951

cigar, and Mr. Hickem walked away, his thumbs in his vest pockets, as Orville Frink, who owned the hardware store, came out.

"Brad, let me shake your hand," he said. "If I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times: we need new blood in Lakeland, new people." He pointed a forefinger at Brad. "Mark my word, Brad, this is just the start. There'll be other businesses starting up here. People are waiting for it. Why, May's in there now, signing our two girls up for Zoya's dancing class."

Everybody's nuts, Brad thought, as Dr. Harry Damon joined them. "Been looking for you, Brad. Congratulations. You've shown this town what it needs to get off its breeches. By the way, does Yeats intend to enlist some local talent? I was a pretty fair Horatio in my premed days at college."

LOU ENGLER, who ran the liquor store, walked toward them. "Do you men know the business this theater will bring up here every summer? All them New Yorkers. And they spend, remember that. Cousin of mine has a motel in Ogunquit, Maine, and he was telling—"

"Oh, Brad," said Mr. Hickem, the banker. Brad stepped away from the others and joined the banker near the garage.

"Yes, sir."

The banker twirled the cigar in his fingers and examined it carefully. "We've been talking about you at the bank, Brad. Seems to me we need a young lawyer representing us. Young man with courage and vision, someone who's willing to gamble for the good of the community."

"Yes, sir."

"It won't be too much to start," the banker said. He smiled. "But I think you'll find the retainer a fair one."

"Mr. Hickem, I—I—" Brad said.

"Stop it, my boy. It's the bank's gain as well as yours." He touched Brad's shoulder. "Why don't we have lunch Monday? We can arrange the details then."

"Yes, sir," Brad said. He had to tell Jean. "Monday. Lunch. Yes, sir. Will you excuse me, Mr. Hickem?"

"Of course, my boy."

Brad started for the house. He passed the group in the driveway, knowing that behind him the men who counted in Lakeland were talking about him.

He looked across his land to the barn. Yeats and Zoya would be living over there, and he and Jean would be here. The Dawsons would have their life and the Sears would have theirs. Suddenly the sun felt good on Brad's shoulders.

When he came into the kitchen, Jean was at the sink, wearing an apron, her hands wet and her forehead glistening with perspiration.

Brad turned her around and told her about Mr. Hickem. He told her all of it, watching her face as she listened.

"We're over the hump, baby," he said.

"We're all right now. You can have your maid back."

Jean was silent.

"What's the matter?" Brad asked.

He watched her head drop as she played with her fingers. "What's wrong?" he asked, his voice loud with sudden fear. "What's the matter?" He felt the cold, familiar chill at the back of his neck.

"We don't need a maid, Brad," she said.

"We really don't."

"I want you to have one," he said. "We can afford—"

"I'd rather have the money," she said. She came close to him. "Zoya says I have the legs of a ballerina."

She pushed her hair back and looked up at him then, her eyes wide, and she nodded. "Wouldn't you love to have me dance, Brad?"

He sighed once and put his arms around her. "I'd just love it, baby," he said. "But couldn't we have a maid too?"

Jean kissed him. "If you want one," she said.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"It's nothing serious . . . we're just engaged"

WILLIAM
VON RIEGEN

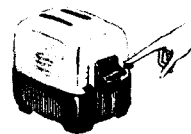
Collier's for October 20, 1951



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Toast—when you want it!



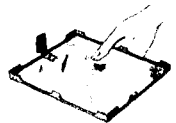
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G



DODAYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

He'd Rather Write Than Be President

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

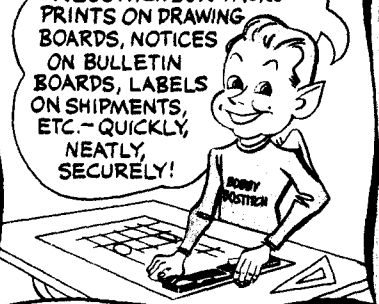
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—his official title is "White House Secretary"—is a kindly, gregarious creature whose zest for life belies his years.

He has a deep sense of duty and patriotism, and is the epitome of what a public servant is expected to be. Few have done their job with as much down-to-earth sincerity and honesty.

Mr. Truman knows, as did F.D.R. before him, that when there's an important White House letter to write, a Presidential speech to edit, a historical fact to verify, a Biblical quotation to check, an abiding friendship to share, a vital state secret to confide and a fount of wisdom, humor, sincerity and companionship needed to draw from—Bill Hassett is the man to call in.

The President says frankly he "depends upon Bill always." And what Roosevelt thought of Hassett he left for posterity in his own handwriting. Inscribed on an autographed photograph which hangs in Hassett's bachelor apartment are these words: "For Bill Hassett—rare combination of Bartlett, Roget and Buckle from his old friend—Franklin D. Roosevelt." (A reference to Henry Thomas Buckle, the great English historian; John Bartlett, the world's foremost collector and compiler of familiar quotations; and Peter Mark Roget, author of the Thesaurus.)

Hassett is all that F.D.R. and Truman have said of him—and more. He's a walking encyclopedia with a ready answer to even the most obscure historical question. He is, as well, a recognized authority on ecclesiastical history and can quote the Bible—King James or Douay version—with rare facility. He knows as much about literature as any English professor and can recite poetry and Shakespeare by the yard. And he is, by all odds, the world's champion letter writer.

Thousands of Letters Daily

The White House normally receives 2,000 to 3,000 letters daily. When there's a pressure campaign for some special legislation or cause, or when there is some extraordinary event such as the firing of General Douglas MacArthur, there comes a flood tide of more than 10,000 letters in one day. No President can read even a tiny fraction of the regular daily mail, let alone personally reply to it—although Truman does dictate hundreds of personal notes every week, more than any other President and many more than F.D.R.

Personal mail goes direct to Truman by the uncanny sixth sense of White House postal clerks. Executive clerk William Hopkins decides which other letters require a Presidential reply. These and honest, healthy, protest-and-praise mail—as distinguished from the pressure-group variety—are called to the President's attention. Then Hassett takes over and does the answering.

Hassett's gift for letter writing is perhaps best illustrated by a story Roosevelt once told about him. In the midst of World War II, F.D.R. gave Bill a surprise birthday party at Shangri-La, the President's hideaway in Maryland's Catocin Mountains. He presented Hassett with a fountain pen and a birthday card on which F.D.R. had written: "For Bill—on his birthday—to write more often to his widows."

Roosevelt quickly explained that recently a widow had written to the President beseeching his help in some matter. Bill replied for him, F.D.R. said, and rejected the widow's entreaty so eloquently and courteously that the old lady went all the way to Hyde Park to thank the President in person for saying "no" in such a kindly, beautiful manner. Letters of this type Bill's friends describe as "Hassett's valentines."

Saying "no" and making it seem to mean "yes" is only a fractional part of Hassett's letter-writing job. When you are composing a letter that is to go out over the signature of the President of the United States, you

measure each word carefully. The challenge is a great one—you've got to know how to say the right thing at the right time. Otherwise, you can get the President into deep trouble.

One of the touchiest of all subjects is religion, and in that respect Hassett has been particularly valuable to the White House. His grasp of ecclesiastical history is truly remarkable. That very knowledge spared Roosevelt embarrassment at least twice. Once, an official of one of the government departments sent to the White House for F.D.R.'s signature a letter saying, in part, that Tyndale's English Bible was the oldest English-language Bible of record. Bill said no—it wasn't Tyndale's English Bible; it was Wycliffe's English Translation. The necessary correction was made.

Another time, while Roosevelt was observing Caribbean maneuvers, he read to Hassett the draft of a fireside chat he soon would deliver. In it, F.D.R. alluded to the parable of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. Mr. Roosevelt mentioned a Pharisee. Hassett promptly challenged him, saying it should be "Levite." F.D.R., himself a good Biblical scholar, held his ground. Hassett was equally insistent. No Bible was immediately at hand to settle the dispute. Bill edited in the word "Levite" and left, telling Roosevelt that if, when he got his hands on a New Testament, he found that he was wrong, he would telephone. Hassett never had to telephone.

Technically, Hassett's work is assigned to him each morning at Truman's staff meeting. But Bill has been at the job so long he doesn't need assigning. He knows what needs to be done and does it. His workshop is a big, high-ceilinged office in the west wing of the White House looking out at the old State Department Building and the rose garden. At one end of the green-walled, green-carpeted sanctum, Bill sits slightly hunched over a big rectangular desk and, in longhand, roughs out the Presidential epistles on a tablet of lined paper.

Each page he turns over to either of his able secretaries—Miss Mabel Williams or Mrs. Rae Randall—to type out on White House stationery. In the afternoon, the finished letters go to the President's desk for signature, sometimes delivered personally by Hassett, who jestingly classifies his literary masterpieces as a "half pound of tripe," a "pound of cold fish with gills, fins, bones and scales thrown in," or as "wind, sound and water."

Occasionally, there is a letter out of the routine—which the White House or the recipient makes public—such as the exchange of correspondence with eight-year-old Terry Brown, of Garrett Park, Maryland, who wrote Mr. Truman: "My mother told

me that you are trying to take prices down. I would like for you to take down the price of popcorn to 5 cents. I think it is awful that children have to pay so much for popcorn." To this, Hassett replied on behalf of the President: "My dear Terry: The President has received your nice letter. He appreciates your friendly thought in writing and asks me to extend to you his very best wishes." Coming as it did from the White House, that letter probably satisfied Terry more than a five-cent bag of popcorn.

Mostly, Hassett writes letters for or on behalf of the President. Sometimes, however, the champion letter writer finds himself in the strange role of signing letters written for him by others. Such occasions are rare, and occur only when the subject matter is highly technical. In such situations, Hassett is reminded of what onetime Secretary of the Treasury John G. Carlisle said of similar letters—"written by a person of whom I know little, addressed to a person of whom I know less, about matters and things about which I know nothing at all."

The President Drops In Often

Truman is always dropping in on Hassett, sometimes to discuss a letter, sometimes to banter a bit or to hear one of Bill's well-told tales. When Truman first took over the Presidency, Hassett was disconcerted by the fact that the President of the United States frequently stood over him; previously, Bill had organized his work around a President to whom he always went.

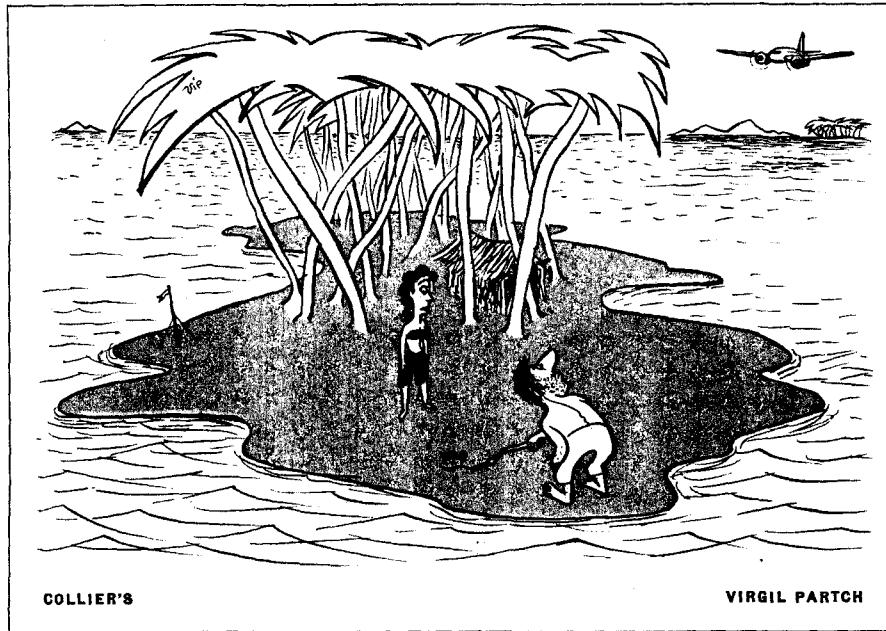
Roosevelt, because he was not ambulatory, either called Bill in or made his requests to Hassett by memorandum. Once, F.D.R. sent Bill a letter from the Odd Fellows requesting Presidential felicitations on the occasion of that organization's annual convention. F.D.R., who liked a chuckle, attached a memo to Hassett, a Catholic, which read:

"Bill Hassett—Write this as if it were going to the Knights of Columbus.—F.D.R."

Just before his last campaign, Roosevelt received from the mayor of an Eastern city a copy of a song hizzoner had written and dedicated to the President. In a playful mood, he sent the song into Hassett's office with this:

"Memorandum for Bill Hassett: I want you to play it on your harp. If you like it, you can play it to Bob Hannegan (the late Democratic National Committee chairman) on his harp. You might write a little line and tell former Mayor O— of A— how much we all like it. When you have all this done, you can come in and sing it to me.—F.D.R."

Another time, Roosevelt wanted to have



COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for October 20, 1951

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OH MAN!

LUSCIOUS CHOCOLATE



OH LADY!

CREAMY SMOOTH MINT



OH BOY!

IT'S GOOD!



engraved on the fireplace of the White House State Dining Room this quotation: "I pray Heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house, and on all that shall hereafter inhabit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof." F.D.R. wanted to be sure before he gave the order to the engraver, so he sent this memo to Hassett: "Will you please verify this quotation from John Adams and let me have it back." Hassett found that John Adams had authored it in a letter written from the White House in 1800.

F.D.R. Receives Prompt Answer

Another typical example of the extent to which F.D.R. depended on his "rare combination of Bartlett, Roget and Buckle" to verify the facts was this:

"Memorandum for Bill Hassett: Will you be good enough to check back and see if there ever has been a Cabinet which remained four years without a change, except by death? F.D.R."

The prompt answer from Hassett was—Thomas Jefferson's second term (1805-1809), Franklin Pierce (1853-1857) and F.D.R.'s first term (1933-1937).

Often, F.D.R. would address his memos to "Presiding Elder Hassett," a facetious reference to Bill's appearance and manner. Intimates also variously address him as the "Deacon" or "Bishop," explaining that he could reverse his collar and look for all the world like a gentleman of the cloth.

Whether he's in the capital or on a Presidential tour in the remotest corner of the land, Hassett never misses Sunday Mass. Some Washington correspondents of his particular faith—including this one—have suspected him of rigging up situations to make sure they keep the Third Commandment while on tour. Last year at Key West, I made, but failed to keep, a church date with Hassett. Next day I apologized and vowed that the following Sunday I'd be there without fail. Hassett nodded and said, "I'm sure you will be."

The next Sunday, as I strolled the grounds of the naval base, an automobile pulled alongside. "Get in!" barked a voice that belonged to one of the three Secret Service agents in the car. I obeyed. The SS men drove me to the little white chapel, escorted me down the aisle and flanked me in a pew opposite Hassett. The "Deacon" stole a glance out of the corner of one eye, smiled a sly smile and resumed his worship.

Hassett is not unctuous in his piety. When the occasion demands—which, let it be said, is not often—Bill is quite capable of uttering a malediction. But he does so with such a gentle quality as to give class to his cussing, and make it a conversational condiment.

He may call a friend a scoundrel, but mean it as an endearing compliment. Or, if it is a particularly close friend, he will say "you old marplot."

F.D.R., who always had deep respect and affection for Hassett, liked to kid Bill about his classical cussing ability. On February 19, 1944, Roosevelt used this as a pretext to spring on Bill the pleasantest surprise of his long and useful life. Hassett, White House assistant press secretary at the time, was summoned peremptorily to F.D.R.'s office, which by now was crowded with White House staff members and correspondents. The President, with mock sternness, commanded Hassett to step up to the chief executive's desk.

"Bill, you have been accused of using some very bad language—swear words—I understand," F.D.R. said. Hassett's face reddened.

"Well," the President continued after pausing for the shock effect, "this is public and it will go down on the records to show whether you are a good or bad swearer."

With that, Roosevelt laughed heartily and handed Hassett a parchment which read:

"To William D. Hassett of Vermont, Greeting.

"Reposing special trust and confidence in

your integrity, prudence and ability, I do appoint you Secretary to the President of the United States of America, authorizing you, hereby, to do and perform all such matters and things as to the said place or office do appertain, or as may be duly given you in charge hereafter, and the said office to hold and exercise during the pleasure of the President of the United States of America for the time being."

For Hassett, it was an honor well earned and richly deserved. It came just nine years after Roosevelt had first brought him into the White House as assistant press secretary, a job for which Bill was amply qualified. For, before he entered the service of his government, Hassett had been a newspaperman—one of the best—since the turn of the century, when he started out with the Montpelier (Vermont) Argus. He had a tour of duty with the Burlington (Vermont) Free Press before he took his reportorial talents to Washington in 1909.

There he served successively with the old Washington Herald, the Associated Press, International News Service and the Washington Post, and as a correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer and New York Telegram before he went on to even bigger assignments (the Irish Free State Rebellion and the conference on the Dawes Plan) in 1921 as London correspondent for the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

In 1913, as an Associated Press reporter assigned to the Navy Department, Hassett covered the swearing in of a new Assistant Secretary of the Navy—a tall, handsome young man named Franklin Delano Roosevelt. From this chance acquaintanceship was to grow a great and abiding friendship—one that endured until the afternoon of April 12, 1945, when F.D.R. died suddenly at the Little White House in Warm Springs, Georgia. It fell to Hassett that day to announce F.D.R.'s death to the world.

It was an almost unbearable personal loss. To Hassett it meant more than the death of a President. It was the passing of a loved friend. He and F.D.R. had been through much together. He had been behind the scenes with the chief executive before and during the turbulent and trying war years; he had been present when world-shaking decisions were made, and he had played a vital role in getting news of those decisions to reporters who flashed the word to the far corners of the earth.

Hassett had seen Roosevelt rise above the withering blight of infantile paralysis, many times had served as the President's "legs." He had spent countless hours with F.D.R., discussing grave problems, swapping banter, debating the relative merits of farming in Roosevelt's Dutchess County and Hassett's beloved Vermont; going over Presidential speeches and messages; crisscrossing the country on campaign tours.

Saw F.D.R.'s Health Failing

For a year before F.D.R. died, Hassett saw danger signals. Nothing alarming at first. But disquieting signs of failing health. The great burdens of leading a nation through its greatest war had long since left their scars on F.D.R. But now it seemed to Hassett that week-end trips to Hyde Park, which once gave F.D.R. rest, relaxation and renewed vigor, were having less and less effect in restoring the President's vitality. There was a period, however, when F.D.R. appeared to have recaptured the old bounce—the weeks of his last campaign.

As Hassett saw it, sheer nervous energy and anger at Republican electioneering tactics carried F.D.R. through. Roosevelt always liked to campaign, but his Dutch was up, too, in 1944.

"When the election was over and won," Hassett recalls, "the President seemed to give up. He seemed to have lost all interest."

On the day of F.D.R.'s death, it was noon before Hassett made his daily call at the Little White House in Warm Springs, bearing papers for the President to sign; the mail from Washington had been late. When he walked into F.D.R.'s living room, Has-

Collier's for October 20, 1951

sett got a jolt. Roosevelt's face was more ashen than he'd ever seen it. He looked so utterly exhausted that Hassett suggested the task of signing documents could be put off for a while. But Roosevelt said no.

The two men chatted as F.D.R. put his signature on letters, papers and other documents. The last two signatures Roosevelt made—both on inconsequential letters that never were sent—now are part of Hassett's priceless collection. In sharp contrast to the usually firm, bold "Franklin D. Roosevelt" signature, both show evidence that they were written by an unsteady hand—the hand of a dying man. But Bill didn't realize it then. It didn't take long, however.

An hour after he'd left F.D.R., Hassett received an urgent summons. Something was wrong at the Little White House. Hassett arrived at 2:12 P.M. and went immediately to the President's bedroom. The President lay in a coma.

"I knew then that he would die," Hassett recalls.

Hassett stayed at his boss's side for an hour, then went to an adjoining room. "I could hear that tortured breathing. It grew worse. Then it stopped. I looked at my watch. It was 3:35 P.M." Hassett immediately got on the long-distance phone with a call to White House Press Secretary Stephen T. Early, who had stayed behind in Washington.

Tells of F.D.R.'s Death

At 4:30 P.M., Hassett called in the White House correspondents who had accompanied F.D.R. to Warm Springs. In a clear, calm voice that masked his own deep emotion, Hassett made a world-shaking announcement with classic simplicity.

"Gentlemen," he said. "It is my sad duty to announce that the President of the United States is dead. He died at three thirty-five o'clock this afternoon, Central standard time."

Hassett fully expected that to be his own last official act in public life. His beloved boss, his great friend, was gone. The day after F.D.R.'s body was committed to its grave in the Rose Garden at Hyde Park, Hassett went to the new President and offered his resignation, as he has many times since. Truman refused to accept it. He has refused 24 times since.

The last time Hassett wrote to Truman on the subject was in midsummer, 1950. He begged the President to let him resign because he was about to reach the "threescore years and ten" which Moses, in the 90th Psalm, ordained to be the time a man should call it quits. Hassett told Truman he thought Moses had something there: "A

man at seventy ain't what he used to be and never was."

Hassett suggested that the President should let the compulsory retirement law take its course. He didn't want to keep working, he said, just to earn his funeral expenses. Like all frugal Vermonters, he had squirreled away a few dollars—enough to live out his span without having to depend on anybody.

One week later—on August 11th—Truman caused to be issued an executive order with the full quota of "whereases"—whereas Hassett would reach the compulsory retirement age on August 28th and "whereas, in my judgment, the public interest requires that such person be exempted from compulsory retirement for age . . . I hereby exempt said William D. Hassett from compulsory retirement for age for an indefinite period of time."

Hassett received the executive order with mixed emotions. He genuinely wanted to resign. But, inevitably he also felt a normal sense of pride and duty. So, he walked into Truman's office and said:

"Mr. President, up to now I have been working in double jeopardy—serving at the pleasure of the President and for the time being, as my commission says. But now that you've issued this executive order, I don't think you can fire me any more."

However, executive order notwithstanding, Bill is getting the resignation urge again. Convinced in his own mind that Truman will not run again in 1952—"although I don't know any more about the President's political plans than anybody else"—Hassett is planning to quit in 1952 and go back to his beloved Northfield, Vermont.

There is, among some Vermonters, a proud legend that you'll find no Vermonters in heaven. The explanation is that the first Vermonter to apply for admission through the pearly gates took a quick look around and then told Saint Peter he was going back—Vermont was just as pretty.

Northfield (pop. 2,129), locked in a verdant valley between Vermont's magnificent Green Mountains, is a bit of paradise. There Hassett was born August 28, 1880—the youngest of eight children (six girls and two boys). There, in all its tranquillity, Hassett will, on retiring, live out the rest of his allotted span. Already, he's bought a little white cottage on Main Street. The hills come rolling down to his back door, with just enough level land for a cabbage and potato patch, and the flower garden which already grows there.

Of an evening, Bill will be able to sit on his front porch and watch the sun setting behind the mountain that rises just across the way. His next-door neighbors—Mr. and

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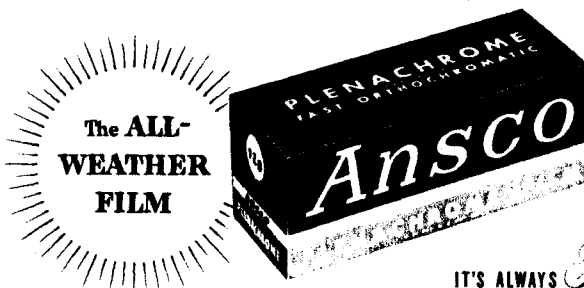
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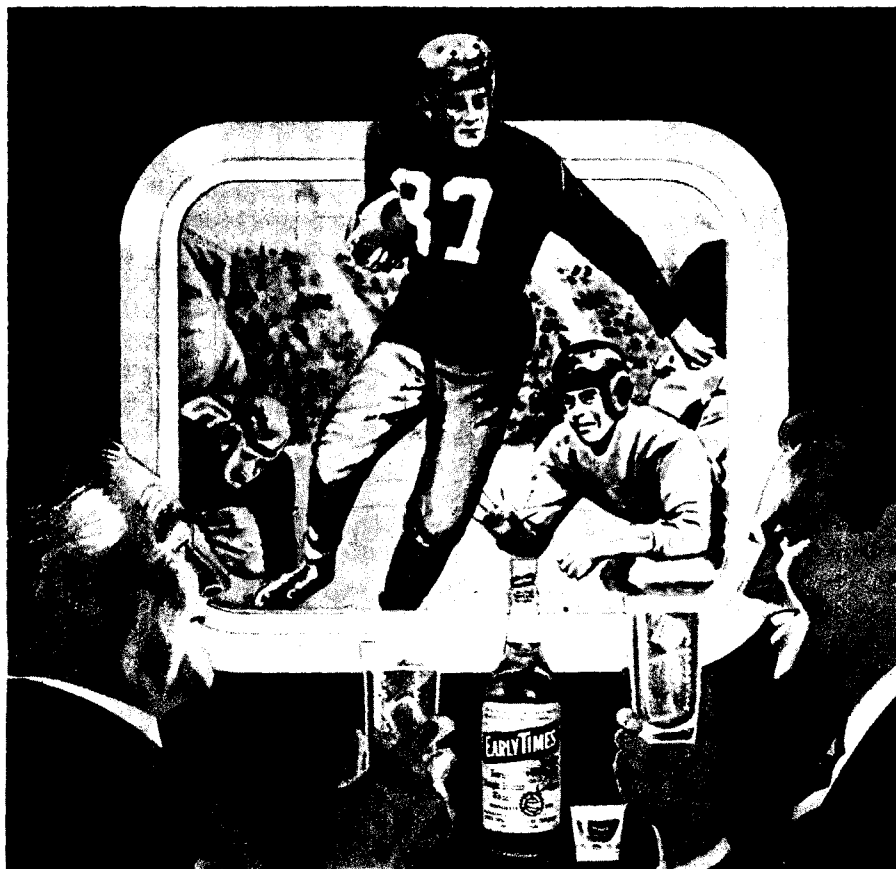
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Mrs. Charles McNamara and their charming schoolmarm daughter, Maxine—will be no strangers to Hassett. Mrs. McNamara, a hardy, happy eighty, is Hassett's only surviving sister.

Northfield's Main Street is short. But for Hassett it is long in memories. Two blocks down the road, perched atop a bluff, is the administration building of Norwich University, a military school of which Bill is a trustee. Directly below, snuggled against the hill, sits the rambling little white cottage where Hassett was born. There, of a winter evening long years ago, Bill would sit around the fire and hear his mother tell about Grandpa Daniel Hassett, who came from Ireland to farm the land, but became the village blacksmith for nearby Moretown.

Remains Faithful to Childhood Hero

Bill Hassett has worked for two Presidents and rubbed elbows with others of the world's great, but he's never changed heroes since he was a little shaver. His number one idol was and is Elkeney Smith, a fabulous character who lived across the street from the old Hassett homestead when Bill was a mere eight and Elkeney was eighty.

In his day, Elkeney Smith had spent three years on a whaling ship and had sailed around Cape Horn. A restless man, Elkeney had set out for Chicago before Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern, decided the town had no future and returned to farming in Northfield. Elkeney Smith died in obscurity many years ago. But his fame has grown with each passing year, thanks to Hassett. Two Presidents and countless other Washington VIPs have heard Hassett's story of Elkeney and the youngsters who filched from his apple orchard.

Old Elkeney didn't mind too much if the critters scabbled apples from the ground. But one day, as Elkeney sat on his back porch spinning tales to young Bill, he spotted a bold cuss a-stealing apples right from the tree. Cane and all, old Elkeney took out after the thief. But he was no match for the miscreant, who disappeared swiftly over the horizon. Elkeney, breathing hard, put a trembling hand on young Hassett's shoulder and, with a rare mixture of Vermont colloquialisms, sputtered: "Son, that critter'll grow up to be a jackass—if'n he don't have no setbacks."

In those days of his boyhood Bill Hassett worked for old Elkeney, helping him harvest his hay, and was paid 50 cents a haying season.

"But Elkeney was a just and honest man," says Bill. "He always gave me Fourth of July off, rain or shine."

In June, 1946, Bill, together with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, received an honorary degree from Norwich University—a Doctor of Letters for Bill (naturally). The recipients were instructed to forgo their in "the Studio." The Studio turned out to be the living room of Elkeney Smith's old house—first time Bill had been there since he was a boy.

If Northfield is the pleasant prospect Hassett dreams about, his every waking hour is dedicated to his job. With Hassett, a seven-day work week is par for the course—all of it free of any interest in politics, as such. He sticks strictly to his knitting. Once, when a questioner asked who he thought was to get an important Presidential appointment, Hassett fluffed him off with: "You would be terrified if you knew how little I care." Or, as is frequently the case, if someone seeks advance information on the signing of a document, Hassett will end that line of questioning by saying, "If the President has signed it, he has neglected to take me into his confidence."

Hassett is no glory seeker. With him, obscurity not only is a *modus operandi* of his \$18,000-a-year job, it is a fetish. Not that he has anything to hide. Rather, it is a matter of high principle. Humble and completely self-effacing himself, he is intolerant of the "swelled head." On this subject he is outspoken.

"There is," he says, "a malady endemic to the White House which the present chief executive calls Potomac fever. It strikes its victims like many another virulent disease, suddenly and without warning. It is usually fatal—always fatal as soon as the present chief executive diagnoses it. It used to be called 'a swelled head.' President Truman, among the most forbearing and patient, generous and considerate of men, has had to fire more than one member of his staff who, though capable of valuable service, succumbed to the big head. Not content to do his job as best he can day by day, the victim of Potomac fever always wants to be a big shot. The end is then never very far off."

No one will ever learn Hassett's full contribution to the public papers and utterances of Roosevelt and Truman. All who are familiar with the White House scene know that he has contributed vastly. The confidences which he has shared with two Presidents will go to his grave with him. His memoirs could bring a tidy sum. But they are not for sale. Indeed, Bill says he will never even write them.

Nothing ever will persuade Hassett to tell the inside story of his 16 years at the White House. But, as one who has watched the passing parade from a grandstand seat, Hassett has made observations he feels free to talk about.

"An interesting phenomenon for one who watches the political scene from the White House," he says, "is the endless procession of coattail riders. The coattail riders are made up of all sorts and conditions of men; saints, sinners and sages; medicine men, gold-brick artists, fakers of all kinds; bright and not-so-bright young men—and maidens, too—some with much to offer—others, nothing at all. . . ."

"Gratitude has never been acclaimed a virtue . . . But the absence of any sense of gratitude on the part of the many who have ridden from obscurity to fame, or at least notoriety, on the coattails of F.D.R. and President Truman, only to betray them afterward, will always be to me a mystery deeper than life itself. Some instances of downright treachery are beyond my understanding . . ."

"The coattail riders strut their little hour and then rat out. Not all have gone into innocuous desuetude either. Some have gone on to greater glory. Others have written books . . . these autobiographies unconsciously reveal the real caliber of the writers. As contributions to the history of the times they are about as valuable as a gun moll's memoirs. Job knew all about it when he cried out in despair: 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!' Well, that Old Testament personage and the President of the United States have much in common."

"Human nature is the same now as in Job's day."

Little Change in Politics

Neither has politics changed much down the decades, says Hassett. History shows, he declares, that from George Washington onward, "hatred, slander and calumny were poured with a lavish hand on the heads of incumbents with the biggest problems to solve."

"And it's worth observing in passing," he adds, "that among the shining victims of this national habit of abuse were the Presidents who have left the greatest mark on their times and shaped the pattern of our history."

The question, so far as Hassett is concerned, isn't who wants a third or fourth term "but how do you find a man willing to take the job the first time?"

White House correspondents once started a Hassett-for-President boom—in an off year (1937). Bill enjoyed the gag tremendously. But, as one who has watched the White House scene closely, Hassett is convinced that Henry Clay didn't go far enough when he said he'd rather be right than President.

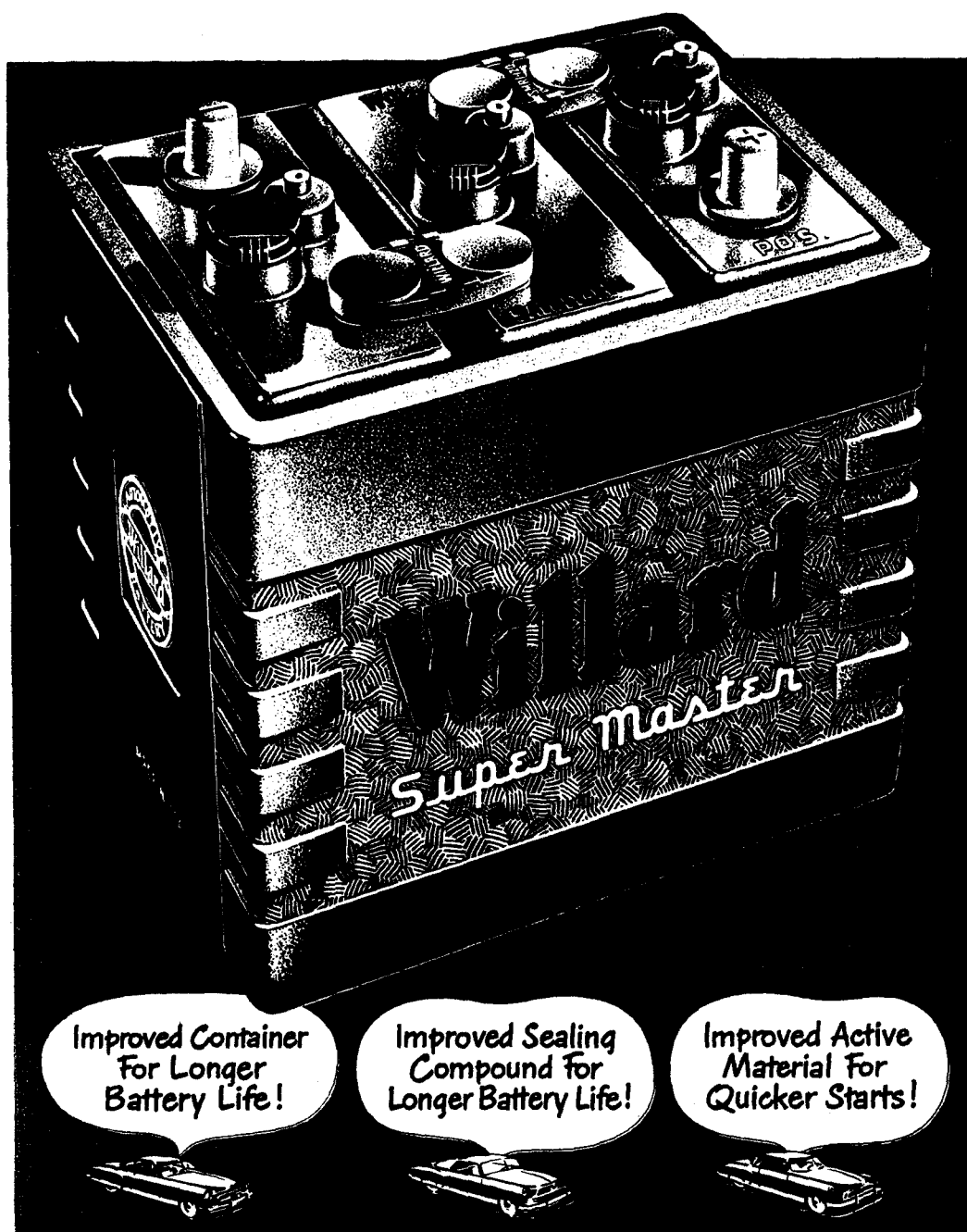
Hassett would even rather be wrong.

THE END

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Run for the Money

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

picked this night as a good night to howl.

Because he had planned the gathering so carefully, Tom was annoyed when it started going sour. At midnight, he decided to go see Castleman. He knew he ought not to, but the Scotch was beginning to taste flat. And Kim was dancing with Hank Alden too much. Hank was a tall, relaxed guy whose father owned a lot of ranches. Watching her dark head against Hank's cheek, Tom frowned.

He told himself that after another week, another ball game, Alden's old man would still own the ranches. And Stahl, the Canyon backfield star, would be only a short phrase in an occasional sports column. The headlines would dwindle, and the alumni with big jobs would find themselves too busy to see him. Musing, he walked out of the smoky suite and down the hall.

A PLUMP man in a tartan evening jacket opened the door. Tom said he was Tom Stahl, and was Mr. Castleman there? The plump man exploded with benevolence. He herded Tom inside. The party was like the one Stahl had just left, except that the people were older. Castleman came forward and shook hands. He was a stocky man in an expensive suit.

"You had a good day, son," he said. "Can you do it again next week?"

Tom said he'd try, and shook hands with everybody. When the introductions were over, his face was stiff from smiling. He refused a drink and said he would like to talk to Mr. Castleman privately. The oilman nodded and led him into a bedroom, and closed the door.

Sitting on the edge of the bed, Tom listened as Castleman discussed the afternoon's game. The report was incorrect technically, but Tom did not protest. He did not protest because Castleman sent him a check for five hundred dollars every month. So he sat waiting, and when Castleman was out of superlatives, he looked up.

"I came for advice, mostly," he said. "Anything, Tom." The oilman sat down. "Shoot."

"I might not be able to play next week." Stahl was staring across the room. "My knee got banged up today. If it gets hit hard enough, I'm loused up for pro ball."

Castleman straightened in his chair; his smile was gone.

"I'm the oldest college back in the coun-

try," Tom continued steadily. "I had four infantry years, and laid out another one. My sole assets are a bad knee and a reserve commission, so I need some extra money."

The muted laughter of the guests in the next room and the humming of the air conditioning were the only sounds. Castleman's mouth worked, as if he were tasting something bad. The millionaire had worked for wages once; when the chisel went on, he recognized it.

"How much would it take, Tom," he asked, "to keep this knee braced up for one more game?"

"A thousand bucks would bail me out," Stahl answered, and the oilman scratched at his cheek reflectively. Finally he walked to the desk, scribbled a check swiftly, and brought it back to Stahl.

"I wish you hadn't done it this way," he said mildly.

Stahl folded the check and put it in his coat pocket.

"We all know this subsidy deal is a racket," Castleman continued, "but don't figure you outraded me. You blackjacked me, and I took it because I like to see the school win. I never got to go to a school like this one."

Tom stood up. "I've heard the song before," he answered. "Would you like to trade your oil wells for my degree?" He was looking directly at Castleman. "Next year, there'll be another golden boy; so tell me: after I wind it up Saturday, what will I be worth to you?"

"Not a nickel," Castleman replied harshly. He opened the door, and Tom Stahl walked through the murmuring guests and into the hall. He found his own party in a state of disrepair. Lloyd Jenkins was snoring on a sofa, with his mouth open, and people were stuffing ice cubes into his shirt front.

Kim was angry. She refused his kiss and backed away. It took two dances on the terrace to calm her down. Tom explained where he had been, cajoled, and joked, and finally she returned his kiss fully. But he did not tell her about the check.

He was afraid that if he did she would vanish, like all the other sycophants, when his shoulder pads were put away. Hard work arranging your future, he thought, and concentrated on her nearness. Her skin was cool and she was very close. It will get

later and later, he thought, and finally the rest of them will be gone . . .

It didn't work out that way. He had several more drinks, and mentioned Hank Alden, and storm warnings began to flash from Kim's dark eyes. She shouted that she was nobody's chattel—"Not now and maybe never!" Tom nodded and drove her home. It was a glum end to the party they had planned for so long.

At the door of the sorority house, she was contrite and wanted him to take the car, as he usually did. Tom said no, and turned toward the street. He knew she was ready for a tender reconciliation, but he paced on down the shadowed walk. His blond hair looked silver at the corners as he passed under the street lights. The corner diner was the only lighted spot on the drag, and he walked under its hissing neon sign and sat down in a back booth.

The waitress dropped a menu on the table, and Tom said not to rush him.

"We close in ten minutes. Beyond that, all the time you want." Her tone was tart, and Stahl glanced up. She was turning, and all he saw was a rear view, which included passable ankles and flat-heeled shoes. Real neighborly, he thought; they treat you like one of the family in here. When she came back, he ordered scrambled eggs with toast and coffee.

In a few minutes, she came back with the food. The deft motion of her wrist was delayed as she lowered the plate. "Aren't you Stahl?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am." He nodded. She was small and her hair was honey-colored, but disarrayed under the cap. She was younger than he was, but there were smudges of tiredness under her blue eyes.

"Looked good today," she said. "It was pretty."

"Pretty?" Tom poured cream into his coffee.

The waitress shrugged. "Very—oh . . ." She scribbled a check and put it down. "Just pretty, that's all."

Stahl nodded. "I think you're pretty, too. And it builds a big tip."

She was moving away but she froze. Behind them, slurred laughter came from the night owls on the stools. The little waitress flushed and came back to the table.

"If you leave any tip," she said, low and clear, "I'll drop it in the sugar bowl and break your conceited nose with it. I thought you did a good job with a football today, and I was stupid enough to say so. The size of the tip was not involved."

Tom started to get up, but she brushed by him. He heard her take another order. The gal's punchy, he told himself, but he felt a little sick. He paid his check and walked across the street. From the shadowed bus bench on the corner, he stared back at the diner.

IN a few minutes, the neon sign went dark and the customers started leaving. Some of them were shouting beery jollities; their heavy mirth was loud along the street. When the inside lights went out, Tom figured she must be leaving by a back doorway. As he was standing up to go, two people came out. He heard the waitress say, "Good night, Al," and watched her turn south. When he crossed the road, she was frightened and whirled on him.

"To apologize," he said quickly. "I'm sorry."

"All right." The hand that had been clutching the purse came down. "You've said it."

"Let me walk you home."

"No." She turned, and he followed, a few paces behind. At the next corner, she wheeled again.

"It was a gag," Tom said. "I didn't mean it, and I wish you'd let me explain."

He stood waiting, and something in his intensity moved her. She nodded and began walking again. Three blocks away, she

KENNESAW



"These store beans is awful good, Bessie, but it sure is heck gettin' 'em open!"

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turned in toward a boardinghouse and, on the steps, held out her hand.

"I'm Nancy Winston," she said. "It was nice of you to bring me home."

"Stay and talk a minute, Nancy," he said.

She tucked at her hair, looked him over, and sat down on the top step. Tom slumped down below her, taking care not to come too close. Hesitantly, he told her the whole story. He had not meant to, but she did not interrupt, so he kept talking.

He told her what it was like to be a unit on a big-time football team—how not only the opposition, but the four or five guys playing back of you hoped you broke your neck on every play; how he had come out of a Panhandle high school as a scab-back, and found the Canyon freshman squad six deep in high-school flashes; and how, just as he was beginning to show well, Uncle had put the hook on him.

The little waitress was silent as he told her what it was like to come back and start all over, with the four infantry years lost and no scholarships available, because now there was a whole new set of high-school flashes; how he had worked in a construction company for a year, to make tuition money; then sitting on the bench through most of his junior year, until Townsend had cracked a shoulder and Barker had caught polio. The rest of it she knew. That was where the headlines began.

"Sure I put it to 'em this year," he said angrily, and she touched him on the shoulder, for silence. He lowered his voice. "Why not? My last one, and I'll probably be back in the walking army before long." He finished the story by showing her Castleman's check. She looked at the check briefly and handed it back to him.

"You have a sad story, friend Stahl," she said slowly. "But you forgot an ingredient." Haltingly, because she was tired, Nancy told him that she came from a small south Texas town, and that she would get a sociology degree with the mid-term graduating class. After that, she would go back home and get a job teaching. Probably, after a while, she would marry an assistant principal, or maybe a farmer, and have a raft of kids. Her voice husky with fatigue, she said it wasn't anything to cry about. It was just a pattern she couldn't escape.

"You forgot," she concluded quietly, "that for people like me, the team isn't just headlines and gate receipts. These are the years of our youth, and the team means something personal."

"So much politics," Tom answered.

She was angry suddenly. "You're not the school at all. We are! And every time you break through that secondary like a scalded cat or hit Ben Volmer in the eye with a pass, it's important to us."

Tom stood up. "I'm sorry," he said.

"You should be." She stood up, too. "A mercenary, moping about his lousy salary. Bums like you are all the youth a lot of us will ever have, and we have to get it second-hand."

Tom stood staring at her. When she turned, he said, "Good night, Nancy," but she didn't answer. The door slammed behind her. Tom turned toward the sidewalk. It was nearing dawn, and as he walked toward his fraternity house, a milk wagon rolled by him with faint jingling sounds.

THE week passed slowly for Tom. Everybody in the house was jabbering about the Notre Dame game, and even in class the professors were erudite and witty about it. On Wednesday night, Tom took Kim to a dance at the Pi Phi house, but they had another fight when she wouldn't leave early. She explained that she wasn't in training for anything, so he left her there, waltzing with Hank Alden.

The next day, at noon, he walked by the diner. The cashier told him Miss Winston didn't work on Thursdays. Tom thanked her, and after the brief workout was over he went by the boardinghouse. Nancy was in the parlor, reading. When he walked in, she said, "Hello!" in polite surprise. Tom nodded and handed her the two tickets.

"Oh, boy!" She examined them carefully.

"When you insult somebody, you take it hard, don't you? These are worth a lot of money."

"We'll get clobbered." He shrugged. "You might as well have a clear view of it."

She thanked him. Her flaxen hair was drawn back, and she looked rested, prettier. When he suggested that they take in a movie, she hesitated, then said, "Fine," and went upstairs.

When she came back down, she had changed dresses and there were four girls with her. One of them was her roommate. Remembering what she had told him about who really constituted the school, Tom bowed deeply to all of them. When the introductions were over, he walked Nancy down to the drag and they saw a movie.

As she sat silent, curled in the seat beside him, Tom realized how small she was. Once he touched her hair, and she glanced at him through the dimness and smiled. Later, after they had stopped by the drug-store and returned to the boardinghouse, he began to appreciate her gift of silence. She hadn't said a word about football.

She thanked him again for the tickets, and said she would be rooting like crazy on Saturday. That was all. After she had gone inside, Tom walked away whistling. A lot of the pressure was gone. He didn't dread the approaching game so much, and for the first time he began to feel that he might have a good day. Nancy, Gaynor, Castleman—he wanted them all to get their money's worth.

THE squad followed Tom Stahl out of the tunnel and broke into sunlight, into mounting applause. The stadium was packed, and the crowd had overflowed onto the field itself. As he put the first team through its paces, Tom guessed there were over seventy thousand people watching.

Tom tried to spot Nancy Winston in the stands, but the section was seething. Kim waved from one of the front-row boxes, and he nodded. A few minutes later, he and Robling were pacing out on the field. Barto, the Notre Dame All-American, came to meet them with Witkoski, his right end. Barto was short, swarthy and rugged-looking. They all shook hands, and Tom won the toss. He chose to receive. Barto said Notre Dame would defend the south goal, and, like heralds in a medieval tourney, they withdrew toward their teams.

The crowd stood up for The Star-Spangled Banner. When the music was dying out and the vast, anticipatory buzzing had begun, Tom Stahl did a little jig near the goal line. The whistle shrilled, the Notre Dame line swept forward, and the ball was arching high. Cursing with nervous fury, Tom waited for it to settle.

He gathered the ball in and sprinted forward. His blockers were trying to form, but several of them were upended suddenly. Tom raced by two tacklers and was shifting into high gear when he was hit from the side. His helmeted head banged as he went down, on the thirteen-yard line. Two plays at the middle lost a yard, so he dropped back and punted.

Notre Dame began to move. Barto shook loose and romped through the secondary with amazing speed. Canyon held twice inside the ten, but that was delaying the inevitable. Finally Barto churned across tackle for the score. It looked easy, the way he did it. Stahl glanced at the scoreboard; less than three minutes of the first quarter were gone. Great, he thought; they'll beat us by ten touchdowns.

After the successful conversion, he trotted back onto the field. The kickoff was shorter this time, and Majeski bulled his way to the thirty-eight. The Canyon crowd was screaming. After a line play had failed, Stahl ripped out the signals curtly.

Still calling signals, he took the snap and drifted backward. Two linemen dived at him, but he twisted away and launched the ball. Benny had fooled the diamond defense; it was Benny they were watching, and Majeski took the ball in the clear. Tom saw that much before the sky was blotted out. The roaring continued, got

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louder, with a scream on top of it. Scrambling up, Tom saw Majeski plunging across the line, dragging a tackler with him. The stands were a roaring bedlam and the Canyon cheerleaders were capering like lunatics.

Stahl ran downfield. When he called the signal, a few heads moved slightly, because he had called the same pass play for the try for the extra point. His practice kick was elaborate. When the ball came back, past the kneeling man, Tom rifled it at the right flat. Majeski took it in the end zone, and the Canyons began to leap around and slap one another on the back.

As he wiped his sweaty forehead with his sleeve and trotted off again, Tom thought irrationally about how different the stadium acoustics were when the bowl was only partly filled. This mob seemed to soak up the noise. Coach Gaynor was waiting at the side line, grinning, and he shouted something but Tom couldn't understand it.

Lots of teams had scored on Notre Dame, however, and for the rest of the half the crowd saw some textbook blocking. The Canyon line was digging in and dying, but nearly every Notre Dame play picked up five or six yards. Barto was mixing them up nicely. Twice he had to kick, but on the third series of downs he took it over himself, on a headlong dive. The try for the extra point was wide, and the score at the half was still 13 to 7.

THE Canyon dressing room was quiet. The players were sprawled on benches, lying on the floor, or leaning back against the lockers. They were sweaty and tired and grim, because they had never encountered such blocking before. Gaynor didn't give them any fight talk. He and the assistant coaches moved from man to man, gesturing and speaking in low tones as they pointed out errors. When the call came, the squad clattered out into the hall.

The third quarter was scoreless, and Stahl didn't see much action because Canyon didn't have the ball very often. When a fresh Notre Dame team came in at the start of the fourth quarter, he looked them over. It's a moral victory, he told himself stubbornly. We're holding this beef trust to a one-touchdown lead.

That made sense, but he couldn't get Nancy Winston out of his mind. She's sitting up there in that mob, he thought, like Cinderella without a pumpkin. Waiting for me to turn it on, not realizing how easy I could get a leg ruined. And then he heard her scornful whisper, "Bums like you..." While he was worrying about it, the call came. Reaching for his helmet, he led the

offensive team out. Barto was dropping back to punt for Notre Dame.

Tom stood waiting. Beyond the rim of the stadium, he could see the Gothic towers of his school. An old jazz record went swinging through his head. "Gone on," it said in the refrain, "gone on..." And he had less than thirteen minutes to put in before he was gone, too, from Canyon University. The stirring music seemed to explode under his helmet. Suddenly he could see the whole town, all the tradesmen who had closed their stores on this sunny afternoon to watch Tom Stahl perform. All the bug-eyed kids. They were all in the stands, the tradesmen and the kids and the paunchy alumni and the faculty and student body, all assembled and waiting for Tom Stahl to hang up another battle pennon for Canyon.

Maybe you have to do more than run for the money, he thought. And maybe there is an obligation here that Castleman can't buy and I can't sell. A chill flowed down his back as he thought of the five maroon jerseys in the field-house trophy case. Those jerseys bore numbers so honored that no other Canyon player would ever wear them. Stahl had a moment of regret over the fact that he could not retire the number he was wearing. But maybe, he thought grimly, it isn't too late to roll out the pumpkin coach for Nancy, for all of them, in this final quarter hour.

The punt was up, and he crossed and took it away from Majeski. Two strides carried him toward the corner, but he cross-stepped and found running room. A tackler slammed into him, turned him, and fell away. "Last time around, boy," the old refrain said, "and then gone on..." After that, there was no plan to it. Another tackler loomed ahead, and Tom cut hard.

Short of the twenty, he stopped suddenly and tilted, like a square dancer bowing to his partner. From somewhere, Robling rolled over in front of him and blasted open a new path. At mid-field, Tom knew there was a chance. While the sunny afternoon rocked with screaming, he realized he might make it all. Only three Notre Dame defenders were left, and they were running at him in a triangular approach.

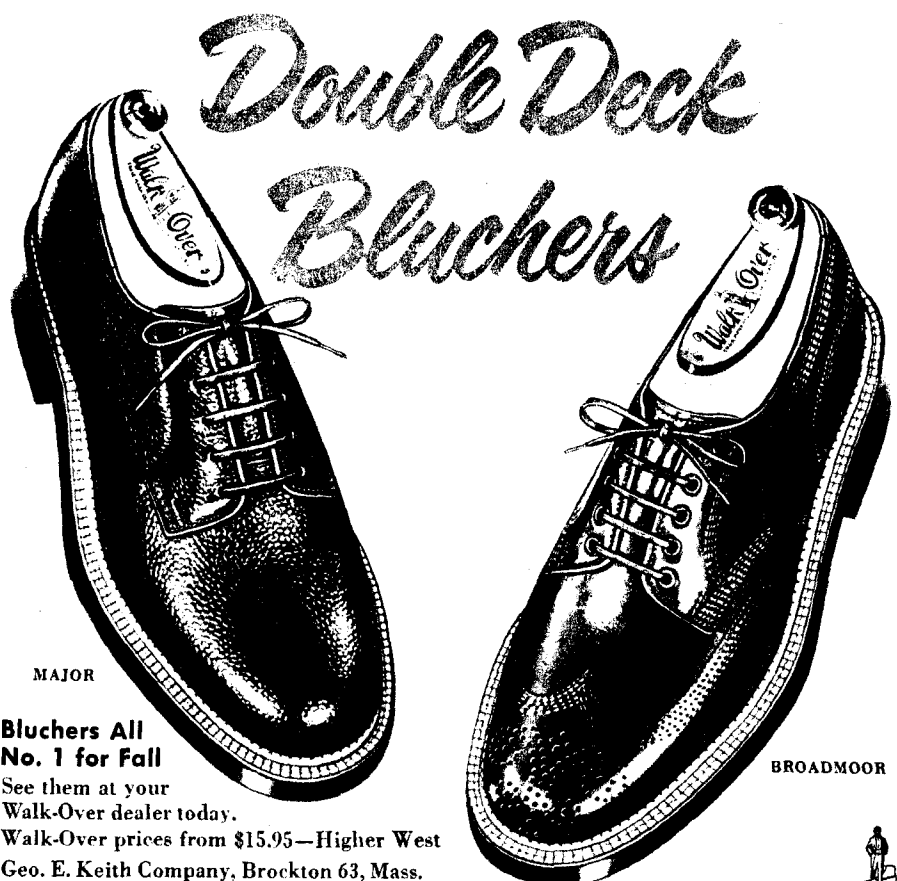
They crowded him over and left him dancing desperately down the chalk line. The nearest of them left his feet, and Stahl stopped abruptly. The frustrated tackler went clawing out of bounds, but the pause had renewed the threat from the rear. Tom reversed, hoping to pick up blockers. When he saw that there was no help in sight, he lowered his head and bulled as far as he could. Tacklers slammed into him one after another. When the pile-up cleared,



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he turned his head and saw that he was on the Notre Dame twelve.

Scrambling up, he listened to the tumult. Not until the huddle was formed and his teammates were looking at him strangely did he realize that he was crying. Blood was dripping from a cut under his eye; he stared at his stained fingers incuriously and jammed his helmet down.

"We can do it," he said hoarsely. "I'm—going to drop—CX6 over the middle. And, Robling, if you don't move that line-backer, I'm going to boot your tail from here to Santa Fe."

The big tackle looked gloomy and turned toward the line. Tom snatched the ball from Neilson, faded one step, and flipped it across. Robling had taken the line-backer out, and Benny grabbed the pass and went lunging to the two. Stahl waited impatiently for the pile-up to clear. He told them he was going to buck over Robling, and that fleeting sadness passed over the tackle's face again.

The hole was there. Stahl slammed into it, got tripped, and kept driving wildly with his free foot. Even after he fell into the end zone, he was trying to steal more ground. Like a man operating in a vacuum, he went back to try for the point. The referee raised his hands toward the stands for silence. Tom saw the snap come back, and took the urgent step.

The Notre Dame defenders were catapulting forward, and an upflung palm deflected the ball. The score was tied at 13 all. Not enough, Tom thought bitterly; a tie is not enough. When the Canyon defensive team came out, he shoos his replacement back to the bench. "Still time, boy," said the rhythm in his head, "gone on . . ."

HE WENT down with the kickoff, pawed two blockers out of the way, and nailed Barto so hard the thud filled the stadium. The black-browed Notre Dame star looked at Tom curiously as he got up and trotted back to his own huddle. Stahl watched the next play pile up at tackle, and on the following end run he uncovered the ball carrier and put a vicious, cartwheeling block on him.

While the stands pulsed with a continuous din, Tom wrestled a long pass away from a Notre Dame receiver. Tom was off balance and they slammed him out of bounds, over the rolled tarpaulin. He bounced up shouting, and when the Canyon offensive team came back in, he instructed them quickly and determinedly. He went raging at the ends and bucking at the middle, and racked up three first downs and got to the Notre Dame nineteen.

The Notre Dame substitutes came pouring in. They were obviously under orders to flatten the crazy man. When he passed, they smashed him good. Even when he handed the ball off, they rode him down. He got up shouting each time. In the lengthening shadows, with the seconds ticking away and only four yards to go, he faked a pass and went blasting into the line. When they unpled, he was inches short of the goal and he did not get up.

That didn't matter, because the gun went off. Robling turned him over; he was out cold but still clutching the ball. His jersey was soaked with blood and ripped off one shoulder and his nose was broken, but he was still holding the ball. Barto came up to stand over him, perplexity on his face. A great hush settled over the stadium as the Canyon trainer came running out.

Stahl's eyelids fluttered open and his head jerked toward the scoreboard. The score was still tied, and a look of great regret flickered across his battered face.

"You were just lucky," he said to Barto gravely. "We ran out of time."

"Champ," answered Barto, bending down, "I'm inclined to agree with you."

Tom stepped down from the Pullman and carried his bag into the weather-beaten station. After the train had pulled out, there was no sound except the crate-thumpings down on the freight platform. The

uniform still felt strange, but he shrugged his tunic into place and walked over to the barred window. When he asked where he could get a cab, the agent laughed.

"Captain," he said, "there ain't anyplace in this town a cab-ride away from here."

It was a fair answer, and Tom grinned. After suitable remarks had been passed on the weather and the government, he left his suitcase in the office and walked across the little town.

The house was rambling and weathered, with a gabled roof. Tom rapped on the front door and stood waiting, but no answer came. Wrestling out of the tunic, he shouted, "Anybody home?" The silence was unbroken, so he walked around to the driveway and into the back.

The place was well tended. Four beehives stood in the center of a neat orchard, and a combination barn-garage was beyond. He was walking under the trees toward the barn when he saw Nancy come out. He shouted, "Hi!" and she looked up, shading her eyes with both hands. She was wearing a very brief sunsuit, and the blonde hair was twisted into a bun on the top of her head. She came closer, but did not recognize him until he swept off the garrison cap.

"Is it Audie Murphy?" she asked. "Is it a bird? Or is it our new secret weapon?"

"No, ma'am." Tom laughed and rubbed his battered nose. "It's just old beat-up me." She shook hands, laughing. "Fine thing. I look a sight."

"You do," he said. "You do look quite a sight."

Nancy made a face at him. "What did you expect was under that apron? Stilts and coat hangers? Come inside, and while you're drinking a beer, I'll repair the damage."

The kitchen was cool after the glare of the street, and the beer tasted fine. Tom had a taste of it, and listened to the bees drowsing in the orchard. In a few minutes Nancy came back with her hair neatly braided and sat down.

"The house is honored, señor," she said. "Why?"

"Oh—two reasons, neither very good." He rolled the cold beer bottle between his palms. "To ask if you liked the game, and to show you this." He flipped Castleman's receipt across the table, the one he had got for returning the check. Nancy glanced at it and nodded.

"I'm glad, of course," she said, "but he must think you're crazy."

"Nope." Tom shook his head. "He was real nice. Offered me a job."

She stared at his uniform. "Don't come

swaggering into our hamlet and expect any praise on the game. Isn't it enough to be on most of the All-America squads for nearly upsetting Notre Dame?"

"No," he said. "It's not enough. That was your ball game." He hesitated. "I called you a couple of times, but you were out. While I wasn't watching, they cranked up the banquet circuit on me. I went to New York for the award deal, and then out to the Coast for the East-West game. After that, I had to go see a man about a war. When I got back, you were gone."

She was watching his face. In an uncertain tone, she began, "It was a wonderful game—"

"Don't slop it up," Tom said. "Remember, I'm just an ex-mercenary. Could I have another beer?"

SHE went to the refrigerator, and he watched her lean down and reach inside. As she turned, she asked him casually what had happened to his beautiful brunette. "Nothing," Tom said. "She was still hurtling around town in her car, last I heard, and the boys were baying after her, like always."

Nancy said, "Oh," put the bottle down, and went around the table.

"What do you do in this dump?" he asked.

"Go to the movie, sometimes out to the lake."

"Okay, we'll go to the movie and out to the lake. I don't have to report to Fort Sill for four days." He wiped the corner of his mouth. "And if you wear that oversized pocket handkerchief very often, maybe we'll get married."

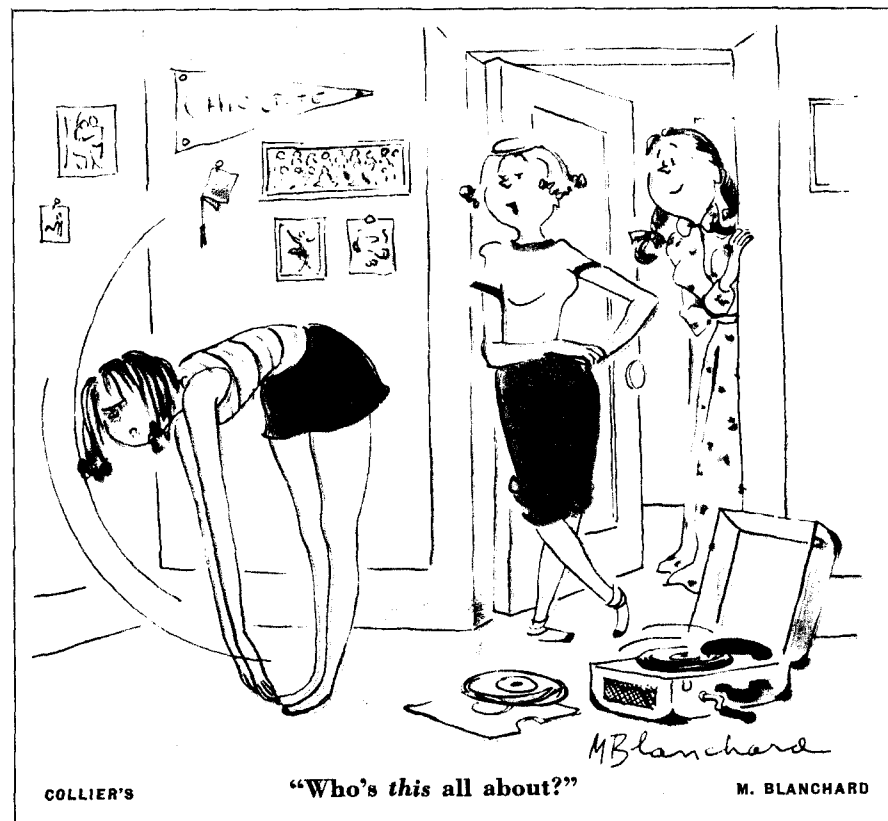
Nancy stiffened involuntarily, putting her hands in front of her. "I think you are crazy," she said.

Tom winked. "You want to give us a kiss now, or wait till tonight and scuffle for it?"

She shook her head, looked pensive, then came around the table and kissed him on the mouth. When she pulled away, his head was tilted back.

"You know something?" he asked. When she shook her head, he winked again and said, "This is real good beer." Then he asked about her father's financial condition, with the admonition not to kid him, he knew about parity and how these farmers were taking it off the top.

Nancy started laughing. The front screen banged, and she wondered how she would ever explain it to her parents. As he caught her wrist again, she had the vaguely comforting thought that if she couldn't, Captain Stahl could and would. **THE END**





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- ☐ Rexall Boric Acid Ointment, white, 1 oz., 2 for 26¢
- ☐ Rexall Milk of Magnesia Tablets, 36's, 2 for 26¢
- ☐ Rexall Saccharin Tabs., 1/2 grain, 100's, 2 for 46¢
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- ☐ Rexall Yeast & Iron Tablets, 100's, 2 for 76¢
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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

England's Next Queen

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

empire grew into the greatest power of the time, one on which the sun never set.

The new Elizabethan Age, coming at a time when the empire is declining, seems destined to be an age of austerity, but the queen who will preside over it is almost certain to surpass her predecessors in the affection of the British people.

She is a much warmer and softer person than either Elizabeth I or Victoria. The first Elizabeth was unpleasantly masculine. The second is very feminine. The first was an unhappy woman who bore no children. The second appears as blissful as a department store advertisement for newlyweds. And, with two children, she is well on her way to a good-sized family.

Victoria, with her Germanic education, could be harsh and quite unpleasant. After her husband died, she became increasingly cranky and imperious. Victoria and Elizabeth I may have become hard in the process of governing or trying to govern. Victoria, especially, was always quarreling with her ministers and trying to have her way in foreign policy.

But the Elizabeth of today will not be exposed to the harsh realities of politics. She will concern herself strictly with sitting beautifully on the throne, the most attractive queen in English history.

Fine Appearance Is Important

It is important to the British that their monarch make a fine appearance, and Elizabeth seems destined to fulfill this requirement in all respects. Besides her undeniable personal charm, she already possesses many of the lavish decorative trappings which help make a queen glitter, and additional ones pour in on her whenever the donors can find an excuse.

Elizabeth's twenty-first birthday occurred while she was on an official tour of South Africa with her parents; the South African government and the people of Rhodesia chose the occasion to present her with no less than 400 diamonds worth many thousands of dollars. In 1947, a Canadian who owns some of South Africa's rich mine fields gave her as a wedding gift a 54-carat pink diamond, said to be the only one of its kind in the world, and therefore virtually priceless.

Many more pieces were sent to her at

that time, too—diamond necklaces, diamond tiaras, diamond bracelets, earrings, brooches. But the wedding gift Elizabeth treasures most is a diamond-and-ruby necklace from the Royal Collection presented by her parents. She wears it—and one of two diamond tiaras given to her by her grandmother, Queen Mary, and by the Nizam of Hyderabad—at all formal state functions, such as those scheduled for her visits to Canada and Washington this month.

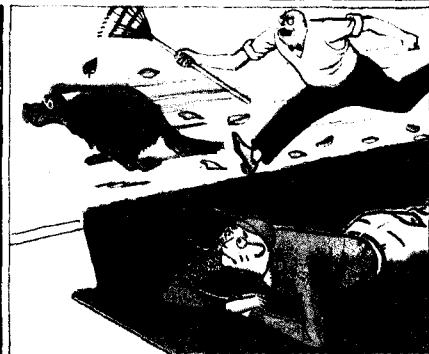
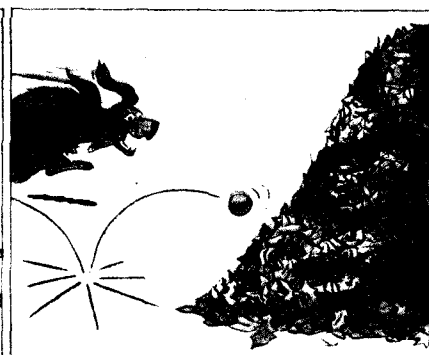
When this trip was announced, the Canadian Fur Industry offered her a Russian ermine coat valued at £3,750. She was still weighing the offer as plans for her visit proceeded. She already has four fur coats. All wedding gifts, they are the most valuable items in her wardrobe. One is a full-length gray-brown beaver presented by the Hudson's Bay Company. Another is a full-length mink given by Canada. The third is a mink evening wrap from the people of Newfoundland, and the fourth is a hip-length cape of gray chinchilla rabbit from the British rabbit-skin industry.

Gifts such as these have not spoiled the princess. In fact, except for the crank complaints that she visited the Pope while in Rome, or that she has an ash tray on her desk (suggesting the horrible thought that she may be guilty of smoking), or that she went to a night club on Sunday (in Paris, of course, since London clubs are closed by Sunday blue laws), Elizabeth is about as invulnerable to criticism as a human being can be. Actually, the society snobs who buzz about court circles consider that her principal fault. They find her too good for their tastes, like wholesome milk rather than sparkling champagne.

Her sister, Margaret, familiarly known as P2 (princess number two), is much more to their liking, and a number of stories have grown up around her. Margaret gets away with her antics, which provide gossip columnists with a steady supply of amusing bits for their readers, because she is safely beyond the likelihood of ever reaching the throne. In Elizabeth they not only would shock the country but would destroy the image in which the British like to see themselves reflected.

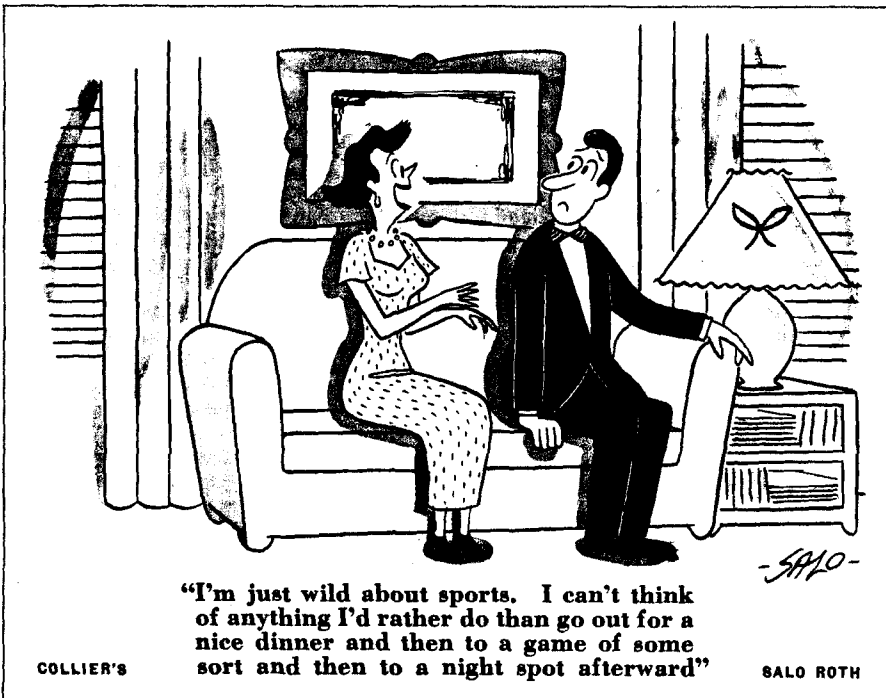
It is the image of a quiet, serene, sensible woman who builds her life around her home and who finds her greatest happiness when she is with her husband and children.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S

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COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

These virtues, which Elizabeth inherited from her parents and her great-great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, may be bourgeois, but they are precisely the virtues which the British hold dear.

The concepts of family, home and stability, which have been enhanced for the British people by the instability of the times, are all associated with Elizabeth. Every move at Clarence House—where she and Philip live with two-year-old Prince Charles and Princess Anne, one—is watched with the closest attention. The four-story mansion, just a stone's throw from Buckingham Palace, has become such a mecca for the British people that there have been letters in the press protesting the excessive display of attention. One said that a mother with a young baby should have known better than to stand outside Clarence House all night. Another, commenting on the labor shortage in England, suggested recruiting workers from among the idle crowds which spend so much time just gazing at Clarence House.

Called Typical Young Mother

As a young mother, Elizabeth often is described by her admirers as the incarnation of British motherhood. But she got into a bit of trouble when she was caught between motherhood and womanhood this summer. She hadn't seen her husband for some time since he left for naval duty in the Mediterranean and when he finally put in at Malta she couldn't resist the temptation to fly out for a few weeks with him.

The London tabloids, which are fascinated by situations of this kind, created an uproar over whether Elizabeth was right in leaving her children behind to serve her matrimonial duties. One newspaper worked itself up into a lather, accusing Elizabeth of offending British motherhood, and demanding that her official advisers be fired.

Another paper came chivalrously to her defense. According to experts, it claimed, it is sometimes good for a child to be separated from his mother, because it helps him stand on his own feet. It assured Elizabeth that what she did was right, that the British people wanted her son Charles, their future king, to learn to be self-reliant!

But there is no nonsense, in the press or elsewhere, about her official work. This consists mostly of appearing or presiding at official functions and of attending to countless other errands throughout the country. She launches ships, awards prizes to school children, or to women who prepare the best meal in the country (as an example to other housewives), she lays foundation stones for new buildings, she inspects the army, navy and air force, she attends benefit performances to help raise money for worth-while causes.

Sometimes she makes a brief speech, Collier's for October 20, 1951

which, if it accomplishes little else, proves that the young man on her staff who drafted it for her has mastered the art of using words to say nothing. Her public statements are invariably made sterile so as to run no risk of involving the royal family in any public dispute. Therefore they are limited, for the most part, to congratulating women for being good mothers, praising boys for being good boys and, in effect, applauding men who do not beat their wives.

Though there is virtually no significance in what she says, there is considerable meaning in every one of her public appearances. Every time Elizabeth moves she is activating the symbol that stands for Britain and bringing it directly before the public. A symbol is of little importance unless it is seen, and great pains are taken to insure that members of the royal family are seen. (Toward that end, extra-wide windows have been installed in their automobiles to improve visibility from the outside.)

Elizabeth's official engagements, plus her work at home, often keep her going from early morning until late at night. Her daily schedule runs something like this:

7:30 A.M.—Awakened by her maid, Margaret MacDonald, whom she has called "Bobo" from childhood, and who accompanies her on all trips.

8:30 A.M.—Breakfast (fruit, coffee and toast), with her husband when he is in London. She also takes time to go through all the principal morning newspapers, about half a dozen—not a difficult chore, since Britain's paper-shy journals rarely have more than eight pages.

9:30 A.M.—Examines and answers her mail, which averages about 50 letters a day, with one of her four alternating personal secretaries, who carry the high-sounding title of "ladies in waiting." Most of the letters are invitations to attend various functions or appeals for help in getting jobs, homes or special medical treatment. The latter usually are turned over to the government offices concerned, but sometimes, as in the recent case of a woman who wrote about her ailing baby, Princess Elizabeth personally arranges for a specialist.

10:30 A.M.—Conference with her private male secretary, Major Martin Charteris, to arrange official engagements which she decides to accept. (Major Charteris went ahead to Canada and Washington to arrange her schedule there.)

11:30 A.M.—Conference with her controller, Lieutenant General Sir Frederick Browning, husband of novelist Daphne du Maurier, who manages her finances and other household business affairs. (He, too, was named to the staff for her North American trip, as was Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, her favorite lady in waiting and a personal friend.) The family budget is drawn from £50,000 provided annually by the government—£40,000 as

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yet my mouth feels
fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH"
for me*



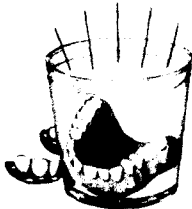
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When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?



Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter. Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

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an allowance for Elizabeth and £10,000 for Prince Philip. Besides their clothes, food and other personal expenses, the money pays for the running of Clarence House, with its 20 servants; a country house, Windlesham Moor, near Sunningdale; their home in the Scottish highlands, Birkhall, a few miles from Balmoral Castle, the king's home in Scotland; and their three dark green automobiles—a brand-new official limousine, a smaller car which the king gave Elizabeth for her twenty-first birthday and another which Philip got from an automobile firm as a wedding gift.

12:30 P.M.—Fittings for dresses, shoes or hats.

1:00 P.M.—Lunch with Philip and often with members of her staff, General Browning and some of her secretaries.

2:30 P.M.—Leave for an official engagement at some school, factory, museum, military barracks or the like.

5:00 P.M.—Return to Clarence House for a regular family institution which she inherited from her parents—at least one hour of play with the children.

6:30 P.M.—Dinner, followed by an evening engagement. This could be another official function to help raise funds for charity, an evening at home with intimate friends (canasta or a showing of the moving pictures which Elizabeth is always taking of the family) or the theater. Her favorite stage shows are ballet and musical comedies. She never fails to see Danny Kaye when he is in London and she was enthusiastic about Patricia Morison in the London production of *Kiss Me, Kate*.

She usually retires at night with a detective story.

Must Remain Aloof from People

Despite her frequent appearances before the British people, Elizabeth must remain apart and separated from them. The symbol, to be effective, must be something special and remote. As a result (busy days to the contrary notwithstanding), royalty is often lonely, bored and cut off from the outside world.

Elizabeth, however, was saved from loneliness and boredom, first by her parents and later by her husband.

The former, who surrounded her with affection from the day she was born, cultivated in her a love of nature, literature and music, and Elizabeth today is a fairly accomplished pianist and singer. Her taste for music extends to jazz, and she recently turned up unexpectedly at a two-and-a-half-hour concert by eight different jazz bands which played the hottest music known in England.

Horses are her favorite animals, and she began to ride at the age of four. As enthusiastic horse-racing fans, she and her mother won about £4,000 with their jointly owned steeplechaser, Monaveen, before the animal had to be destroyed several months ago after suffering an injury during a race. Elizabeth still owns a filly, As-trakhan (a wedding gift from Aga Khan) which also has won a number of prizes for her at the leading tracks of the country.

But her supreme interest is her husband, who has made her life much fuller and has broken up her endless round of official, boring chores.

Elizabeth's passionate attachment to Philip is known to be a fact and not the invention of the royal family's press agents. During the two years that her husband was stationed in the Mediterranean, she flew out to see him four times and stayed with him at Malta for many weeks because she could not bear to be away from him. Philip insisted that their marriage not interrupt his naval service (he wants to earn his stripes rather than receive them as an honor); Elizabeth saw to it that his naval service did not interfere too much with their marriage.

Always simple and unpretentious, while in Malta, Elizabeth sought a respite from the ceremony which confronts her wherever she goes in England. Every time she visited Philip's ship, the frigate *Magpie*, bands would blare and every vessel in the

harbor would fire salutes as her launch went by. At her request, these formalities were dropped. But the king, a naval officer himself, disapproved of such informality; he reinstated the ceremonies with a request to the commander at Malta to confer full honors on Princess Elizabeth on every occasion.

Nevertheless, Philip's informality and his easy ways in private provide her with a pleasant relief from the severe protocol which they must observe in public. Before they were married Philip used to drive to Buckingham Palace in his tiny, two-seater car and call on the royal family, particularly the girl he was courting, with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his collar wide open. This shocked members of the court, but it delighted Elizabeth.

The fact that Philip was different from most of the court dandies she met may be one of the important reasons why Elizabeth was so attracted to him. Though he is related to the British royal family (Queen Victoria was his great-great-grandmother, as well as Elizabeth's), Prince Philip of Greece enjoyed a life of relative obscurity. This made it possible for him to move about with considerable freedom. Having lived most of his life in exile after his father had to flee from Greek revolutionaries, Philip came directly in contact with some of the realities of this world.

Elizabeth, on the contrary, had lived a sheltered, protected life. Philip, by telling her what he had seen and where he had been, opened up an entirely new world to her. She was fascinated by it, probably because the world of reality seemed more exciting than the world of unreality in which the court exists.

Her attachment to Philip is often compared to Queen Victoria's love for Prince Albert, her consort. Albert once defined his position and the one which Philip will hold by saying: "The position of prince consort requires that the husband should entirely sink his own individual existence in that of his wife."

That may have been true for him on the surface, but in reality it was the other way around. And Philip's influence on Elizabeth will probably be as great as Albert's was on Victoria.

Since her marriage, Elizabeth has be-

come more sensitive about her weight and more interested in her figure. When she heard that the British Broadcasting Corporation was starting a TV program on how to reduce, Elizabeth decided to do some slimming herself. She went to a doctor for a diet, began following it in April, and stuck to it rigidly.

When King Frederick of Denmark brought her chocolates, it was Margaret who ate them. At a banquet held in King Haakon's honor, the Norwegian monarch noticed that Elizabeth was taking only token mouthfuls of each course. Always gallant, the king assured her that she had no need to reduce. Elizabeth thanked him for the compliment but continued to ignore the food, apparently aiming for a still greater compliment from Philip.

In six weeks, the future queen dropped 18 pounds. Her present weight is her own secret, but it appears to be below 120 pounds—not bad for a woman five feet four inches tall. She apparently intends to keep it that way, too. In preparation for this month's trip to Canada and the United States with Philip, she went into summer training by taking long hikes in Scotland, where she has often walked 12 miles a day while stalking deer with her father.

Again with an eye on Philip, she has steadily improved her taste in clothes. Her dressmakers, supposed to be the best in London, used to go to great pains to overdress her, making her look like a country girl decked out for her first trip to the city.

That is all being changed now. Her clothes, simpler and better fitted, are beginning to look smart. She is also using darker materials, blues and greens, which bring out the fair complexion for which she is well known.

As the time neared for Elizabeth's trip, there was uncertainty whether her father's health would permit the journey. But the British knew that the plan itself marked a new phase in the future monarch's training. Equipped with a slim figure and a new wardrobe, carrying her precious jewels and escorted by her husband, the secret of her glamor, Princess Elizabeth, a radiant symbol of the Old World, would be embarking on her first important mission abroad—to reconquer the New World.

THE END



Collier's for October 20, 1951

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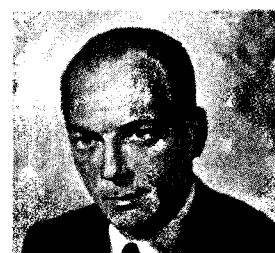
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Pride of Seven

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

kitten's, would blink and yawn and look bored. I feared that, for all his obvious strength, he must be past his prime, or he would never have endured such impudence.

Today he had brought home a bloody haunch of eland, a meat to which his clan is very partial. (Don't tell me that a lion never carries off part of his kill. There is nothing that a lion *never* does, unless it be flying.) He had been gnawing thoughtfully at this trophy, and then, growing thirsty, had gone off to the stream to lap up a little warm water. Returning, he discovered that the nervy Black Mane had appropriated the eland haunch.

"Now we will see who is chief," En-gerr whispered in my ear.

EL ASFAR trotted over and lowered his head until his flaring nostrils were within six inches of Black Mane's face. Then he roared, simply roared.

The chances are that you have never heard a lion roar. You may have heard them calling in the zoos, and that noise is only a grunt, fearful though it seems to you. The lion's cough, too, is a full-bodied boom of sound. Yet his vocal cords, marvelous instruments backed by the great echo chamber of his barrel, can do much more than grunt and cough; they can produce a roar that would make a thunderclap envious.

El Asfar, as I say, roared. It was a shattering crash of a roar, an angry blast that literally shook the air where we were lying, thirty yards above his head. Rocks began to fall down the hillside, the very earth seemed to quiver. It felt and sounded as though someone had set off a charge of dynamite.

Black Mane laid his ears flat to his skull, opened his eyes till the whites showed plain, dropped the stolen tidbit and got himself out of there, crawling backward as fast as he could go. There was no longer a doubt, in his mind or in mine, as to who was the leader of the pride.

On the way home, En-gerr was silent and abstracted. Then, as we came to the tall fence of thorn bushes that circled the village, he spoke.

"My friend, I have found the lion which I must kill. He is the great yellow chieftain."

My heart actually gave a jump, for I was very fond of my pride of seven, and particularly fond of El Asfar. "Why do you choose him?"

"He is the finest lion I have ever seen. None lesser should be my first kill."

I had overestimated The Sheep. He was, after all, a typical Masai in his thinking; the highest compliment he could pay a lion was to meet it in fair fight. Merely to watch and admire it, as I did, couldn't give his esteem full expression. No, he had to oil himself up and whet his spear and go out to try to butcher it.

That was when I started to worry about the lions. Heretofore I'd been unhappy about En-gerr.

Now it seemed that my concern over his softness was to be drowned in the blood of my friend El Asfar. I had twin troubles, and I couldn't decide which one I most desired to see ended.

The days went by, and aside from telling his intentions to the other *murani*, who laughed at him, En-gerr did nothing.

I stopped watching the lions, because it saddened me to think of their family breaking up. I have shot lions, and likely will again; but there's a great difference in killing a lion with whom you have no acquaintance, and seeing one killed whom you have long known and liked. I suppose you might say I was overly sentimental about El Asfar, but then how many men are not sentimental about some animal or other? Would you like to live with the knowledge that a savage African was going to murder your favorite dog?

And the days went on, and still The Sheep did nothing.

When I had not seen my big cats for a week, their fascination dimmed a little, so that I found myself brooding more over the young warrior than over the catastrophe darkening El Asfar's future. En-gerr was, after all, my good friend, and my inherent human sympathies were with him. His intelligence should have been making him an honored place in the tribe, and the girls should have been serving him beef and brewing him honey-wine. Instead he was the butt of crude jokes, and a sorrow to his family. Was he not eighteen, of sound wind and tough limb? Then what was he doing here in the village, lying idle with his feet against a post like the father of many sons? . . .

At last, one evening, as we were watching the sun go down in a glory of gold-rimmed purple clouds athwart the dusky blue sky, I took a firm stand. "En-gerr, my friend," I said, "you must stop this spine-

in the long-ago kill." He stood up. The vivid African stars were already blazing above us. "Tomorrow I take my first lion."

"And must it surely be the yellow one? He is a noble beast."

"That is why it must be the yellow lion," En-gerr explained.

He went away to polish his weapons. I sat there by myself, feeling moody and old and lonesome.

The next morning we assembled for the hunt. Now that En-gerr had made up his mind, he was the hero of the hour. The contrast with his former indolence had produced a sharp reaction in the tribe. All the young warriors were eager to go with him, to act as beaters. The elders were giving him last-minute advice, and the women were throwing grass and spitting at him to bring luck. The Sheep himself was bedecked to the hilt. His all-but-naked body was greased with ochre clay and fat; his fur anklets were lustrous, his pigtail was

"There is the hill of the lion chief," shouted The Sheep at last. "There waits the yellow one, waits for my spear to kiss his breast!"

Poor old El Asfar, I said to myself; what an end to his placid, powerful life. I couldn't doubt that this raving barbarian next to me must surely conquer him.

We approached the secret bowl of cool green bush, and one of the lionesses came out and looked at us inquiringly and disappeared. The warriors set up a howling. En-gerr shook his weapons and snapped like an angry dog.

The lioness must have told El Asfar about us, for a few minutes later his own broad muzzle poked out between the leaves that half hid the entrance to his lair. He studied our noisy gang for a moment, and then withdrew, coughing. Suddenly the thought occurred to me: this beast knows what he's about, he has seen the lines of men come over the plain before. I don't know what put the idea into my head. I simply believed it, all at once, and felt sure that such an old stager as El Asfar must be wise in the ways of the Masai. "By God," I said aloud in English, "I'll bet he won't be there when we hit the place!"

And he wasn't. The bowl was empty of life save for an iridescent blue jay, who scolded us peevishly as we broke through the brush. "He flies from my wrath," shrieked En-gerr, although to me the withdrawal of the pride was more in the nature of a lot of dignified giants leaving the vicinity of an annoying mosquito swarm. "He trembles with fear!"

With two or three companions En-gerr went on across the bowl, while the others skirted it and I scrambled up the almost sheer rock face of the hill for twenty feet or so, to have a look at the country.

ON THE side opposite to that from which we had come, the plain was quite flat, cut by a single shallow dry gully, the only one within sight. It could not have been more than half a yard deep, and was filled with thick grass. Along this meager cut El Asfar was shepherding his troop. They were going on their bellies, heads low and tails dragging. The females were in the lead, then the cub, with Black Mane and the big fellow at the rear. It was a most orderly retreat, and I would have wagered my rifle that the expressions on their faces were irritable but in no way afraid.

The Masai gathered in a loose mob near the lair, and began jumping up and down, trying to locate the lions. They did not shout to me. If they had, I really don't know whether I'd have told them where El Asfar was. My loyalties were divided that day, and all in a hopeless muddle. I only know that I was immensely excited.

The Masai started to cast out from the hill like hounds at fault. I was surprised that they could not see the quarry. A lion can hide himself in a patch of grass which you'd swear wouldn't harbor a dozen quail, but it seemed to me that En-gerr and his men should at least have noticed the gully. However, they were at the pitch of their hunting frenzy, their eyes suffused with blood, and I imagine their sight was none too keen. It looked as though they were going to lose their lion for good.

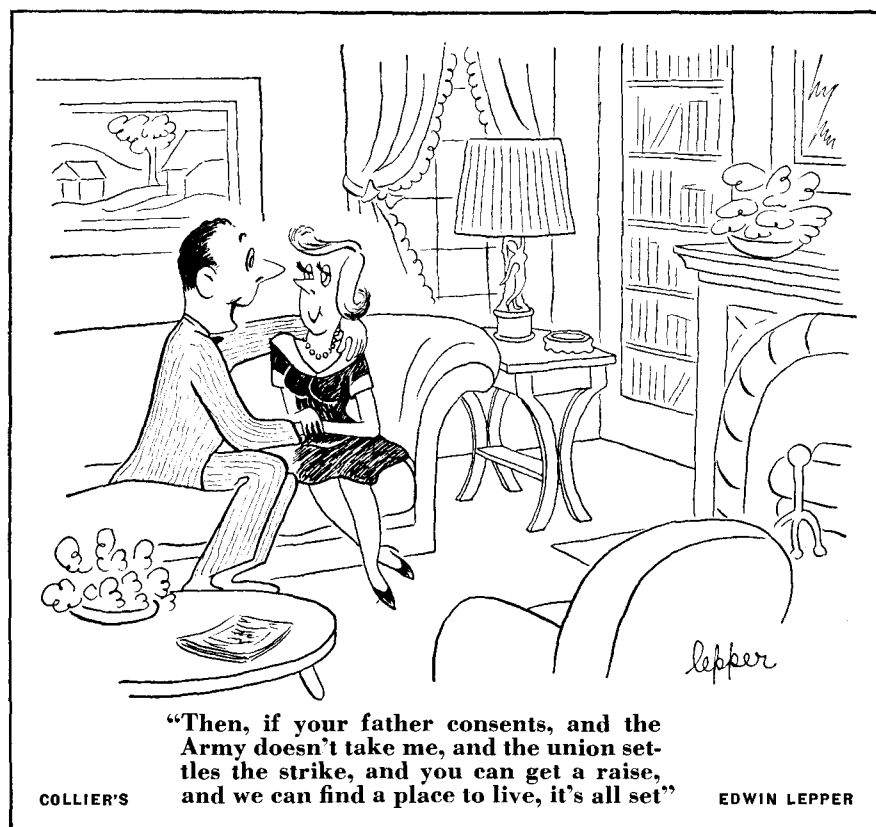
Then, away in the invisible distances, an ostrich boomed hollowly like a lost kettle-drum; and that chuckleheaded Black Mane raised his head and answered with a reverberating grunt.

I groaned in disgust.

The four females, followed by the clumsy yearling, shot out of the gully and ran for the nearest hill, which was about half a mile farther on.

Black Mane watched them go, his whole body expressing astonishment. You might have thought he didn't have the intellect of a bumblebee.

As for the leader, I expected to see him



less dawdling. You must slay your lion." He was quiet for a moment, while we followed a flight of little chirruping birds with our eyes. Then he said, "I am ready. It shall be tomorrow."

I felt a brief pang for El Asfar; but where a man's whole career and reputation are at stake, even a lion must take a back seat. "Why have you waited?" I asked him.

"You are over thirty," he said. "Have you taken a wife?"

"No."

"Have you thought of taking a wife?"

"Many times."

"And did you rush heedlessly into marriage on the first day you thought of it? No, you sat down and smoked and brooded for a long time about it." He looked over at me, handsome eyes slanted in what passes with the Masai for a wink. "Is a man's first lion then less important than his first wife, my friend? Or should he not concentrate his mind on *ol-ngatuny* for many days, weighing the beast's worth, and his own readiness, and the method of the slaying?"

"Aiya!" I said. "That is so. A woman is only a woman, but a good lion is the eighth wonder of the world."

"And that is truth. A man remembers his first lion all his life. When he is old he gathers his grandchildren and refigures the animal with words for their benefit. As he dies he feels its claws again, and takes pride

plaited with fresh leather strips, and his horn arm clamp shone with much rubbing.

He was in a hysterical temper, froth on his lips, his eyes dilated and shot with red. He had been nursing this passion for hours, so that it was at its peak. Unable to stand still, he bounded about, flourishing his sword, shouting unintelligibly, and gnashing his teeth in a horrible fashion. He was no longer my calm, sensible friend, but a fanatical, dangerous killer. Yet truly I couldn't grieve over the change, for his race is hard on nonconformists. His life would be easier after this display of conventional Masai madness.

As we started out—I was going with them, of course—I passed his father, who smiled proudly. "*Etaa em-bito o-l-ngo-jine*," he said to me. "He is like a hyena's sinew, so tough he will never know defeat."

"Hoi!" I said admiringly.

We headed for the lying-up place of the seven, flung out in a wide-spaced line that spanned the rolling plain from the rocky outcrop of a chain of hills to the green palms that marked a watercourse. The warriors chanted and sang. En-gerr marched in the center, with me beside him, my heavy rifle slung over my shoulder. A little duikerbok bounced out of the grass ahead of us and dived away into a hidden pothole. Myriads of insects made their drowsy noises. A bold silver-speckled lizard ran up my leg and leaped off again.



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turn at bay, to keep the Masai from following his charges.

Not he! Patient with the other's toplofty airs in time of peace, he would not bear insubordination in the face of the enemy. He stood up slowly. Giving a brief but ear-splitting bellow, he launched his great body full at Black Mane. He had not even glanced back at the warriors, who had been racing toward him, but who now dug in their heels and skidded to a halt, spreading out to watch the fight.

And it was a fight. None of the petulant slapping and halfhearted nips that lion gives lion when they're quarreling over the choice cuts of a dead buffalo, but terrible smashes with the forearms that might have splintered a plank, lightning-fast stabs with the fangs, and quick short rips with the claws that lacerated hide wherever they touched. Their first tangle was like an explosion, their movement too quick to follow. Then they drew back, and for the briefest part of a minute held off, snarling fiercely, their eyes never leaving one another. There might have been no human enemy near.

EL ASFAR pounced again. Black Mane met him halfway, and they rolled over and over, locked in a cruel embrace. Their hind feet were searching for the tender bellies, and it was a wonder that one or the other was not disemboweled. Probably the flailing legs parried reciprocally. The younger beast went for El Asfar's throat, and they broke apart once more. Both of them were striped and splashed with blood.

Circling, they made ferocious little assaults, not closing until El Asfar, with a full-chested roar, rose to his hind feet, challenging the other to do the same. There they stood, reared up like boxers, El Asfar full eight feet tall and Black Mane not much less, and balancing thus they beat mercilessly at each other's heads with those brawn-corded arms and steel-tipped paws. I had never seen anything so ragingly fearless before; and do not expect to again.

I feared that the old fellow's years would tell against him in such a slug-fest. I needn't have worried. Prime muscles answering a shrewd and vastly experienced brain, and yellow eyes quicker than a fencer's, combined with an utter lack of the nerves that plagued his enemy, gave El Asfar the victory within seconds of their heaving erect. The climax was incredibly swift and violent. Black Mane had got in a very good swat on his chops that appeared to madden the king. El Asfar's right paw crashed against the younger brute's ear with a jolt that rocked him back and sideways; as Black Mane was falling, dazed and sick, El Asfar's left forefoot, claws fully extended, made an arc and caught him a terrific bang under the jaw. Never was the old one-two used to better advantage. Black Mane went down like a ton of loose bones.

His punishment administered, the great lion lost all anger; he began to prod Black Mane with his nose, whining at him to rouse himself and scat out of there. Black Mane obviously did not feel lively. He managed to sit up, his hind legs stretched out to one side, his head drooping and wagging tipsily. Several times he made an attempt to get to his feet, but it was two or three minutes before he was able to make it.

The *murani* were shouting like devils. I went down the hillside and walked over to join them. There was something gone from their voices. I realized what it was: the hysterical note of the dedicated lion-killer. There is much sportsmanship in the Masai; they love a good fight. I wondered what the end would be. If En-gerr declined to slay his lion, it would seem just and proper to all of them at this moment, yet later the name of coward might be hurled at him, when his comrades had forgotten their own emotions on the plain of battle.

By the time I had reached my friend's side, Black Mane had succeeded in standing, and was starting off after the distant lionesses, his chin touching the grass as he

went. He looked like a beast who had learned a valuable lesson—the hard way.

El Asfar watched him until he had gone a fair way, and then faced round and looked at us inquiringly. I thought he would charge, for his brawling blood must be up, but he merely stood there quite silently, running his tongue in and out of the front of his mouth. Then he lifted a bruised paw and licked it.

The warriors glanced at En-gerr, two or three of them hefting their spears in a half-hearted manner.

Then The Sheep did a magnificent thing, the bravest, daftest act imaginable. Instinctively he did it with great dramatic presence. Lifting his weapons in both hands, he cast them down at his feet, first the spear, then the razor-sharp sword. He didn't say a word. Leaning over, he plucked a handful of grass, a sacred symbol of his race, and holding it in his right hand as the Masai do when making a truce, he walked toward the yellow lion. His face was set in a calm, almost cold, expression, and he walked neither too fast nor too slowly. I unslung my rifle and threw a shell into the chamber. None of the *murani* moved.

En-gerr approached the animal at his steady pace until no more than fifteen feet separated them. El Asfar stared at him, his big head cocked and his ears pricked forward, for all the world like a puzzled dog.

En-gerr raised his hand and waved the grass. The lion looked at it. Strung up and keen for battle, he should, I thought, have leaped on the presumptuous creature who faced him so boldly, and torn his throat out. But all he moved was his head. The whole business was uncanny.

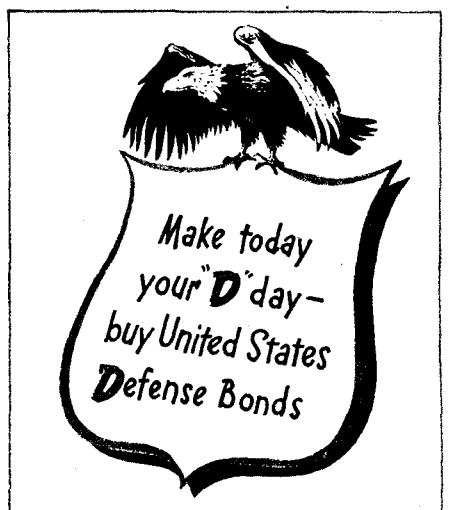
"It is peace, chieftain," En-gerr said in a clear, carrying voice. "You are my first lion, and it is peace between us."

He tossed the grass down before El Asfar, and turned and came back toward us. The warriors began to murmur. Soon they would break into cheers, clustering around to carry The Sheep home in triumph. The tale of his insane audacity would be told in the village throughout his lifetime and beyond. And, incidentally, both of my own worries would be wiped away as though they had never existed—if El Asfar did not decide to charge. He took two steps forward, lowered his muzzle to sniff at the scattered tuft of grass, then stared at the young man's retreating back.

GREAT GOD, I thought, now surely he'll attack. He's been making up his involved feline mind, and now he'll charge. I could not believe in this incredible peace-making. I clung to my doubts until the very moment when En-gerr rejoined us, when the cheering arose and my friend The Sheep shook himself and blinked and broke into a sweat, grinning half in shame and half in pride; while El Asfar wheeled and padded off to catch up with his troop. I slung my rifle again. Suddenly I wanted a drink of water. My throat was like a tube of alum.

I should have known, I said to myself as we turned toward home. Good will calls to good will, and courage shall recognize courage the world over, in fearless man or in the brute creation.

THE END



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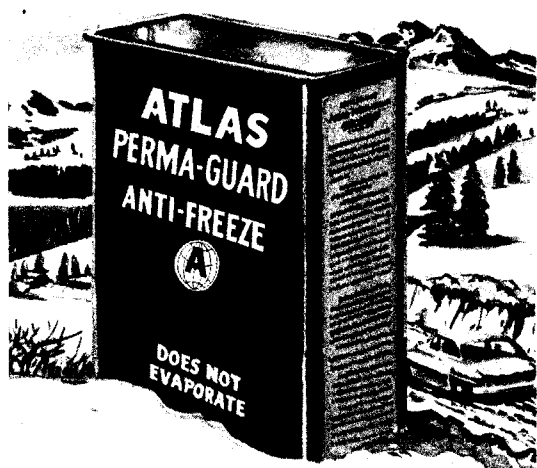


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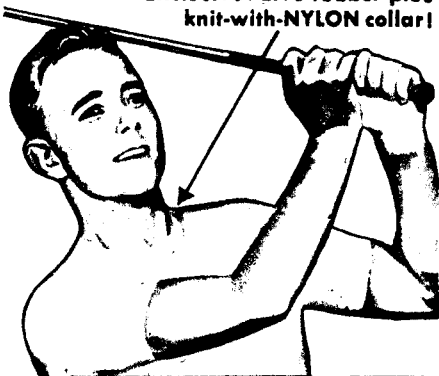
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Mixing a Manhattan Musical

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

author and a liquor importer, among others. Her smallest investor was the valet to Alan Lerner, the show's author and lyricist, who put in \$562.50.

The largest investor was a man in Hollywood, who had originally offered to put up \$15,000, sight unseen. Cheryl got him on the phone and breezily informed him it was hardly worth her while to draw up a contract for such a piddling amount.

"Cheryl, you brigand," the man chuckled, "you'd draw up a contract if I offered you 12 unused air-mail stamps. All I know about this affair is that it's by Alan Lerner and Frederick Loewe. I offered to put in \$15,000 just because their last one, Brigadoon, has grossed \$10,000,000 so far. But for \$25,000, I want to know what this show is all about."

Story of Gold-Strike Town

Generally speaking, Miss Crawford told him, it was the story of the life and death of a gold-strike town in the California foothills, circa 1853. There were, she said, 13 sets, a cast of 54 and 21 songs. It was a big show. Specifically, it was the story of an old widowed miner, Ben Rumson, a dreamer in search of the elusive pot of gold, who made the strike that brought Rumson Town, briefly, into existence; his beautiful young daughter, Jennifer, who, in the all-male mining camp, was more admired than gold dust (and who, naturally, fell in love); Ben's purchase of a new wife off the auction block, and the chain of exciting events that star-crossed Jennifer and her Julio until the final curtain when, of course, love triumphed.

And, Cheryl cannily added, he might be interested to know that the show's dancing girls would represent a bevy of fandango dancers who descend on the gold camp to keep the miners from growing lonely and accumulating too much gold dust. Her choreographer, Agnes de Mille, had told her, "Just wait and see! Some people say I don't know a girl from a three-legged stool, and that I'm so aesthetic I take the sex appeal out of a show. Will their eyes pop! I've got in mind a couple of dances that are pure passion."

There was a pause, then the voice from Hollywood said, "Okay, Cheryl, make it \$25,000."

It was, Miss Crawford says proudly, a sales pitch that took less than five minutes.

Cheryl's skill at this sort of thing has come as a result of long experience. A cum laude graduate of Smith College in 1925, she has devoted her adult life to show business, except for a brief, jobless period in her youth when she supported herself on her poker skill.

A job with the Theatre Guild removed her from this uncertain career to one calling for considerably more versatility. In her first Guild assignment, a drama entitled Juarez and Maximilian, she played a couple of bit parts, conducted the orchestra which provided background music, fired off various backstage guns to aid the last-act revolution and, at the climax, scurried to the basement to set off a small cannon—"A noisy way to end my day, but, I must say, one with great style."

Miss Crawford's later activities have been equally varied; she has been casting director, stage manager, actress and director. And for the past 14 years she has been producer of such shows as One Touch of Venus, The Tempest, Brigadoon and The Rose Tattoo.

Cheryl received the completed book of Paint Your Wagon—on which the author and composer had been working, intermittently, for over two years—at the end of June. Fortunately, two of the innumerable steps toward its production had already been taken. The role of Ben Rumson was set—had been written, in fact, with James Barton, an idol of Alan Lerner's since his

youth, specifically in mind. This was more than agreeable to Miss Crawford; anyone who'd been starring for the past 30 years in burlesque, vaudeville, movies, musical comedies, dramatic shows and rathskellers, and who was good enough to get top billing from Ziegfeld, was good enough for her.

Last November, Barton visited Cheryl's apartment and listened as Lerner outlined the story, while Loewe played the five songs he had then written. Barton, a weather-beaten James Cagney in appearance, readily agreed to bring his classic soft-shoe dance and drunk routine back to Broadway for the first time since 1939.

"I wouldn't be wastin' a minute on this show if it wasn't right," he said. "I learned to smell out the bad ones back in the old bone show days, when those defaultin' managers always wore Prince Alberts that made 'em look like North River shad. This'll go, and I'll be right in there dancing as good as always—course, you got to allow for depreciation."

In December, Olga San Juan, one of Hollywood's lovelier morsels, was signed to play the part of Jennifer—thanks to Mrs. Lerner's excellent memory. The question of who should play the role was a real problem until Nancy Lerner suddenly recalled a Hollywood party where Olga had followed such entertainers as Danny Kaye, Groucho Marx and Sid Silvers, and had topped them all with her singing and her imitation of Ethel Merman.

Olga was asked to fly East and audition. When she walked out on the chilly stage of the Morosco Theater, which was being repainted, Cheryl bet Lerner \$5 that this twenty-four-year-old mother of two, pretty as she was, would neither look nor sing the part to her satisfaction. But the young actress had sung only half a chorus of her audition tune when the painters dropped their brushes to listen, and Miss Crawford silently handed Lerner a five-dollar bill.

Meanwhile, Cheryl had been stirring around, gathering her henchmen, on whom the whole nature of the show would depend. "I could have selected people to work on the show," she says, "who would have given me a product that might have been spawned by the Folies Bergère. I could get others who'd take the same book and give me something that played like Gorki's Lower Depths set to a dirge. But I wanted no froufrou in this show, nor did I want Significance. What I was after was a robust, earthy piece of Americana, with gusty music and none of these da-de-da show tunes."

Associates Are Selected

She chose her production associates with this in mind. She engaged the country's outstanding choreographer, Agnes de Mille; Oliver Smith, who'd done the Brigadoon sets, was her scene designer; Motley (whose real name is Elizabeth Montgomery) was engaged to do the costumes, as she had for South Pacific; her director was Daniel Mann, who won last season's coveted Donaldson Award for his brilliant direction of The Rose Tattoo; Franz Allers agreed to leave the national company of South Pacific to come to her as musical director; and she also lined up Peggy Clark, one of the four or five top lighting experts on Broadway.

With such an expensive show on her hands, Cheryl needed a theater with a sizable seating capacity if she was ever to make money. Of New York's 30 legitimate theaters, only three large enough to suit her needs were available. She finally made a deal with the brothers Lee and J. J. Shubert for the Winter Garden, which has 1,494 seats and can gross around \$52,000 a week at today's top scale of \$7.20. Of this figure, the theater owners would take roughly one quarter; the payroll would drain off another \$15,000; and Lerner and

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Collier's for October 20, 1951

Loewe would get a royalty percentage (plus a return on any investment they have in the show).

If Cheryl brought in a hit, she could net between \$10,000 and \$12,000, pay off her investors in 20-odd weeks, and then begin to make money for herself—under the standard arrangement whereby profits are split 50-50 between the producer and the show's backers, after the original investment has been repaid. And, if the show fell below a weekly take of \$34,000, the Shuberts could, by contractual agreement, evict her on two weeks' notice.

Co-Workers Become Active

While the producer was worrying about such vital details as the size of the theater, her co-workers were engaged in somewhat more bizarre activities.

Agnes de Mille was pacing her living-room floor, playing records of Mozart and Scarlatti in an attempt to whip herself into the emotional fever she needed before she could evolve new dance themes for Paint Your Wagon.

Costume designer Motley was discovering, to her surprise, that women used to wear slacks in the gold camps, and that the fandango dancers, curiously, wore Victorian crinoline skirts over their basic Moorish costumes. She was also on the trail of a fabric mill that still held in storage some of the incised wooden rollers actually used in printing calico and gingham in the 1850s. She could now be sure that in at least three respects her costumes would be tinged with authenticity.

The director was closeted in feverish communion with the script, making voluminous notes to guide him when he got the cast into rehearsal. The author, in the meantime, was rewriting and discarding some scenes—while Danny Mann was still brooding over them—adding others, and polishing those that didn't please him.

In his sketch-strewn studio, Oliver Smith was happily creating sets that would catch the flavor of an old mining town, pleased that he had no theatrical clichés to deal with and no such problems as the one that faced him on the musical show Miss Liberty. For that production he'd had to design a set featuring the Statue of Liberty. "What could you possibly do with her that would be original or interesting?" he asks. "Finally, in desperation, I stuck a 4,000-watt bulb in her torch, to blind the audience. Everyone connected with the show thought it was wonderful, even if it did burn a hole in the backdrop opening night."

Lighting specialist Peggy Clark was building half-inch models of the sets Smith was designing, and planning what she would do when the show's all-important technical rehearsals took place in Philadelphia, before its out-of-town opening. She had to compose a cue sheet for five backstage switchboards, whose 80 switches, with their 800 settings, would control 292 spotlights, Likos, strip lights and projectors.

Musical director Allers and composer Loewe had other problems than just the score to sweat over. One of these was the fact that Olga, unsure of her voice, wanted a number transposed from B-flat to A. She was afraid of the higher key, though Allers and Loewe were sure she could carry it. Loewe finally found a solution. "We'll transpose it and make her happy. Then, when I'm at the piano in rehearsal and she's singing, I'll run in a lot of subtle modulations and work back to B-flat. She'll never catch on. After she's been singing in B-flat for a while, we'll tell her, and then she'll probably have the confidence to go on singing in the key I intended." (Which is exactly the way it happened.)

Although she had a script, money, a theater, and a group of associates grinding away at their respective chores, Cheryl still didn't have a cast. She needed a juvenile lead to play opposite Olga, and it would be a bare stage without the 50 actors, singers and dancers needed to fill the show's secondary roles.

The juvenile lead, Julio, was according to Collier's for October 20, 1951

the script a handsome young Mexican miner, who could sing and dance, as well as act. Finding him proved so unexpectedly difficult that rehearsals had to be postponed a week. The search ranged through Mexico City, Hollywood, Rome, Rio de Janeiro, Havana and Barcelona, to the delight only of the telephone company. New York's talent agencies were combed; South American records were listened to by the hundreds, and a dozen-odd foreign films were hopefully scanned. But it always turned out that handsome Latins who could sing couldn't dance; if they danced they couldn't sing; if they sang and danced, they couldn't act.

In the midst of this frenzied probing around three continents, an agent called Miss Crawford and suggested she sit down in her own living room, turn on her television set, and take a good look at an ABC program called Club Seven. She did—and saw Tony Bavaar, the show's singing star, a young Brooklyn boy of Italian descent, formerly a master mechanic in a cigarette factory, who got into show business after winning a radio amateur contest. His only formal musical training had come during the five years he spent as a choirboy. Tony was sent for and auditioned, and the search was over.

While the hunt for Julio was on, nine formal auditions were being held at times announced by Actors' and Chorus Equity and the theatrical trade papers. At these tryouts, 50 performers were winnowed from a horde of over 500 singers, 200 dancers and 150 actors. The auditions were held in an empty theater, with the show's production staff huddled intently in its darkened auditorium as the candidates, numbered like cattle in a show ring, displayed their wares under a glaring spotlight on an empty stage.

Many Singers Auditioned

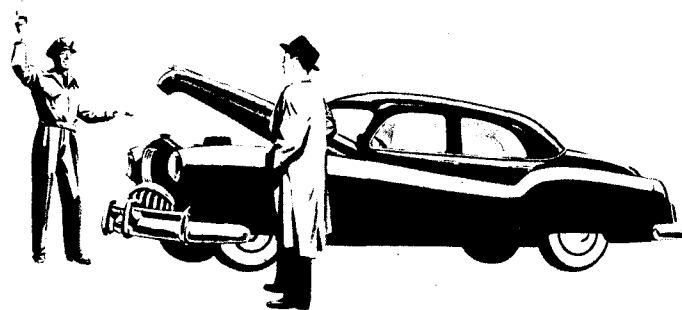
Since the show, because of its rugged locale, required only male supporting singers, there was an endless procession of basses and baritones, monotonously booming out certain established "show case" songs. After one audition, during which 165 singers were heard in less than three hours, it seemed that the world of music consisted solely of ole man river rollin' along on wagon wheels over the open road, taking thou this rose to Marta, with her fragrance divine, who, fortunately, would never know what a day this had been. And, with equal monotony, Loewe or Allers would call out, "Thank you, thank you very much," and the singer would reply, "Thank you, thank you very much."

Occasionally, Loewe or Allers would simply say, "Okay"—and the stage manager would take the singer's phone number, so that he could be called back and heard again at the final audition.

While the actors strove to give meaning and depth to the unfamiliar lines, Danny Mann screened them with a rigid detachment—which he lost on only two occasions. Once, for no apparent reason, he suddenly swore volubly and growled, "Damn it, there are talented people up there who are desperate for work, and I got to say no to most of 'em. How's a guy supposed to sleep nights?" The second break came when an actor just back from 12 years in Australia, Bert Matthews, appeared on stage.

Bert, it seems, had played the Morning-side Hotel, on the famed Borscht circuit in New York's Catskill Mountains, in the summer of 1935 when a young saxophonist named Danny Mann was the leader of the hotel's dance band. After a big reunion scene, Matthews gave an excellent reading and went on his way, while Danny kept telling his colleagues in awe-struck tones, "That old guy can do cart wheels on his elbows. Honest, on his elbows! I've seen him." Bert could do more than turn cart wheels. He ended up in the role of Dutchie, the mining camp's bartender, and as Barton's understudy.

The dancers were put through their paces by Miss de Mille, who first had them



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perform four of the basic ballet movements; *jeté*, *jeté en tournant*, *batterie* and *port de bras*. After sizing up their technical skill, she demanded cancan high kicks of them—"We do such things in these crass commercial shows, you know. Now, get your feet in the chandelier." One girl turned up late and insisted on speaking to Miss de Mille. She had, she said, been sent to the audition by her friend—and she named a man importantly connected with the show. Miss de Mille, unimpressed, shouted to the stage manager, "Give this girl a number and tell her to show up at the next audition." That was the end of the girl friend.

Cast Has Considerable Experience

When the long, tense days of audition were over, most of those who had been chosen were people with considerable theatrical background. But there were also some who had recently been working in steel mills, teaching school, cutting stencils or directing choirs. There was a girl who had worked her way through school clerking in one of the chain of Lerner stores owned by the author's father. There was an ex-chiropractor, three former Marine fighter pilots, a father-and-son acting team, a former night-club cigarette girl, and a co-winner of the 1944 National Collegiate pole vault championship, Johnny Schmidt.

Finally, all the roles were filled except that of Crocker, a renegade English miner. That remained a problem until the night before rehearsals were to begin. Then Fritz Loewe wandered into Sardi's, the famed theatrical restaurant. Standing at the bar, he saw a man with a face and a West End accent that intrigued him. Loewe went up to the man and asked him if he were by any chance an actor and, equally important, if he were out of work. The man—Richard Aherne, a visiting Irish actor—said, "Indeed I am." He read for the part the following day and was hired. The show was cast.

The production was beginning to fall into line; on August 16th rehearsals began at the Broadway Theater. The cast labored in a musty atmosphere so stifling that a bottle of white salt tablets, labeled "For Heat Fatigue," soon appeared on the water cooler that served the dancers. One perspiring actor, taking liberties with the Biblical quotation, cried, "All is vanity and a vexation of the scalp!"—and removed his toupee, emerging completely bald, but comfortable.

Little women selling theatrical make-up descended on the cast and, when they saw that most of the men had been ordered to grow beards, complained, "This louses up the crepe-hair and spirit-gum industry." The show's press agent searched for biographical material, and the wraithlike stage manager grew more haggard as he tried to maintain a schedule that called for his charges to move with split-second timing from shoe-fitting to stage rehearsal to costume-fitting to singing rehearsal.

With the onset of rehearsals, Miss Crawford's stage crew went to work. Honest Lloyd Kelly, master electrician, was spending his days at the Century Lighting Company, getting his equipment in working order. Master carpenter Louis Thomas was supervising the construction of sets at the Kaj Valden Studios, and drawing up a "hanging plot" to send to the Shubert Theater's stage crew in Philadelphia, so they would be forewarned of the problems confronting them when the show arrived for its tryout run.

Wardrobe mistress Mother Duncan was fussing over the show's accouterments at the Brooks Costume Company. And property man Bunny Morehead was scurrying around town, assembling a list of 212 stage props that included such items as bedrolls, a baby in a blanket, meat bones, a charcoal pencil, a honky-tonk piano and a strong-box full of IOUs.

After 24 days of frantic concentration, the show prepared to move to Philadelphia for the final week of technical and dress rehearsals.

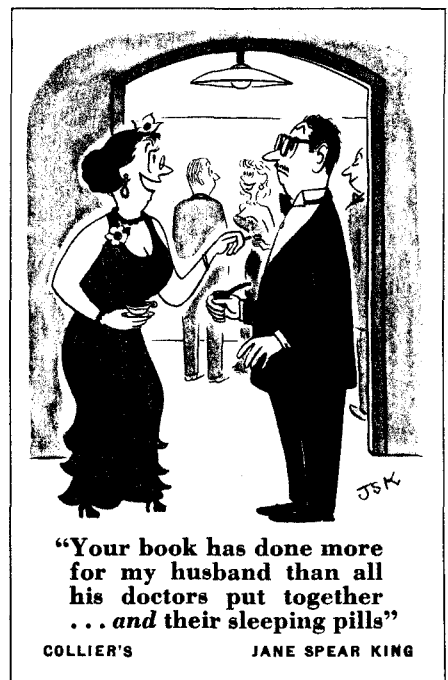
"I've been through this before," said one member of the production staff. "Just wait. By the time we're ready to open in Philly, on September 17th, Cheryl will have grown as mysterious as the Omnipotent Oom; Motley will be reduced to nervous giggles; De Mille will flutter between hysteria and overpowering reasonableness; and Oliver Smith will just sit and laugh loudly at a world gone mad."

"Lerner will be all ice and intellect; Loewe will be in a metronomic frenzy; Peggy Clark will throw off more sparks than her lights; 13 members of the cast won't be speaking; and the stage crew will be screaming, 'We could get something done if you'd clear away these lousy actors!'"

"We'll all be demented, and Danny Mann will make like a doctor with a polished bedside manner trying to soothe a wardful of gibbering idiots."

This proved to be an exaggeration, although the proceedings of the preopening week did take on a preposterously antic and zany quality.

Thirty-three stagehands assembled four boxcar loads of scenery and \$60,000 worth



of rented electrical equipment in a theater ringing with the sweet songs of birds and the raucous crowing of roosters, as the sound-effects man tested his recordings.

Alan Lerner discovered that, due to the advance sale, he couldn't get six decent tickets for the opening of his own show.

Twenty baritones and basses, sporting month-old beards, took their first look at Hector, the Shubert's renowned stage doorman and possessor of one of the most massive beards on the Atlantic seaboard, and were convinced an elaborate gag had been staged to deride their own scrubby hirsute efforts.

Loewe and Allers, intoxicated by their own music, suddenly proposed that men armed with dynamite and drills be dispatched forthwith to blast a greater space in the concrete orchestra pit of the Winter Garden, so the musicians would have greater freedom; only with difficulty were they persuaded that the Messrs. Shubert might take a dim view of such freehanded treatment of their theater.

Peggy Clark and electrician Lloyd Kelly, ignoring the chaos surrounding them, devoted two full days and a night to the task of focusing their 292 lights so that every cubic foot of the huge stage could be properly flooded. Peggy, in dark glasses so that she could see that the filaments as well as the lenses of the lights were in focus, was imperturbable for most of the tedious process; but once, as a stagehand moved slothlike across the stage, she sighed, looked at the Western scenes about her, and said, "If someone would find me a tomahawk, I'd sure know how to use it."

Master carpenter Lou Thomas assembled his sets, hung his backdrops and curtains,

and chalked the stage areas the sets were to occupy, while the air resounded with cries of "Hey, Lou, this is too big... too tall... too small... we got to brace this." Finally he exploded, "Thirty-three guys on this stage and the only name anyone knows is Lou! Let me introduce some of these other characters to you—none of 'em paralyzed!"

When the sets and lights were partly under control, Danny Mann brought the company—which had, in the meantime, been rehearsing in the banquet halls and ballrooms of the Shriners' Lu Lu Temple—into the theater and into the sets for the first time. Then began the interminable process of rehearsing scenes, spotlighting the actors, and acquainting them with the props they were to handle in the show.

This process went on and on, day and night. Actors slept in the aisles of the darkened theater, while Danny and Lou wrestled with the problem of swinging doors that wouldn't swing... a saloon bar that was supposed to seat a kangaroo court jury of 12, but would hold only 10 men...

The assistant stage managers hopelessly chanted, "No smoking," while the cast consumed countless cigarettes and drank countless containers of coffee... A bulky, immovable stagecoach piece appeared left, instead of center stage, and Agnes de Mille moaned, "Why doesn't someone tell me—I'll have to restage the whole number!"... Danny kept yelling, with mounting acerbity, "Damn it, friends of culture, there's more dialogue out there than there is on stage. Quiet!"

The first prop Olga handled, a slippery side of bacon, slithered from her hands and slid across the stage, and the tense company roared with laughter, as if something truly hilarious had happened.

Three days before showtime, the costumes and the hair-pieces and wigs arrived, and it was possible to hold the first full run-through of the show, complete with orchestra. It was ragged.

The following night, before an invited audience, a second was held. It was ragged.

The next day was D day minus one. All that day and night Danny Mann savagely twisted and tugged at the pieces of his show, muttering, "I've got to pull this thing together. I haven't time for any polishing, for any of the things I want to do. It's murder."

Audience Is Enthusiastic

Rehearsals went on through the morning and afternoon of the 17th, continuing to within two hours of the opening curtain. Finally, at 8:42 P.M., the last strains of the overture ended. The audience hushed; backstage the stage manager called out over the intercom: "Warning! Cue one," and the curtain rose. A cast that had been weary and punch-drunk moments before proceeded to sock out a performance that, as one enthusiastic critic observed, "Rang down the final curtain on a spontaneous ovation." He added:

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And when the ovation ended, the cast, relaxed at last, headed en masse for the Variety Club, a private theatrical oasis, for a busman's holiday. Until 4:00 A.M. the performers entertained one another with impromptu songs and dances, supported by the nimble piano playing of that ex-dishwasher, Newt Sullivan.

It was there that Kay Medford, a sultry redhead who had scored heavily in the role of Cherry, boss of the fandango dancers, took her ease over a drink and delivered a pronouncement covering the hectic weeks just past. "Maybe there are easier ways to make a living," she observed, "and maybe theater people are tetchy. But who wants to be cured?"

THE END

Collier's for October 20, 1951

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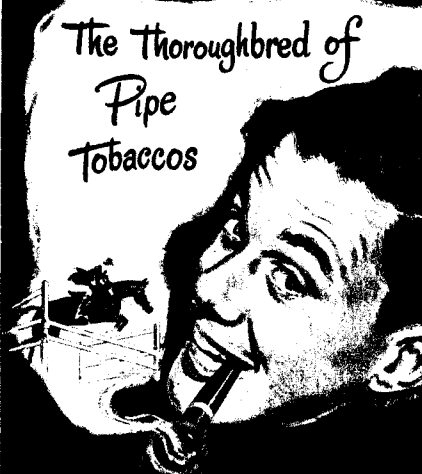
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A Brooklyn Bedtime Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

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couldn't understand how overeating could kill anything.

Some of the kids raised pigeons on their roofs. The women protested because the birds were too dirty. Nevertheless, when the pigeons landed on some window sill, a worn, water-soaked hand would appear with a little heap of bread crumbs for the emissary of Mother Nature. The pigeons' cooing was irresistible music.

According to the Constitution, we were first-class American citizens, but we could afford mostly secondhand merchandise. The needs of the underprivileged were met by the poor man's antique shop—the Slightly-Used-As-Good-As-New-Furniture-Store which brought to the East Side the furniture that was of no further use to more elegant parts of town.

Various Items of Merchandise

The sign on the store window read "Furniture," but that covered only the two brass beds, the chest of drawers, and the kitchen table. The rest of the merchandise consisted of decorative items, such as chamber pots in blue and white; dozens of chipped punch glasses; pictures of strange men with mustaches, in gold frames; bronze statues of Atlas holding up an ash tray; fishermen's rubber boots; battered trunks with labels on them from Istanbul, Waikiki, Cape Horn, and a Coney Island hotel; 60-foot-long royal purple drapes from a theater (easily converted into bedroom curtains); a door-man's uniform with gold-embroidered sleeves; a wicker sun-porch set (perfect for an unheated tenement); a bushel basket full of butter-dish covers; a bell for calling the maid; the horn of a phonograph, and whisk brooms worn down to the handle.

In front of the store stood a bookrack offering for sale such literature as the owner found in the drawers of discarded furniture. For five cents per copy you could own a fine library containing: *Life of the Mexican Generals*; *Chrestomathie de la Poésie Turque*; *Sonata for Six Hands*, by Hans Kürtzfussel; *Sixty Days in a Coal Mine*; and *The Practice of Insect Extermination*, Second Edition.

The women would stop by, pick up a bent spoon for a penny, and run on.

I was already twelve years old when Papa's pursuit of happiness led us to Brooklyn and the two-family house. "A tree in front of the house!" said Papa, as he breathed deep the exhaust fumes of a departing garbage truck.

In our old tenement on the East Side the landlord had been an ogre whom we encountered only on the first of each month. In the two-family house, the landlady lived downstairs while we lived upstairs, under a common bond—a leaky roof. (When we told her that the roof leaked, she came back with a very comforting, "Yes, I noticed that myself." Case closed!)

In winter we were cold, the radiators were cold, the windows had picturesque icicles on them. But downstairs, for some unexplained reason, nature was kinder. There, down below the equator, tropical plants flourished and jackals peeped through bamboo shutters. "You're cold?" our landlady would say incredulously from behind four sweaters and a Daniel Boone hat with sheepskin earmuffs. "Me? I'm sweating!"

The only well-ventilated spot in the house was the cracked window just over the tub. We had to bathe with mufflers on. There were two faucets in the tub, both marked "Hot." Neither was ever warm, but we knew the difference, because the one that was supposed to be hot was rusty. You might "ask for" hot water by Morse code, transmitted on the pipes—one if by land, two if by sea.

Just for purposes of the record, our radiators knocked just like hot radiators, although whatever steam there was came

from our mouths. About 1:00 A.M. each day, the radiators would come to life. "The landlady is taking a bath," we all agreed. Mama would tiptoe up to the bathtub and stealthily turn on the faucet, hoping to get in on the bonanza. The faucet would hiss feebly, cough twice, then breathe its last.

Our shower developed a nasal drip. All night long, the poor thing suffered. Plink, plunk, plink, plunk. To fall asleep, we counted plunks as other people count sheep.

In this house we had electricity. And although, as our landlady told us, she "didn't really have to do it," she bent over backward (not easy for a woman of her weight) and gave us a "practically new" refrigerator, "better than the new ones." It was built on the Jack-in-the-box engineering principle: whenever you opened it, a bottle of milk would fly out. The refrigerator was built to hold one ice cube and a leaf of lettuce. So we bought a window box for the surplus. Then it occurred to us that we couldn't open the window . . .

Every hour on the hour, the house would develop delirium tremens. Pictures would fall down and the linoleum would curl up. Why? The refrigerator was working!

Our apartment was painted regularly (every four years) with a mixture of benzine, calamine lotion and hot chocolate, which gave us terra-cotta bedrooms. Of course, you could see the terra through the cotta and the plaster through the terra. The painters left footprints—on the ceiling, just like in a murder mystery. One thing was certain. The murderers never left through a window. The windows couldn't be opened. But that didn't mean that we didn't get fresh air. You see, the doors didn't close.

We would complain to the landlady about our troubles, and when our complaints couldn't be ignored, she would break into tears. "I don't know. With you I always have trouble. I had in your apartment a lady, may she rest in peace, such a nice person, never a complaint, always so good, so quiet, may she rest in peace."

One night Papa was taking the shock treatment (bath) when the lights blew. This was the end. He ran downstairs in his bathrobe, with a candle in his hand, yelling, "I don't care what happens to me, I'm gonna kill that warm-blooded animal! The electric chair, at least, will be warm."

"Look, mister," said the landlady, "do you think I make money on you? You be the landlady and I'll be the tenant! Go ahead! Take the house! Take the rotten house! I'll be glad to get rid of it!"

"For how much?"

"For \$50,000!"

My folks never actually caught up with the good years always just ahead. Mama was glad to settle for bread. She must have wanted roses, too, but she was afraid of offending God by asking for more than any of the other mothers on our block had.

Roses Raise Mama's Morale

I don't recall what the occasion was but once somebody did send us a bouquet of flowers. Mama gasped when we opened the long box. There, wrapped in green waxed paper, were two dozen roses in a forest of ferns. There were tears in her eyes as she placed the roses, one at a time, in a water pitcher without a handle. She smelled each flower individually, inhaled the perfume deeply, and held her breath for a moment in order to saturate her senses. Then, as if she were under a spell, she walked slowly into her bedroom. When she came out again, her hair was combed and she had on a new dress. The tone of her voice was subdued. She even asked me to "please" run down to the grocery store for an eighth of a pound of pot cheese.

The thrill of live roses in the house was too much for one person to bear. Mama picked out three of the long-stemmed beau-

ties, added a few ferns, and sent them in to the next-door neighbor. As each one of the children came home from work, the same scene was enacted over and over again: "Hey, where did these come from? Ain't they gorgeous?" "Don't touch," Mama said, "just smell." And smell we did. All evening long we kept pushing our noses into the flowers, until we smelled like roses and the roses smelled like us.

As the days passed, the flowers began to fade, and Mama philosophized on how human beings were like flowers, and how, too soon, we all wither away and die . . .

Finally each kid folded a rose between the pages of a book.

Mama went back to grinding meat, and she stopped saying "please."

Nowadays, when the family gets together, and that happens very often, we try to look back and critically evaluate Mama's and Papa's genius for raising useful, intelligent and responsible human beings. We have come to the conclusion that our parents had a specific set of rules and regulations for raising kids. Many of the rules may appear to us to be psychologically unsound and unenlightened. All I can say is that Mama produced eight kids who were a credit to our tenement, to the community and to America—Joe, a doctor; Jack, a dentist; David, a businessman; Dora, a wonderful housekeeper; Michael, an artist whose murals decorate public buildings across the United States; Bill, who owns a fine dental laboratory; and Albert, who has worked on my CBS television show. (I doubt if Mama would have approved of a son of hers being a comedian.)

Beliefs for Child Raising

Getting back to Mama's philosophy for raising kids, she believed that:

1. Fathers, mothers, teachers, clergymen, policemen and all older people were always right so far as the kids were concerned.

2. The world doesn't owe you anything. You have to earn everything. ("What do you mean by 'Give me a nickel?' Who gives Papa nickels?")

3. A child should be taught to appreciate everything he has. If one of us fussed about his food, Mama would tell him about hungry children in China or India. If one of us got annoyed at Mama, she would tell us about children without mamas.

4. God was a member of our family. Mama told us He was watching us, and that He didn't approve of wasting food, dirty children, lying or fighting.

5. Charity doesn't begin at home. The stranger was fed first. How many times did I give up my bed to visitors? Good things to eat were offered first to the guests; if anything was left it went to us.

6. Mercy is greater than Justice. ("O.K. So you won the argument. Are you happy now?")

7. It is a sin not to take advantage of the opportunities America has to offer. Mama never let us forget them. "You are going to practice your violin, or else!"

8. Smoking, gambling, card playing, were strictly *verboten*. Mama claimed that there was no such thing as a harmless puff on a cigarette, until you were grown up. She predicted that we would go directly from candy cigarettes to marijuana and from there to Sing Sing.

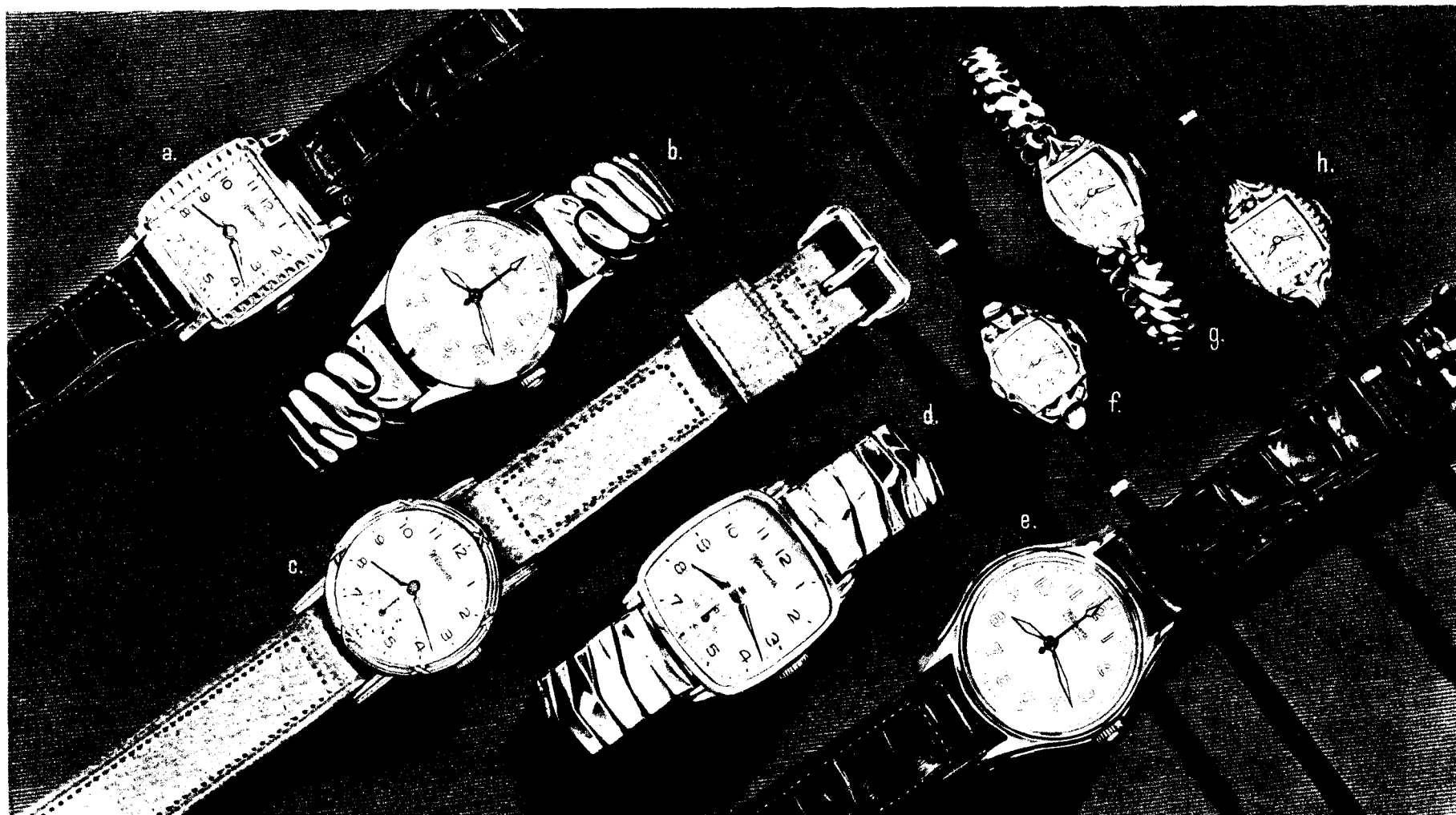
9. Mama protected us from bad company by screening our friends. All friends had to receive Mama's stamp of approval. Whenever we left the house, we had to announce where we were going and when we would be back. Any kid out on the street after bedtime was labeled a bum, and unfit for association with decent children.

In general, Mama believed in preventive discipline. She claimed that if she clamped down on us for the petty crimes, we would never commit the major ones.

We never did.

THE END

Collier's for October 20, 1951



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Ultimate test was posing these subjects in a refrigerated room. Wearing storm ulsters and lined topcoat, they felt no discomfort

LARRY GORDON

Hot Ideas For Cold Weather

By BERT BACHARACH

Now it's easy to be a hero at zero, if you're wearing a smart coat made of the newest materials. Modern fabrics, finishes and linings give greater comfort with less weight

TIME was, when you bundled up against the cold, you looked like the fat man in the circus. Remember heavy underwear, high shoes (and, after that, spats), wrist-warmers and chest-protectors? And winter suits the weight of a horse blanket, topped by an overcoat that was twice as heavy? For really frigid temperatures, it's likely you also wore a vest and, just to be on the safe side, probably a sweater or two. The net result was a gross weight on your shoulders that felt like a ton!

Those days, praise be, are gone forever. Now a man can be warm and comfortable—and, more important, have complete ease and freedom of movement—no matter how cold the weather. This happy development has come from the weaving of new textiles, the creation of new finishes for them and the utilizing of new linings. Practical improvements in outerwear garments were on the way for a long time, but the real accomplishment occurred during World War II. The Quartermaster Corps, faced with the problem of equipping soldiers for global duty, experimented with uniforms that would protect the men against the elements but which would not hinder their movement. The results were eminently successful and industry has since adopted the same principles for civilian wear.

The big thing we didn't know in the old days, but know so well now, is that weight and bulk in fabric are not important warmth-giving qualities. In fact, a lightweight closely woven cloth, which keeps the

cold air out and keeps the body heat in, is far better for winter wear than a heavy material that is loosely woven. Then, too, the finishing of cloths is important. A featherweight golf jacket, if given a "wind-resistant" finish, will provide adequate protection against relatively severe cold. The combination of cloth and protective finish goes a long way toward providing comfort without bulk.

But that's only part—let's say, two thirds—of the way. An equally important contribution has been in the field of linings. Here, science has produced some near miracles of thermal control. One example is the lightweight lining fabric that is sprayed with metallic particles—which reflect a person's body heat!

Add to the over-all result of warmth without weight an amazing increase in freedom of movement. Plus, the style factor—a man doesn't have to look overstuffed to keep warm; he can be as trim and streamlined in the winter as he is through the rest of the year.

Take a look at garments incorporating the foregoing features. Zippered jackets, varying in length from 26 inches to 30 inches, come in gabardine, cotton or synthetic tweeds, and blends of wool. These have insulated linings or interlinings, and are excellent for driving or outdoor sports. Some of the new ones have colorful printed linings and ascots to match.

In the colder climates, you might want to wear a plaid wool surcoat, today's adaptation of the old

lumberjacket. These run 31 inches to 32 inches in length, a bit longer than the jackets and not quite as long as the three-quarter-length coats.

Most important of the outerwear garments are the three-quarter- and full-length storm coats shown in the accompanying photograph. These coats, with synthetic, part-wool or all-wool shells, have a variety of linings—alpaca, shearling, insulated quilting or lightweight plaid wool. All are soft, pliable and without bulk. They have warm mouton collars, which look like fine fur, and provide the look and feel of luxury.

Leathers have been proved nicely adaptable for outerwear. Horsehide has been developed in softer effects and has practically replaced the more expensive capeskin. Suèdes are available in jackets and in full-length topcoats. Some of the latter are reversible—suède on one side, tweed on the other.

Now easily available too are regular topcoats and overcoats, smartly tailored and shaped to the lines of the body, which have extra linings that can be zipped or buttoned into place when needed. With any of these garments, be sure you wear a good weatherproof pair of shoes, wool socks, undershirt as well as shorts, a muffler, lined gloves and a hat. The hat and the wool socks are of real importance; scientific tests have proved that protected extremities regulate the general body heat. If your head and feet are cold, you'll be cold all over. It's a simple case of both ends against the middle.

THE END

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Dave Blake is not the name of a specific person, but is rather a type — the Man who Cares.

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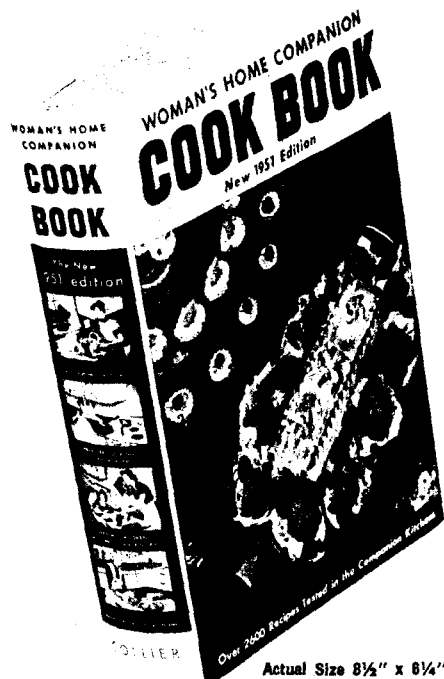
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Tyrannies Must Fall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

ineptitude of an inflated bureaucracy, not to speak of the natural escape reactions of the tyrannized workers and consumers."

As for Hungarian peasants, they are the victims of a forced collectivization of agriculture. This Kremlin-dictated policy, carried out with the usual brutality, has resulted in the usual food shortages. In what was once a rich farming country, food last year, after a good harvest, had to be rationed. Peasant resistance has been far stouter than in Bulgaria and other Slav lands. In this struggle, antagonism between city and country plays a considerable role; for although Budapest has only one ninth the population of Hungary, it has 40 per cent of Communist party membership. The peasant obstruction of the program, writes Tuetsch, "has not yet been broken." It may be broken in the end, but the embers of discontent will be easily fanned into flame again.

Communists Dominate Trade Unions

In Poland, the workers have been dragged into trade-unions which are dominated by the Communist party and its Politburo. Labor leaders who stood for freedom and decent working conditions have been ruthlessly exterminated; some have been executed at home, some have died in Russian jails. Factory hands have been compelled to meet almost impossible "norms" of labor. Legally this unhappy satellite has a 46-hour week and eight-hour day; actually the constant rise in the norms and the Communist establishment of group competition mean protracted overtime, exhausting spurts and constant exploitation.

Poland had its first Stakhanov, the miner who dug six times his norm of coal, in a worker named Pstrowski. He enjoyed the wild plaudits of Communist leaders—and then died of overexertion. Polish workers, according to Romuald Szumski's Labor and the Soviet System, now have a popular proverb: "If you are eager for the Lord's judgment, work like Pstrowski!"

The satellite states are all economically exploited. They are all forced to ship their best products to Soviet Russia. Szumski quotes another popular Polish quip: "Poland exports coal to the Soviet Union so that the Soviet Union can import Poland's sugar." In East Germany, the standard of living is being systematically depressed to the Russian level—that is, to what Melvin J. Lasky, editor of the Munich magazine *Der Monat*, calls "planned poverty." Soviet dismantling and reparations have stripped the country bare. The Zeiss works in Jena were dismantled and removed, and then, after being rebuilt, were dismantled and removed again! Worst of all, in East Germany as in other satellites, there is the constant fear of arrest and the concentration camps.

Is all this likely to continue forever without a revolt? Marshal Tito abruptly broke with the Soviet dictatorship because Stalin was demanding ever more and more of Yugoslavia's wealth; because Russia was bleeding the Yugoslav economy white for the benefit of the Soviet system. Tito shared the Communist ideology; he was head of a Slavic people attached to Russia by sentiment and tradition; his nation was small and ill-defended. But he found the Kremlin's demands intolerable, and he de-



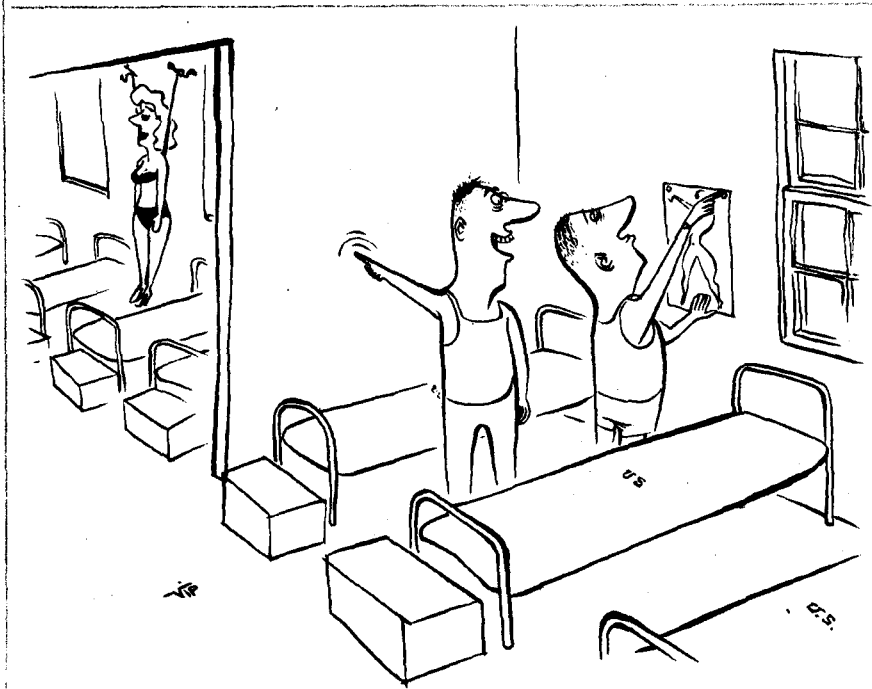
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COLLIER'S

WILLIAM
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Collier's for October 20, 1951

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"Have you seen Filstrup's pin-up?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

fied Stalin rather than let his land be savagely exploited as Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria are exploited.

We repeat that it is impossible for any power to hold in permanent subjection a chain of satellite nations. The worse the tyranny, the angrier the final explosion. Tito will find his imitators and successors among Czechs who remember Masaryk, and Poles who recall Kosciusko and Paderewski.

The movement for liberation may come gradually, or suddenly and violently, but it will come. Then, too, the day will dawn when the misled people of Russia will realize that it does not pay to hold a ring of subjugated, sullen, unhappy people in bondage. History shows that it never has paid.

Sir Thomas More wrote in his Utopia (1516) that France ought to stop trying to dominate Italy and to enslave Flanders. He spoke of the example set by the imaginary nation he called the Achoriens:

"... a people that lie on the southeast side of Utopia, who long ago engaged in war in order to add to the dominions of their prince another kingdom, to which he had some pretensions by an ancient alliance. This they conquered, but found the trouble of keeping it was equal to that by which it was gained; that the conquered people were always either in rebellion, or exposed to foreign invasion, while they were obliged to be incessantly at war, either for or against them, and consequently could never disband their army; that in the meantime they were oppressed with taxes, their money went out of the kingdom, their blood was spilt for the glory of the king, without procuring the least advantage for the people, who received not the smallest advantage from it in time of peace."

Iron Curtain Keeps Out Knowledge

The third reason for our confidence in a coming Russian revolution, violent or peaceable, is that no power has ever yet been able to prevent the entry of ideas from other lands. The Soviet dictatorship could not exist without its Iron Curtain. General knowledge of the superior living conditions of the West, and of the blessings of freedom of movement, freedom of mind and freedom to choose work, would crumble its foundations. Hence the furious zeal of the Politburo to make the Iron Curtain impenetrable. "The Terror joins hands with the Inquisition," writes an Englishman. But history proves that an iron curtain always has chinks and rustholes; that a fabric

which looks airtight always yields to the invisible osmosis of information.

Dictatorships for centuries have used exile, death, prison, censorship, book burnings, control of schools and universities, and the systematic falsehoods of a propaganda machine—and always, in the long run, in vain. No doubt the Politburo has brought indoctrination to a new pitch of perfection. No doubt it has molded the minds of millions from infancy. But then modern science has also brought the power of ideas to ride the radio waves to a new pitch of perfection.

New Ideas Can't Be Stopped

Philip II and the Spanish Inquisition tried to crush freedom of thought; but they failed. The French Bourbons were implacably hostile to ideas; but the Enlightenment came in nonetheless—with revolution in its train. Napoleon III exiled Victor Hugo, chained the French press, and steam-rollered the universities; but he finally had to give up his repression as creating five new Hydra heads for every one it cut off. Hitler burned a mountain of books, exiled thousands of intellectuals from Thomas Mann down, muzzled all editors, and filled the concentration camps with men who dared to think; but he could not stop the movement of ideas in Germany.

The fact is that intellectual repression defeats itself by creating suspicion and skepticism, the parents of revolt.

The very anti-Western propaganda of the Kremlin will inevitably backfire. Thus the dictatorship imported the motion-picture version of Grapes of Wrath to show the Russian people the social cruelty of American life. But Russian peasants watched the film, marveling at a country where the poorest all had shoes, where every farmer owned a car or truck, and where discontented families moved wherever they pleased to improve their lot. Every Russian student who reads books by Erskine Caldwell and Jack London gets glimpses of American freedom and high American living standards along with the picture of American abuses.

Just as the Soviet dictatorship has been unable to prevent the West from learning a great deal about what goes on inside Russia, so it cannot prevent Russians from learning a great deal about Western activities and ideas. Russian science must keep an open window on world science, or it will come to a standstill. Every physicist in Moscow or Stalingrad who reads a report of the General Electric Research Laboratory



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must silently envy the free sphere of inquiry in which Irving Langmuir and Willis Rodney Whitney have passed a fruitful lifetime of work, and marvel at the "reactionary capitalists" who so richly supported their research.

Russian industry must keep a window ajar on world industry or lose many important facts. Now the Iron Age is not regarded in this country as a revolutionary periodical; but is it fantastic to think that a Russian engineer would find in its display of the boundless energy of free enterprise a set of potentially revolutionary ideas?

For pre-Soviet Russia had its well-established tradition of free inquiry, a tradition not easily uprooted. "In Russia," wrote Paul Vinogradoff in 1915, "although the nation is still struggling to emerge from its position in the background of Europe, and although this situation in the rear has given a peculiar stamp to Russian character, people are alive almost to excess to the variety and to the wealth of universal ideas. There is hardly any other community which gives so much time and energy to the study of foreign languages, foreign literature and foreign history."

Must Adjust to Changes

We have still another reason for believing that a drastic transformation is sooner or later inevitable in Russia. If history demonstrates anything, it is that any country which cannot adjust itself constantly and even radically to internal change—that is, any dictatorship which tries to keep a frozen political and social system—is certain to be overtaken by revolution. *No regime has ever lasted unless it had the power of self-criticism and self-reform.* That is precisely the power which Stalinism lacks.

A dictatorship always looks highly efficient—for a time. It has rapidity, directness, discipline and energy; it enlists a compact body of enthusiastic supporters. But as a matter of fact it always proves inefficient.

Why is it, for example, that a dictatorship always resorts to an arbitrary system of justice—or rather injustice? Because it is too inefficient and too cowardly to make a decent system of justice work. Louis XIV's regime in France used *lettres de cachet*, secret arrests, imprisonment without trial or hope of release, and inhuman punishments. That system was not so bad as Russia's today.

In France, *lettres de cachet* (orders for arbitrary and indefinite jailing) averaged 70-odd a year. In Russia, hundreds of thousands of arbitrary arrests take place annually, followed often by immediate execution or death by starvation and overwork. Estimates of the prison-camp population run as high as 22,000,000. In Russia the evil is partly explained by the repulsive, inhuman, determinist idea that men are atoms whose individual fate is of no concern. But it is also partly explained by sheer inefficiency.

The dictatorship cannot persuade public opinion, and so resorts to force; it is too inefficient to work through fundamental principles of justice, and hence the midnight knock on the door, the prison, the Siberian camp, or the cellar revolver shot.

So with the vital matter of taxation. The old regime in France had the most inefficient, and therefore most galling and unjust system imaginable. Tax collecting was farmed out to extortionate agents. The salt tax robbed the poor. Twenty provincial tariffs strangled

Allan Nevins is one of the foremost American historians. He has been professor of American history at Columbia University since 1931, and has won two Pulitzer prizes—in 1932 for his biography of President Grover Cleveland, and in 1937 for a book on the Grant administration

internal trade. In Russia we meet the same union of autocracy and inefficiency.

The Soviet Union has just floated the largest public peacetime loan in its history. On this loan no interest is paid, but subscribers are rewarded by lottery prizes, some getting large sums and some nothing. No responsible economist in the world, even in Russia, would endorse this method as equitable, farsighted or stable. It discourages thrift, distributes benefits capriciously, and introduces chance into the very department that should be most sober and solid. It is a confession that the dictatorship lacks the efficiency to apply a rational system of loan flotation.

But what, it will be asked, of the efficiency of Russia's war against Germany? Well, what of it? Stalin's comprehension of Hitler's intentions was so poor that, although repeatedly warned, he was taken by surprise when the Nazis invaded Russia. The Politburo's comprehension of the world situation was so bad that they actually thought, when Hitler struck, that a British fleet would arrive off Petrograd to join the attack.

The Russian defense was at first so defective that the Nazis drove within sight of Moscow, and captured Kiev and Odessa; and it is generally agreed that but for the delays which Greek and Yugoslav resistance had cost the Nazis, Hitler's army would have taken Moscow and driven the Soviet government beyond the Urals. All this is caustically set forth by Winston Churchill in his history of the war. And so hostile to the Kremlin was a great part of the Ukrainian population that only the bestial cruelties of the Nazis halted a vast enlistment of Ukrainian energies on the German side.

Inefficiency is in the long run one of the hallmarks of a dictatorship. It inevitably increases, for the simple reason that a dictatorship has no power of self-correction. In Soviet Russia, minor criticisms are encouraged, for they help take men's minds off the major issues. But all fundamental policies are sacrosanct, and anyone who dares call in question a high decision or high official is summarily silenced. It was such a

refusal to permit the discussion of fundamental change which played a large part in the downfall of divine-right monarchs like Charles I, of Napoleon III, of the Hohenzollerns, and of the czarist regime.

By contrast, the long-term efficiency of the democracies lies to a great extent in their seeming division and dissension on lines of major policy. The bitter debate of 1951 between President Truman and General MacArthur, and the ugly quarrel between Prime Minister Attlee and Aneurin Bevan, appeared hurtful. But in the end the constant publicity given to policy, the free criticism of errors, and the ceaselessly grinding machinery of self-correction are invaluable.

Stability is the possession of only those nations which allow constant reform and change. Because one great wave of evolution after another has rolled over America—Jeffersonian, Jacksonian, Lincolnian, Wilsonian, Rooseveltian—we have avoided revolution. The same statement can be made of Great Britain, which ceaselessly debates change. Meanwhile, the Politburo sits on the safety valve.

Count Witte knew better. In the days of the last czar he wrote a secret memorandum on the type of government which Russia ought to have, recommending that power be united with enlightenment and flexibility. He urged:

"This government will somehow abstain from arbitrary measures, arrests, exceptional tribunals and other kinds of oppression. It will guarantee freedom of labor, thought and conscience. As for society, it must be left free to follow private interests and in them to seek an outlet for its energies. Nothing is more apt to ruin the prestige of authority than a frequent and extensive employment of repression. Measures of repression are dangerous, and when they get to be continuous, they either lead to an explosion or else turn the people into an insensate throng, into human dust."

Russia's Great Weaknesses

We thus see that totalitarian Russia suffers from at least four great weaknesses. It is ambitious to dominate Europe and the world, and no power has ever yet pursued that goal without meeting disaster. It is trying to enthrall and exploit a chain of vassal nations, and Yugoslavia's defiance shows that this leads to armed revolt. It is attempting to cut Russia off from the flow of world ideas, which must finally prove irresistible. And it has established the worst repressions in history to punish internal criticism and block peaceable change. The pressures in the boiler will mount dangerously. Unless the policies are altered, what Jan Smuts called a "cataclysm" is certain.

When a dictatorship looks strongest to the gaze of the world, the props behind the façade are often cracking. Bonaparte appeared his strongest in 1811, but in 1813 he was overwhelmed. When 1848 began, the reactionary order in Europe under Metternich's system seemed solid as granite. Then a revolt began in Palermo. Within a few weeks the Germans in Austria, the Magyars in Hungary, the Poles in Russia, the south Slavs on the Adriatic, and the Czechs in Bohemia all rose. In 1865, Napoleon III thought himself secure; in 1870 the debacle. Hitler and Mussolini bestrode Europe in 1939; but by 1943 doom was overtaking them.

No nation ever stands still; it must move forward in some direction. Prophecy is always dangerous, and prophecy about so inscrutable a land as Russia is espe-



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cially so. But we can say that unless all the lights of history are misleading, the Soviet dictatorship is now on the highroad to revolution and ruin. The vital question is whether it can alter its course with enough speed and thoroughness to avert another of the calamities of history. Several distinct possibilities exist:

First, if the Politburo pursues its present aggressive policies unchanged, great danger exists that some reckless plunge, some miscalculation of chances, will precipitate the third World War. This would end with revolution inside Russia.

Second, a revolt in one of the satellites may spread to several or all of them, and bring about a sharp modification of policy in the Kremlin. The Poles, the Chinese and the Czechs in particular will not forever draw the Soviet chariot.

Third, if Russia abandons her aggressive foreign policy as too risky, but maintains her repressive, tyrannical system at home, a revolution must ultimately start from within. It might begin as a palace revolution on the death of Stalin or his successor. It might be a massive uprising of the Russian people to make their paper constitution a reality and put effective truth into its empty clauses. The new Russia would doubtless be very different from the Western democracies, but it might well be progressive and co-operative.

Hope for Change

Finally, a faint chance exists that a new leadership will emerge in Moscow, which, appreciating the thirst of the Russian masses for more freedom and humanity, and recognizing the desire of the West for peaceful collaboration with the Russian people, will gradually relax both the aggressive internal policy and the internal tyranny. The chances are that steps in this direction would be accelerated by revolutionary action.

But whatever the outcome, a crisis must be reached and passed. And when the day

comes that Russia, bowing either to revolution or irresistible forces of evolution, asks for the assistance of the free peoples of the world, we must have but one watchword—generosity.

We must show that we have never been enemies of the Russian people, but always their friends. We shall need to exhibit the same statesmanlike helpfulness that Lincoln was planning to offer the Southern people when he was murdered; that Campbell-Bannerman offered to the conquered Boers; and that has animated the best leaders first of the League and then of the United Nations.

Hirohito Expresses Gratitude

A striking scene occurred in the Japanese Diet in the fall of 1949. The Emperor Hirohito, enthroned on his richly tapestried dais, opened the session with a speech to the crowd of members who stood with bowed heads before him. Reading from a parchment scroll, he thanked the Allied Powers for their good will and assistance in "the reconstruction of Japan into a democratic state." The words were no empty form. Who, half a dozen years earlier, would have dreamed such a scene possible? Or who would then have supposed that new republican regimes in Frankfurt and in Rome would show a similar gratitude?

Such a transformation is by no means impossible in Russia. The day may not be inconceivably remote when the Russian people, through free-minded representatives freely chosen, will accept a friendly partnership with the other people of the globe, and voice their appreciation for aid and advice in the reconstruction of the Russian republics. The Russians may then have much to teach us; we shall certainly have much to teach them. And acting in harmony, tossing into the limbo of old, unhappy, far-off things the dead antagonism between West and East, we can push forward together to throw open the gates to the golden age.

THE END



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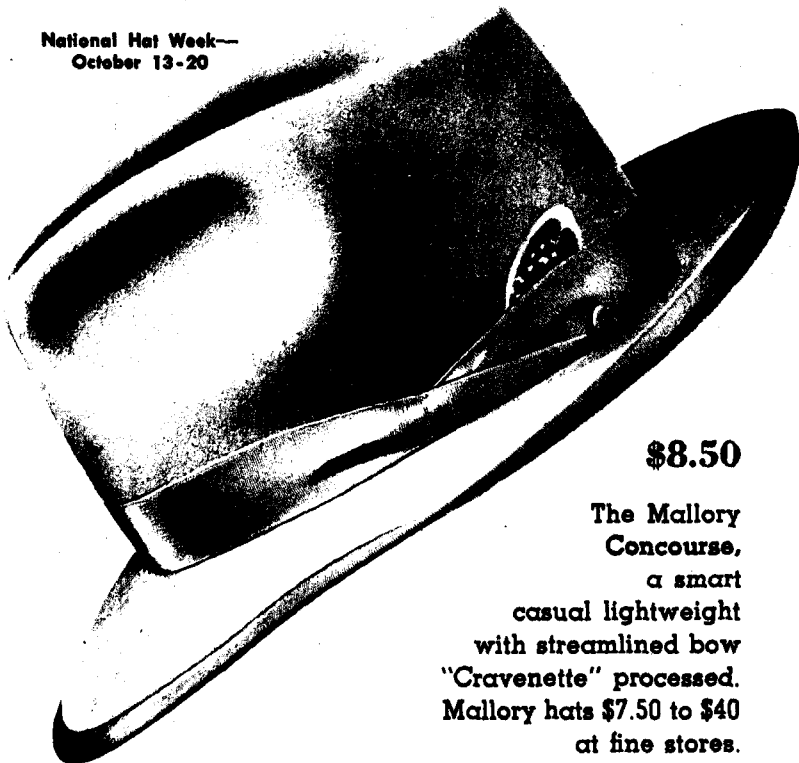


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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

whistle. She mounted a nearby table and screamed: "When I blow this, start fighting!" She blew. Cops arrived. They grabbed 15 of the heroes. The others escaped. The sweet little girl escaped, too, leaving her whistle behind. One of the cops had a few words to say and they sound somewhat sensible to this slipped pantaloon. Said he: "Maybe if the older generation had some sense, we wouldn't have stuff like this to stop."

★ ★ ★

There's a gentleman in Rawlins, Wyoming (he may not be named), who is working on a "coin-operated liquor dispenser." All one would have to do is drop money in the slot and get his/her favorite tippie. You know—like a cigarette machine. There would be many push buttons and clearly printed directions about how to mix cocktails, and so forth. The gentleman will, we predict, be stymied, unless he can come up with an extra refinement—an automatic bouncer to handle irate patrons who take a swing at the electromagnetic gadget.

★ ★ ★

All Mr. Murray Kushell, executive vice-president of the Better Grooming Foundation, wanted to tell us was what college Joes were going to wear this fall and winter. We weren't interested, at first, because Bert Bacharach, our staff coat-and-pants authority, had already told us all about it. But it turned out, after interviewing 5,000 students, Mr. Kushell's agents had come running home with the news that the mustache has returned to the campus. None of the handle-bar stuff, of course; nor any of those beer-foam collectors like Uncle Amos used to carry around on his upper lip. The boys are going in for tidy little Anthony Edens and Dean Achesons. Here and there they did find a clown trying to grow a Harpo Marx, but the before-mentioned swizzlers are the ones threatening to be-

come a rage, or a rash, or whatever. Mr. Kushell's men interviewed a number of coeds, too, who were not, obviously, growing mustaches but who looked like kissable material. What did they think of it? Most of those who had been recently kissed said they hadn't noticed much difference. And some said that a touch of lip fuzz sort of tickled them and even, occasionally, made them sneeze. Anyway, Mr. Kushell's investigators found that about one campus Joe out of five is now trying to wheedle his upper lip into production.

★ ★ ★

If you're going to Florida this winter (and this includes government officials who may plan to do it on the cuff—at a contractor's or loan seeker's expense), don't sit under any manchineel trees. Just to forestall protests from Floridian chambers of commerce, maybe we'd better tell you that you'll find manchineels only in the Everglades or, at least according to the University of Florida, none within 50 miles from the bigger towns and cities. A drop of water falling from a manchineel leaf and hitting you on an unclad spot will raise a blister the size of a dollar. (Remember the size of a dollar?) University botanists have discovered that a drop of the tree's poisonous sap hitting your hand can paralyze it for days. Try chopping down a manchineel, but don't say you weren't warned. The sap will fly with every chop. Go ahead and burn it down. But don't let the smoke touch you. It's a pretty little thing, the manchineel, says the university's Dr. W. M. Lauter. It smells good and bears cute little marble-shaped fruit. Eat the fruit if you must, but be sure you've made your will and that your insurance is paid up. The Seminoles used to poison their arrows in its sap. They poisoned white men's springs with its twigs. Any of you folks like to write a murder mystery, the manchineel would make a nice whodunit gimmick.



Collier's for October 20, 1951

THE 'OLD MAN'

Six months ago this young officer was an enlisted man. Today, a graduate of the U. S. Army's Officer Candidate School, he proudly grasps his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant. Tomorrow, the men he commands will call him the 'Old Man' . . . a nickname which refers to his grave responsibilities rather than his age.

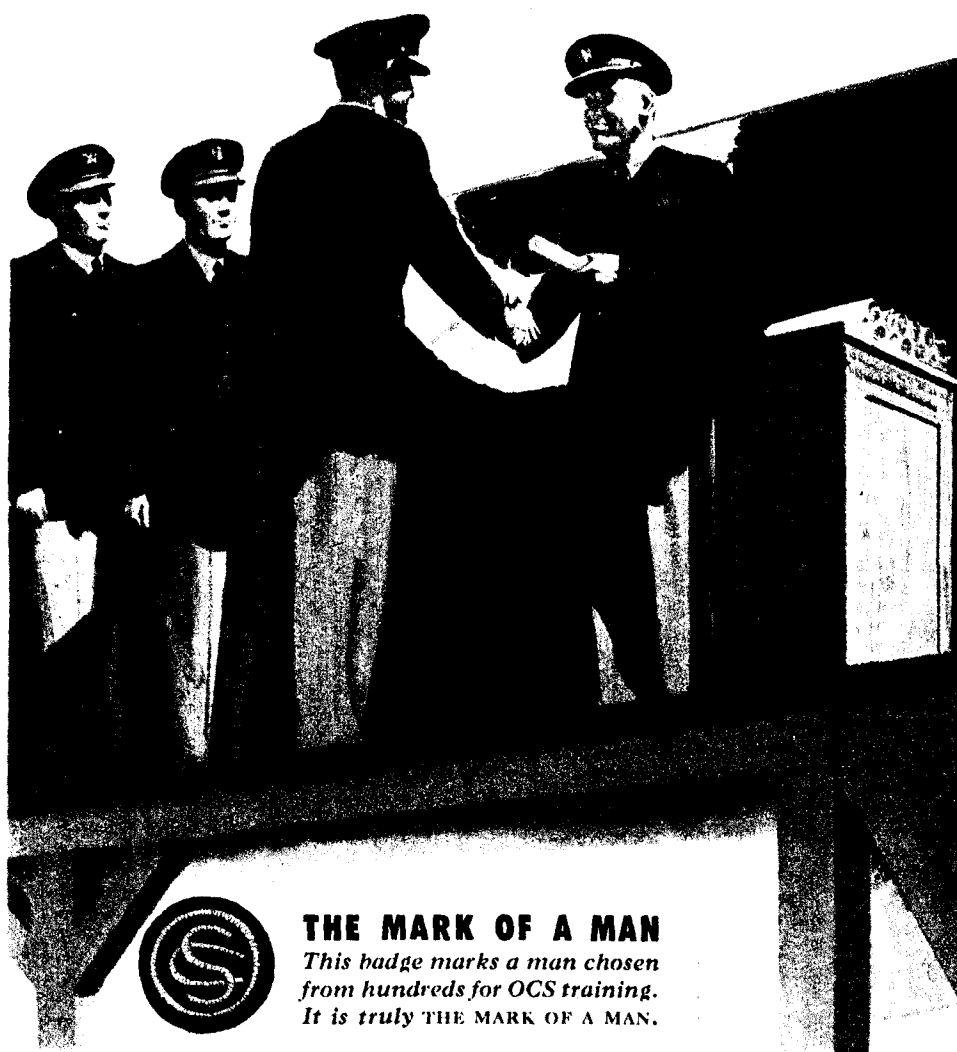
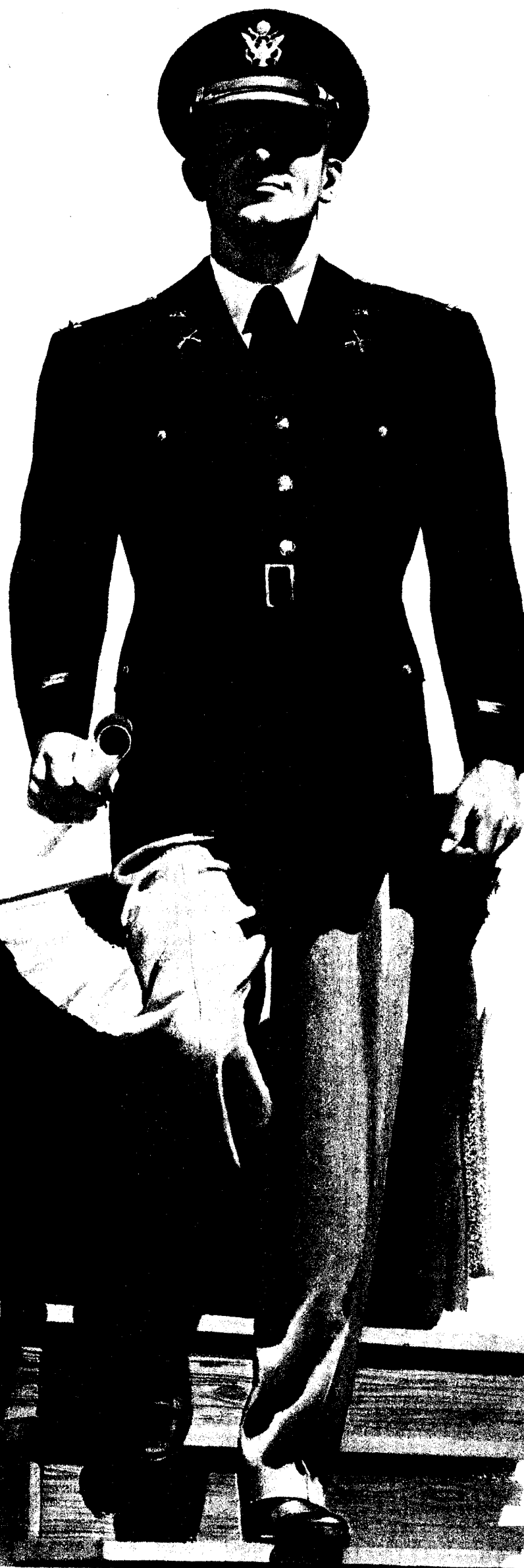
He is following in the traditional footsteps of other generations of young Americans who have come from the farm, the factory, the office to lead other men in the defense of their country. He, as they, must possess the quality of courageous leadership in battle and the ability to provide for the mental, physical and moral welfare of his men in peace or in war.

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Triumph over Darkness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

making a record for himself, you get the first thin edge of fooling around with the evidence."

This does not conform to the traditional picture of the ambitious State's attorney, but Powers' attitude upon taking office came as no surprise to his associates. They say Bill has always spent an unusual amount of time thinking about other people and figuring ways to help them.

As a matter of fact, he learned the necessity of assisting others as early as he learned anything. He was the oldest of seven children who were jammed, with their parents, into the top floor of Uncle Dennis Edmonds' neat, modest colonial house on High Street in Valley Falls. Bill's father was a house painter and his mother, Celia, had to work recurrent miracles to keep her boisterous, close-knit, sentimental family fed and shod. Nobody had to explain to the kids that they had to help one another.

Bill went to St. Patrick's parochial school and was both the smartest kid in his class and the despair of the sisters. He had a habit of reading authors like Robert Ingersoll when he should have been studying geography. When he was graduated at fourteen his father was working as a railroad-crossing watchman, and Bill got a job as a bobbin boy in a local silk mill to help support the family. Within a few months he was a spinner at \$22 a week, which was more than his father made—a fact which the cocksure youngster took no great pains to conceal around the house.

Quit School After Father's Death

The following January his father died, and Bill, at fifteen, became head of the family. He had been going to night school, but upon his father's death, he says now, "I became a pretty important guy around the house. I decided I needed more time to myself. So I quit."

He didn't do anything Horatio Algerish with the "time to myself." The only thing that set him apart from the other kids was that he read so much, but he was popular enough to be forgiven.

In 1925, his Uncle Dennis, who was foreman at a machine shop in Pawtucket, got Bill a job there. Young Powers loved the work, and within a few months he was on his way to being a first-class machinist. It appeared that he had found his lifework.

Then, one Saturday in April, 1927, Bill was hitching a storage battery to his family's two-tube radio when the wire slipped out of the terminal and flicked across his open right eye. It didn't hurt, but when he closed his left eye everything he saw with his right was distorted. He said nothing about it.

Two days later the pain was so bad he went to see Dr. Joseph Dowling, a Providence eye surgeon. Dowling put him in St. Joseph's Hospital. He knew the right eye was gone and that the left was being attacked by a mysterious disease known as sympathetic ophthalmia. The doctor did everything that was humanly possible and won the lifelong devotion of Bill's family, but he could not save the left eye. Eighteen months later Bill was discharged from Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, where he'd been transferred by Dr. Dowling. He was totally blind.

To Powers, who had been so proud of his independence, blindness was unmitigated disaster. Physically, except for his eyes, he was in excellent condition, but emotionally he was a sick man. Both Andy and his oldest sister Mary were working, but Bill raised no hand to help himself. He sat around and let people wait on him.

With a sick bitterness he fought against the fact of being blind. Dr. Dowling, and Bill's friends and family, tried to get him to go to Perkins Institute in Watertown, Massachusetts, a grammar and high school

for the blind. Although the state of Rhode Island had agreed to pay his tuition, Bill refused to go: "I won't be associated with a lot of blind people." Many an evening he'd get up, mutter, "Going for a walk," and plunge out, refusing to have anyone with him. When that happened, Mary says now, "We'd sit around and pray until he was safely back in the yard."

One day a home teacher from the Rhode Island Division for the Blind mentioned a Perkins graduate who had become a lawyer. Bill had always wanted to be a lawyer, but it had never seemed possible. Now a door suddenly opened. On December 17, 1928, the day before his twenty-first birthday, he enrolled at Perkins.

He hated the place. He was a grown man who'd been supporting a family for six years and Perkins was a high school with rules for teen-age kids. The regulations galled him almost beyond endurance. "I was in the middle of a sea of self-pity, so far out I couldn't even see land," he says today. Actually, now he realizes it was the idea of being blind he loathed. It seemed to him that all the little unpleasant traits the other students had were the result of their lack of sight. But one day it dawned on him that some of the guys he'd known at home had irritating traits, too—that the trouble with the students wasn't that they were blind, but that they were people.

After that he buckled down to work. Although he eventually took part in a few school activities, he never got really close to the other students—they were high-school kids and he was twenty-one. But his loneliness only hardened his ambition. Once Frank M. Andrews, then principal of the Perkins boys' school, was making out Bill's schedule of classes. "How many hours of piano tuning a week do you want?" he asked.

"How many do I have to take?"

"None."

"That'll be fine."

Andrews asked in turn about mattress making, basket weaving and chair caning; Bill's answers were the same. Finally Andrews said, "Look here, Powers, what do you plan to do with your life, anyway?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Fine. But law school is rough. Sup-

pose you fail; you ought to have a trade to fall back on."

"Then," Bill said, "I'll learn a trade after I've failed. When I go to law school I want no out."

"Oh, I learned basketmaking, all right," Bill said recently. "I've made eight and given them to my friends. I figure a larger production would lessen their value. As it is, they're collector's items."

He also learned to read Braille, the printed language of the blind, but used it only to play cards. Bill discovered that the families of Watertown liked to show off the Perkins students' ability by having them in for a fourth at bridge. Bill took advantage of this to make a dicker: he'd play cards in the evening if someone in the family would read his school texts to him in the afternoons. Finding plenty of takers, he bought all his textbooks in conventional print, not Braille, and memorized the entire high-school curriculum.

Time Softens Bitterness

In time, Bill's bitterness at being blind softened, and finally he was able to make ironic jokes about it. "Blind people get a kick out of playing on the false notions of the sighted," he says. "Like the idea that the blind always count their steps. Nonsense! It's too much trouble. I remember a time at Perkins..."

He was walking to Charlie Fisk's gas station for a smoke. There was a mailbox sticking out into the road and Bill walked into it. As he did, a man spotted him and called, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you coming or I'd have helped you around the mailbox."

"That's all right."

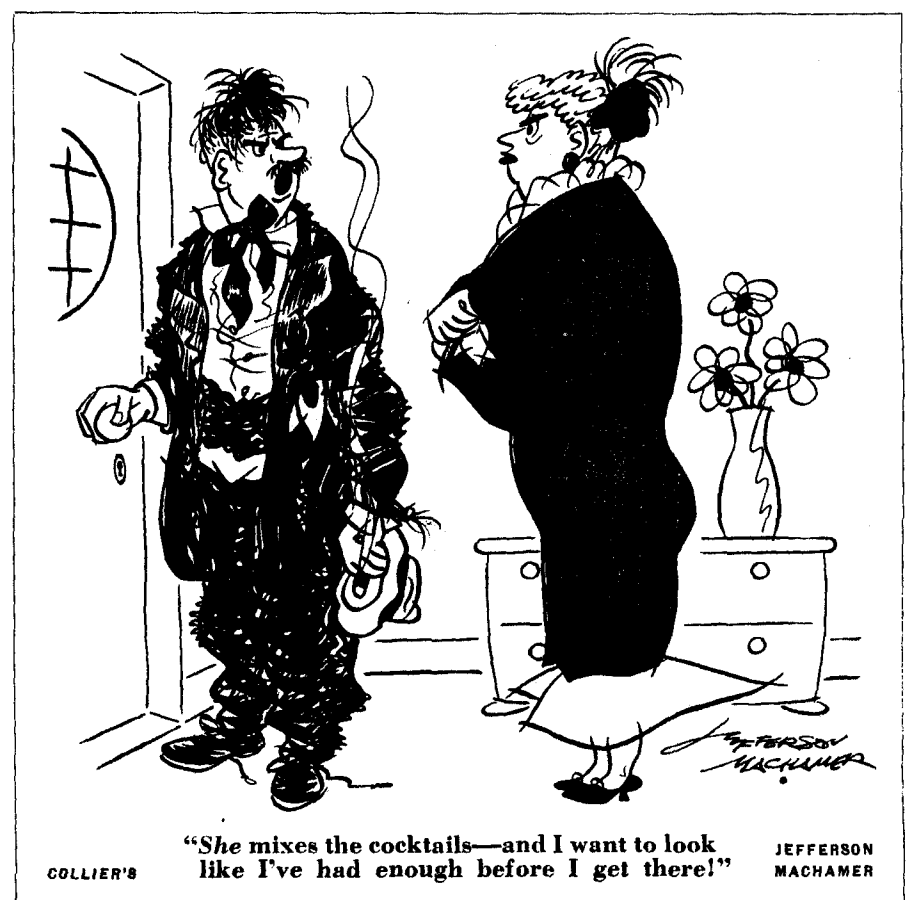
The man came over. "How'd you happen to hit it?" he asked. "You fellows always count your steps, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Well, I can't see why you didn't go around it."

"It's like this," Bill said. "I know perfectly well how many steps it is from my cottage to the mailbox. It's 4,360. But always before I've been wearing size 6½ shoes. Tonight for the first time I'm wearing size 7 shoes and I got here in 4,124 steps."

Perkins students lived in cottages in



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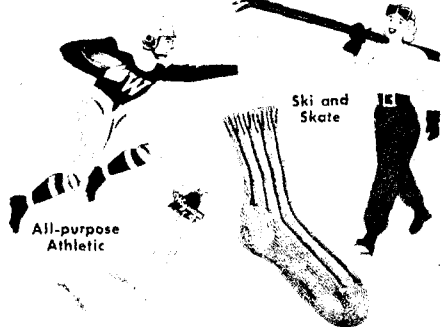
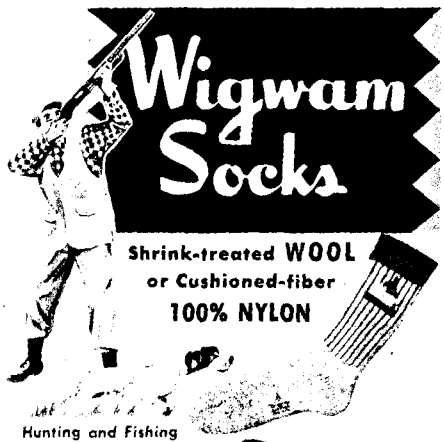
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groups of 20 to 25, with four teachers. In the fall of 1930, a new young teacher, Esther Johnson, of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, moved into Bill's house. She was a tall, intelligent, compassionate girl with a New Englander's reserve and determination. During the spring Esther and Bill spent weeks of evenings together rehearsing George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, which the school was producing, and they fell in love.

In June, 1932, Bill was graduated from Perkins with no mark lower than a B, and was accepted at the Boston University Law School. On September 2d he and Esther were married in the rectory of St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls. Soon after that, they rented a \$35-a-month apartment in Boston and moved in. The couple had no income, but Esther had saved enough money to keep them going for the first two years—including funds for Bill's tuition.

Esther read Bill through law school. In the three years she read him more than 3,000 law cases. She would walk with him to school in the morning—it was two miles from their first apartment—go home and clean up the house and walk back to get him in the late afternoons. In the evenings she would read to him, racing through the paragraphs at top speed because that's the way he liked it. For relaxation Bill listened to radio programs.

In July, after Bill's first year of law school, the Powers' first daughter, Esther, was born. That cramped their already tight budget, but Mrs. Powers managed the added responsibility without complaint. In October, 1934, her father died, leaving his modest estate to his daughter, and the Powers' financial worries were over for the time being. In December of the following year their second daughter, Barbara, was born.

In June, 1935, Bill was graduated from law school with second highest marks in his class of 110. The only man who topped him was Jim Hannon, a special friend, also blind, whom Powers had met at Perkins.

But Bill couldn't practice law in Rhode Island. The rules governing admission to the Rhode Island bar had been changed a short time before—all applicants had to have at least two years of college as well as a law degree. So he took—and passed—the Massachusetts bar exam, so he could be

admitted in Rhode Island under a reciprocal agreement after he'd practiced in Massachusetts for 10 years. (He was admitted in 1946.)

But he didn't want to live in Massachusetts. He wanted to get back to Valley Falls where he could remember the faces of people, where he knew what the streets and buildings looked like. "I was less blind there," he says.

So the summer after his graduation he and Esther sold her father's house and bought their present gray-and-yellow house on McGirr Street, a couple of blocks from his old home on High Street. And Bill started to practice a few miles away, across the state line in Massachusetts. He didn't keep very busy. But he was not overly interested in private practice; his real love was politics, and he shortly set about blasting his way into the local Democratic machine. His friends helped.

Gains Many Friends

Bill had always had more friends than the other six Powers children combined. Now he set out to rebuild those old friendships and make as many new ones as possible. To a man living in the dark, friends were his eyes, his chief contact with the world. Within a short time there was a trickle of visitors asking for help at the door of his house. Bill did what he could, even though he couldn't accept fees in Rhode Island. The trickle grew into a steady stream.

These were vote-making days, especially since Powers was just about as ready to help a Republican as a Democrat any time except Election Day.

But friends weren't enough to win Bill his first political fight. In the fall of 1936, he decided to try for the Democratic nomination for representative to the General Assembly, the state legislative body. He'd called on party leaders for some months before, told them he wanted to get into party work and had got the brush-off. So he knew he'd have to corral enough votes to beat the machine man at the party caucus—Rhode Island didn't have a primary election then.

He rallied his close friends and started ringing doorbells. He even called on peo-

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BUTCH



"Phst, Butch, coast's still clear.
How ya doin' wit' th' jewels?"

LARRY
REYNOLDS

COLLIER'S

Collier's for October 20, 1951

ple he knew were committed against him, on the theory that "maybe I can convince 'em to stay home."

The night of the caucus came and Bill's homemade machine smoothly funneled voters into the Town Hall. He lost by 37 votes.

Bill was disappointed and forgot it; he went out and campaigned for the Democratic ticket just as though he were on it. His friends were disappointed too, but they remembered. As Steve Fanning, now Cumberland town clerk and Democratic State Committee chairman, put it, "It was not so much that he was blind, especially, but that he was a young guy trying to make a start, and around here they like to see a young man get a break." As a sop, the party made Bill probate judge for the district at \$500 a year.

Two years later, when Bill again sought the nomination, the people were behind him. He won the nomination and then the election, even though the Republicans, headed by Governor William H. Vanderbilt, swept the state for the first time in years. That was the last time Bill ever fought openly with his own party.

During his 10 years in the House (the Democrats regained control in 1941 and have held it ever since) Bill was a stand-out. His power of concentration and his memory paid off from the first. He entered the legislature believing that all its members must be acquainted with the parliamentary rules; he therefore memorized them, later discovering that he knew them considerably better than most of his colleagues. In addition, he could have a bill read to him once, spend a few minutes thinking about it while the debate eddied around him, then get up and explain it lucidly, pointing out what it would accomplish, whom it would help, whom it would hurt, and how much it would cost.

Wit Breaks Up Debate

Time after time, his earthy wit, applied at precisely the proper moment, deflated the balloons of heated debate and brought everybody back to the question at hand. Once in 1940, when the Republicans were in power, the House was debating a \$1,200 appropriation for a new road. The Democrats immediately started assailing extravagance in the state budget. The Republicans replied by attacking the federal spending of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Democrats defended it and debate grew furious, with the original appropriation forgotten as figures like \$200,000,000 and \$75,000,000,000 flew around the room. At length Powers sang out, "Mr. Chairman—a point of information."

He was recognized and stood up slowly as the hubbub subsided. Turning to face the House he chirped innocently, "Has anybody got half a buck?"

The tension burst in a roar of laughter, and the House returned to business.

One of Bill's major achievements as a legislator was his piloting of a soldier ballot bill successively through the General Assembly, a constitutional convention and, finally, a referendum.

He is also remembered for the way he handled a bill regulating insurance rates. In 1945, after the United States Supreme Court had thrown out nation-wide rate-making practices, Congress ruled that the states would have to establish their own regulations. Powers was made head of a committee to study the situation and recommend a bill for Rhode Island. Newspaper reporters who covered the story say it was incredible how Bill could cut through the jungle of verbiage, rules and mathematics and explain clearly what each provision meant. After three years of study, Powers' committee drafted a bill that was passed in 1948.

Bill's most astonishing feat of memory is probably his ability to recognize people by their voices. A few years ago, he and Steve Fanning were in Boston trying a case. At the noon recess they were walking down the street thoroughly engrossed

in hashing over their strategy when a man said, "Hi, Bill."

Powers promptly stopped, swung around and shoved out his hand. "George!" he said. "How are you, boy? Haven't talked to you in five years." He hadn't, either; George was a man he'd originally known slightly in law school.

"I don't remember voices," Bill told a recent visitor. "Nobody does. When your wife calls you on the phone unexpectedly you don't recognize her voice, you get a mental picture of her and recognize that."

"Well, the same thing happens with me. Of course about 90 per cent of the time the details in my picture are wrong, but that doesn't make any difference so far as identification is concerned."

Lives in Picture World

Bill lives in a world of pictures—and they're strictly in color. When he goes into a strange room, he says, he "sees" it clearly and in color—furniture, drapes, rugs, walls. Of course, his conception is usually inaccurate and his wife says that sometimes Bill will startle his host by carefully walking around a table that isn't there.

There are compensations in visualizing things, he insists. "Take my mother, I never see her as she must look today. I see her as she was 20 years ago. And my wife and kids, although I've never seen them, are all beautiful to me."

Bill is the kind of father whose kids would be beautiful to him even if they weren't to anyone else. (As a matter of fact, they're unusually handsome.) In April, 1947, the Powers' third child, Mike—and Bill's voice softens when he mentions the name—was born. "Mike, of course, is the boss of the house," he says. "But he's fair about it. He doesn't treat the girls any better than Ess and me."

The kids are enormously proud of Bill. They accept his blindness as the normal order of things. Mrs. Powers has often heard one of the girls explaining patiently to Mike, "Daddy can't see, so you have to get out of his way when he's coming."

Bill's sightlessness has made little difference in her housekeeping. Mrs. Powers says, except that she has to be sure always to keep toys picked up, and she can never rearrange the furniture. He exerts his independence at home, too. "He'll spend 15 minutes rummaging in a closet for something—and upset the whole thing, rather than ask one of us to get it for him," Mrs. Powers says.

Every Wednesday night that he's home Bill plays a variety of stud poker with some old cronies: men like Henry Jackson, the tax collector, Road Commissioner Tom Burke and Town Treasurer Joe Griffin. Bill plays a good game—they use cards he's marked with pinpricks in Braille code—but it's odd to hear because all have to call out the cards in front of them. Usually on Friday evenings Bill spends a couple of hours with Father Edward A. Welch, of St. Patrick's Church, mostly talking baseball.

Secure in his home life, respected in his job, Powers is ready for whatever the future holds. The word around Providence is that he's a cinch to be governor. If the nomination is offered, he'll take it, of course, but he really wants to go to Washington as congressman or senator.

For Bill Powers is looking for new worlds. When he finds them he'll stride in, grinning his impudent grin, ready for anything. During his visit to Palm Springs last fall, some of the party were going horseback riding through the mountains. Bill had never ridden a horse, but he bought some Levi's and a big hat and climbed aboard. He rode through treacherous mountain trails for three or four days with never a quiver. A picture taken when he returned shows him standing in the stirrups with one arm flung up, holding his cowboy hat high. On his face is the triumphant grin of a man who has met all the obstacles in his path—and has beaten them handily.

THE END



-Scared that her new fur coat will become lost, strayed or stolen
by don herold

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HARRY DEVLIN

Big Business Is Bad (For Our Enemies)

WE ARE ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING that will annoy those economists and "liberals," in and out of government, who would like to break up this country's large corporations. Our statement is simply this: The hope of the free world today is that much-maligned institution known as Big Business. And we think our statement can be proved.

America's big businesses, and the thousands of small businesses which supply them, are the key to the whole vast job of rearming Europe as well as ourselves. Without them, the military man power of our partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would be helpless in the event of war. Without them, all the bravery and nobility and idealism and hard work of the men and women in the free Western World could not hope to defend the liberties that they cherish.

If war should come tomorrow, or next year, or two or three years from now, the entire population of 180,000,000 Europeans in the NATO

countries could not equip a modern army without American help. For it is physically impossible for Europe to rearm quickly. And time is of the essence—how much so only the Kremlin knows.

Perhaps the NATO nations might reach industrial self-sufficiency in 10 years, with financial and technical help from the United States. They might, with unlimited money to spend, even do it in five years. But the countries of western Europe do not have the money, and no one can be so rash as to say that they can safely gamble on the time.

The one certain reality is that, today, the impoverished, inflation-ridden western countries, still suffering from the damage of war, cannot even dream of producing all the complicated engines of modern war. They are facing a hostile power which kept its military equipment at the end of World War II, and which has improved and added to it ever since. They are facing a hostile power which has a tremendous advan-

tage in trained military man power and ready equipment. Yet, today the governments of those countries show a determination to stand up and fight aggression if aggression strikes, and so, we believe, do their people. And one strong reason for that determination is surely the knowledge that beside them stands a partner who has one great material advantage that the Soviets cannot match.

That advantage is the American system of rapid mass assembly in industry. It is rooted in a past tradition of freedom to develop and expand and compete. It is partly a result of the individual and collective skills of management and labor. It is partly and indirectly a result of the high wages that our workers receive. For as William L. Batt, the head of our ECA mission in England, has pointed out, the high cost of American labor has been a godsend in the end, for it has forced management to seek constantly for greater efficiency of production in order to offset that cost.

For these and other reasons the superiority of American production methods is unique. And it has been a constant factor between the end of the war in Japan and the start of the war in Korea. During that five-year period the country furiously disarmed and demobilized, then fumbled and stumbled toward rearmament as the danger of Communist aggression refused to disappear. But the superiority remained, and it remains today, as the great, concerted effort of the free nations really gets under way.

This is not to suggest that American industry must carry the whole load. Europe can do its share in providing material as well as men, and we are confident that it will. Our NATO partners can clothe and feed their armed forces. They can, for instance, make trucks and jeeps and small-arms ammunition. England alone can manufacture aircraft, including light bombers, and electronic equipment, among other things. Even so, there is a need in many cases for more machine tools if Europe is to turn out its products in the quantity that the rearmament program demands. Those machine tools must come from America.

Beyond that, the free world must look to the United States for its big guns and their ammunition, for its tanks, heavy bombers, submarines, naval vessels, guided missiles and atomic weapons. It isn't a question of America doing more than its share. The physical fact is that nowhere else in the free world can these things be made. It isn't a question of "Will Europe fight?" Europe cannot fight, even with the best will in the world—and we believe the will is there—unless it is provided with the weapons of modern war. It is to America's vital interest to see that Europe gets them.

That, then, is the task of American Big Business: to provide the sinews of a strength which is the best hope of preventing another world war, or of winning it if it should come.

We cannot be too concerned, under the circumstances, about the textbook rightness or wrongness of our large corporate structures. We cannot be much impressed by the academic debates about the evil of the Big in Big Business. We can only feel mightily thankful that in this crisis American business is big, and powerful and efficient and experienced. And we can only hope that the economic reformers will see fit to cease their theoretical tampering and let Big Business get on with one of the biggest jobs in the world.

Collier's for October 20, 1951

David Niven says—
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